THE

European Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1806.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of Mrs. CHARLOTTE SMITH. And, 2. A VIEW of GODSHILL, ISLE OF WIGHT.]

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FOR JAMES ASPERNE,

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, *of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne Lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr.* BISHOP, *of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sherborne Lane; to any Part of Ireland, at One Guinea and a Half per Annum, by Mr.* SMITH, *of the General Post Office, at No. 3, Sherborne Lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any Part of the East Indies, at Thirty Shillings per Annum, by Mr.* GUY, *at the East India House.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We forgot in our laſt to intimate to "A CONSTANT READER," that the CATALOGUE of PORTRAITS, VIEWS, &c., which form the embelliſhments of this Magazine, may be had *grati.* of Mr. ASPERNE.

The Three T.'s of Southwark; the *Epiſtle from the* MASTER *of the* SENTENCES *to the* MASTER *of the* MOTIONS; and "In faith *little* PAUL you muſt part with your CLOAK," though they certainly would have obtained a temporary celebrity as ELECTION SQUIBS, are totally inadmiſſible.—*** They are *diſpoſed* of as directed.

Our friend, THE DRAPIER, will, we are ſure, excuſe the non-performance of our promiſe, when he learns that many of our Correſpondents were upon the *tenters*; therefore we could not put his *piece* to the PRESS.

Mr. MOSER's Obſervations upon a new and appropriate Syſtem of Education for the labouring People, by P. Colquhoun, LL.D.; THE REASONER, No. III.; A RETROSPECTION *of* REMARKABLES, No. IV.; THE MINC'D PIE, *a Dramatic Inanity*, by Mr. MOSER; the Reviews of NARES's *Sermons* and *Monteſiore's Bankrupt Laws*; and *Britannicus*; ſhall all be inſerted in our next.

A letter is forwarded to *Z. E. C.* as directed.

Morning; *C. W.*; *The Walnut Tree, or a Retroſpect of Life*; and many other poetical favours; are received.

We ſhould be glad of the account alluded to by *W. L. M.*

Simplex is received.

ERRATA *in our laſt Magazine.*

Page 271, col. 2, line 2, *for* prominent *read* lovely; and in the ſame ſentence, *for* cruel *read* effeminate.

With reſpect to the review of THE SAUNTERER, in our laſt, we are deſired to obſerve, that it is dedicated to NOBODY: which ſhould have been noticed at the beginning of the quotation from the ſaid Dedication.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from November 8 to November 15.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
INLAND COUNTIES.										
Middleſex	82	6	45	8	43	2	30	11	48	2
Surry	87	0	45	8	45	0	32	2	49	6
Hertford	73	8	43	0	41	11	28	0	41	6
Bedford	76	10	48	0	41	2	28	4	46	0
Huntingd.	74	7	00	0	41	4	23	3	41	3
Northam.	71	4	48	0	40	0	30	6	44	10
Rutland	73	6	00	0	41	4	24	6	46	6
Leiceſter	74	5	45	2	40	11	26	8	45	2
Nottingh.	78	0	54	0	45	6	29	1	47	6
Derby	81	4	00	0	47	4	28	11	49	8
Stafford	75	11	00	0	46	9	30	6	54	9
Salop	78	3	53	1	49	0	31	6	00	0
Hereford	80	7	48	0	46	4	29	8	48	1
Worceſt.	79	5	00	0	46	3	36	10	49	0
Warwick	81	6	00	0	49	2	32	9	55	9
Wilts	72	4	00	0	42	8	32	2	56	0
Berks	85	0	00	0	42	0	33	4	49	10
Oxford	75	10	00	0	40	7	30	3	47	11
Bucks	77	8	00	0	42	6	28	9	44	7

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
Eſſex	78	8	41	0	42	0	34	0	43	9
Kent	88	6	48	0	42	6	37	9	43	6
Suſſex	83	10	00	0	47	0	35	11	00	0
Suffolk	75	3	00	0	42	1	37	0	37	4
Cambrid.	73	3	00	0	33	5	23	6	41	4
Norfolk	69	5	41	0	40	2	25	4	36	6
Lincoln	69	4	43	4	38	3	23	5	42	4
York	69	1	43	7	39	6	26	11	45	8
Durham	73	2	00	0	47	8	27	3	00	0
Northum.	73	4	48	5	39	8	29	1	00	0
Cumberl.	70	6	55	6	41	2	26	7	00	0
Weſtmor.	77	8	59	10	41	8	29	9	51	6
Lancaſh.	72	3	00	0	45	2	27	2	49	1
Cheſhire	70	0	00	0	00	0	30	3	53	0
Glouceſt.	82	0	00	0	44	4	30	7	48	11
Somerſet	81	3	00	0	41	4	28	0	00	0
Monmou.	85	9	00	0	49	7	00	0	00	0
Devon	86	1	00	0	39	10	28	9	00	0
Cornwall	82	10	00	0	37	4	23	8	00	0
Dorſet	75	6	00	0	42	4	34	5	00	0
Hants	80	4	00	0	43	7	35	1	48	0
WALES.										
N. Wales	73	4	00	0	40	8	21	6	00	0
S. Wales	75	2	00	0	36	5	19	4	00	0

European Magazine

Ridley & Hall sc

Mrs Charlotte Smith

Oh Time has Changed me since you saw me last,
And heavy Hours with Times deforming Hand,
Have written strange Defeatures in my Face.

Published by J. Asperne, at the Bible, Crown & Constitution, Cornhill, 1 Dec. 1806.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR NOVEMBER 1806.

LITERARY NOTICE OF THE LATE CHARLOTTE SMITH.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

WE have chosen to designate this slight sketch "a literary notice," rather than a biographical memoir; because, however singular it may seem, it is nevertheless certain, that anecdotes of the life of the once beautiful subject of it, at least such as may be depended upon, we have not, with all our industry, been able to procure; though we hope and trust, that what we have written will excite some friend to her memory, and there must be many who are more competent, to favour the world with an account of her birth, education, connexions, and domestic habits.

From the cause that we have stated, therefore, we can only view the life of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, as its *essence* is diffused through her works, and only notice her late existence by what remains to render it visible, the existence of her genius; we can only view her in the light of a very elegant writer, and from the effusions of her pen, as it has *collaterally* scattered the emanations of sorrow through her various volumes, discover that she was a very unhappy woman.

From her Novels it appears, that during the *whole* course of her literary career, she was embarrassed in her affairs, entangled in *legal difficulties*, and sometimes enduring the pangs of penury, and that HER PEN was not only a mental but a pecuniary resource; which, if we consider its various and successful exertions, ought to have proved as PERMANENT as it was PROLIFIC.

Of those exertions we are now to speak as they appeared at different periods, and in different forms, and in all exhibited strong marks of pre-eminent genius, and striking features of *original* excellence.

The works of Charlotte Smith are to be considered in two points of view, the *poetical* and the *romantic*: perhaps the latter appellation will hardly be allowed, as the characters in her novels rest upon the basis of nature, and are *said* to be accurate copies of real life. This, subject to certain modifications, we are ready to admit; but at the same time, in favour of our epithet, must claim attention to the VEHICLES in which they are introduced. These, certainly, in many instances, have an *aerial* property, and, impelled by her, soar "beyond the fixed and settled rules" of *terrene principles*, taking a range which carries them to a sufficient distance from common existence to justify our designation.

It would here be to little purpose were we to investigate the different sources of *romance*, or to attempt to discriminate the different classes of its descendants, the Novels that have for more than a century not only amused, but, in our opinions, *improved*, mankind, because those of Charlotte Smith cannot be correctly identified with any one of them. Neither does her poetry,

always tender, pathetic, and, though frequently gloomy, animated, diſplay thoſe marks of imitation that may ſometimes be diſcovered in the works of thoſe whoſe names have attained ſtill greater celebrity.

Conſidering her, therefore, as the child of genius, inſulated in her talents, and, we fear, ſtill more inſulated by her misfortunes, it may be proper, as we contemplate her portrait, to give to it an ideal animation, while we for a moment recollect thoſe volumes which her genius once engendered, and her talents, ſtimulated by thoſe misfortunes, produced.

The firſt effuſions of the melancholy mind of Charlotte Smith appeared in the year 1784, under the title of "Elegiac Sonnets *," at a time when the town was ſo nearly ſatiated with this ſpecies of writing, that *the trade* emphatically termed poetry *a drug*: ſo that it is probable they would have ſunk under their title, had not their intrinſic merit buoyed them up. The genius they diſplayed procured them admirers, and obtained for their fair authoreſs a celebrity which has, in this reſpect, continued to the preſent hour.

In 1787 we find that ſhe aſſumed the character of a proſe writer, and publiſhed "The Romance of Real Life." This, although a tranſlation, diſcovered talents ſufficient to juſtify the public for the favour with which it was received.

In 1788, ſhe produced "EMMELINE, the Orphan of the Caſtle †," 4 vols. 12mo. In 1790, "ETHELENDA; or, The Recluſe of the Lake ‡," 5 vols. 12mo. In 1791, "CELESTINA ‖," 4 vols. 12mo. In 1792, "DESMOND §," 3 vols. 12mo.; "THE EMIGRANTS, a Poem ¶, *quarto*; "THE BANISHED MAN *," 4 vols. 12mo. She has alſo publiſhed "THE WANDERINGS OF WARWICK," "MONTALBERT AND MARCHMONT," "THE OLD MANOR HOUSE," "RURAL WALKS," in dialogues for the uſe of young perſons, "RAMBLES FURTHER," in continuation of "Rural Walks," and "A Narrative of the Loſs of CATHERINE, VENUS, &c. near Weymouth, drawn from the life, and printed for the benefit of a ſurvivor from one of the Wrecks, and her Infant." The motive which led to this publication did honour to the humanity of the fair authoreſs: we hope that it was attended with a ſucceſs equal to its benevolence.

In 1797, ſhe publiſhed a ſecond volume of "Elegiac Sonnets;" for which, it appears, ſhe had a large ſubſcription. The preface to this work is characterized by a haughty kind of diffidence. She ſays, very juſtly, that "it rarely happens that a ſecond attempt in any ſpecies of writing equals the firſt, when the firſt has been remarkably ſucceſsful." Yet although ſhe ſeems, in this inſtance, to deprecate criticiſm, and in ſome others to ſtate pecuniary inconvenience as an excuſe for *ſuffering* a ſubſcription, and depreſſion of ſpirit as a reaſon for the delay of publication, ſtill, through the whole, may be traced thoſe ſtrong drawn lines of diſſatisfaction, and ſometimes of indignation, that diſcriminate her other productions; through the whole may be diſcerned the exertions of a wounded mind ſtruggling to free itſelf from the *gripe* of oppreſſion, and to rebut the arrows of malignity.

This preface is therefore valuable; as in the paucity of information reſpecting the life of our elegant authoreſs, we learn from it ſome of the cauſes that elicited thoſe obſervations that are diffuſed through her works, and which repeatedly indicate that

"The world was not her friend,
Nor the *world's law.*"

We ſhall conſequently quote the paſſage to which we have adverted, and conclude this brief notice with a ſonnet that indelibly marks the gloomy tincture of a mind which certainly took its colour from ſevere affliction.

* It appears that theſe ſonnets had run through *four editions* before they were reviewed in this Magazine. If the reader turns to Vol. XVI, p. 264, he will there ſee them characterized.

† See European Magazine, Vol. XIV, p. 248.

‡ See Vol. XVII, p. 270.

‖ See Vol. XX, pp. 278. 442.

§ See Vol. XXII, p. 21.

¶ Of this poem there is an ample review and character in this Magazine, Vol. XXIV, p. 41.

* See Vol. XXVI, p. 273.

"Could

"Could any one of the misfortunes that so rapidly followed" the subscription "have been foreseen, nothing should have induced me to have consented to it—for what expectation could I entertain of resisting such calamities as the detention of their property has brought on my children? Of four sons, all seeking in other climates the competence denied them in this, two were (for that reason) driven from their prospects in the Church into the Army, where one of them was maimed during the first campaign he served in, and is now a Lieutenant of Invalids. The loveliest, the most beloved of my daughters, the darling of all her family, was torn from us for ever. The rest, deprived of every advantage to which they are entitled, and the means of proper education for my youngest son denied me! while the money that their inhuman trustees have suffered yearly to be wasted, and what they kept possession of on false and frivolous pretences, would, if paid to those it belongs to, have saved me and them from all these now irremediable misfortunes."

"SONNET,

"*On being cautioned against Walking on a Headland overlooking the Sea, because it was frequented by a Lunatic.*

"Is there a solitary wretch who hies
To the tall cliff, with flarting pace, or slow,
And, measuring, views, with wild and hollow eyes,
Its distance from the waves that chide below;

Who, as the sea-born gale, with frequent sighs,
Chills his cold bed upon the mountain turf,
With hoarse, half-utter'd lamentation lies,
Murmuring responses to the dashing surf?

In moody sadness, on the giddy brink,
I see him more with envy than with fear;
He has no *nice felicities* that shrink
From giant horrors wildly warring there.
He seems (uncurs'd with reason) not to know
The depth or the duration of his woe."

J. M.

OBSERVATIONS *on a late* ATTACK *on the* POEMS *of* GRAY.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I FIND in the last number of THE REASONER, that the author has chosen, under the banner of Dr. Johnson, to attack the memory of *Gray*. There is, in my opinion, less courage than conceit required in an attempt of this nature. Gray, although one of the gravest of men, would have *smiled* at it, had he been living; and perhaps this *attempt* may excite more astonishment and less anger in the minds of the admirers of that sublime poet than the author is aware of.

I must here observe, that of all the branches of literature, that which has by the moderns been miscalled CRITICISM seems to me the easiest to be attained; and of the various modes in which this unfortunate propension of mind (I will not, for special reasons, say, of genius,) expands itself, there is not, to us *smatterers*, any so alluring as that which may aptly enough be termed comparative, which branches into *analogy*, and enables us to draw *conclusions* without a previous examination of the *premises*.

It is, I think, Sir, a maxim in our Courts, that whensoever *a paper* is produced in evidence, the defendant has a right to have the *whole* of it read; and this for a very good reason, because in matters of *literary property* or *libel*, for instance, the context may, perhaps, explain the particular sentence that might have been supposed to have been *borrowed* or *stolen* or *perverted*, and show that it really mingled with the general mass of ideas in the mind of the author, and was drawn by him into a regular systematic train, engendered by genius, perfected by erudition, and finished by the hands of taste and elegance.

Such a combination, I conceive, produced the poems of Gray; which, to quote the REASONER's favourite, Dr. Johnson, having "pleased many, and pleased long," ought, by this time, soaring upon the wings of *original* genius and *intrinsic* merit, to have been out of the reach of CRITICISM.

So they are out of the reach of *fair* CRITICISM, such as, from Aristotle, Horace, Bossu, Boileau, Dacier, and several others, descended to our fore-

fathers,

fathers, and was frittered by us to *periodical atoms*; as, when a beautiful mirror is broken into *particles*, it

"Gleams, like ſtars, the miſcellanies o'er."

If I have not joined with the above names Dennis, Rymer, and Gildon, who were *critics by profeſſion*, it is for a reaſon given by ADDISON, too obvious to render it neceſſary for me to quote it for the information of our author: but there is a rule of HORACE which, although he is well acquainted with it, I recommend to his conſideration.

"*Ubi plura nitent in Carmine non ego paucis*
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

As it is much eaſier to find blemiſhes than beauties, to cenſure than to commend, I ſhall, while labouring under the *cacoethes quotandi*, venture a few lines to that effect:

"Yet whatſoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praiſing is *harder* much than finding fault.
In homely pieces even the DUTCH excel;
ITALIANS only can draw beauty well.
BUCKINGHAM.

I do not mean to aſſert that our author ſeems to have formed in his mind a combination of the characters of the nations above alluded to, or that he has in a *homely* manner *mangled* the works of Gray; but I certainly do mean to ſay, that ſuch *ſtraws* as he has *picked up* ſwim upon the ſu face of every poetical production from the age of Homer to the preſent, and that *ſuch pearls* as he has *not* thought it worth while to *dive* for, are to be found in the works of few. The imitations which he inſtances are the caſual coincidences of thought, the faded ideas that float in many ingenious and elevated minds when intenſely employed upon the ſame ſubjects, and of which a thouſand inſtances might be adduced. But to go no further than the volumes lying before me, the works of Maſſinger; that poet has not only in every play, but almoſt in every act, imitated the ancients, the Italians, the Engliſh, as Chaucer, Spenſer, Shakſpeare, Jonſon, &c., but even himſelf: indeed, it is impoſſible for a man of taſte and genius to avoid, or to be aware of, theſe kind of imitations; though I always thought, until I was better inſtructed by THE REASONER, that they ſtamped a value upon the ideas of him that gives and him *that takes*.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient humble ſervant,
Weſtminſter, Nov. 15, 1806. Y. Z.

The MELANGE.

No. II.

THE following anecdote has been related to me as genuine, and I have no reaſon to doubt its authenticity. Many years ago, when Mr. Cumberland, that truly reſpectable character, was in Ireland, he happened to dine at a gentleman's houſe in the country, where the converſation, after dinner, turned very much upon agriculture: Mr. Cumberland took a lively intereſt in the diſcuſſion of the ſubject; and deſcribed, ſcientifically, the ſtile of farming in ſeveral parts of England; recommending the adoption of the method which he ſo much admired himſelf. A worthy gentleman (no philologiſt,) who was preſent, but who knew nothing whatſoever of Mr. Cumberland, having heard him to the end, with no ſmall degree of impatience, replied to him, "Now, Sir, no part of your plan could poſſibly ſucceed in our country; I ſee, clearly, you are only a *theatrical* (theoretical) farmer.' The ſmile amongſt Mr. Cumberland's friends may eaſily be conceived.

A certain gentleman, of the name of Mills, now deceaſed, who reſided in the county of Roſcommon in Ireland, was reputed to have ſaid as many *good things* as fell to the lot of any profeſſional punſter; having, unexpectedly, ſtopped at the houſe of a gentleman, who lived a little in the Caſtle-rack-rent ſtile; he perceived that a pane of glaſs was coldly repreſented by a corn-ſack thruſt through part of the window. On Mr. Mills riſing to withdraw, his hoſt apologized for his indifferent entertainment; adding, that he had been unprepared. "Nay," replied the gueſt, "I have fared ſumptuouſly; I do not often find myſelf treated with *Sack and Sham-pane*."

The

European Magazine.

Drawn by J. Nixon Esq.r

Engraved by S. Rawle

VIEW OF GODS HILL, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Published by J. Asperne at the Bible Crown & Constitution Cornhill 1 Dec.r 1806.

The Right Rev. Dr. Law, Biſhop of Elphin, is a man of the moſt uncommon bluntneſs of expreſſion, independence of ſpirit and benevolence. Lord Viſcount Dillon having one day deſcribed a corps of yeomanry cavalry, which he commanded, as being remarkably well mounted, concluded his deſcription by aſſerting, that they could charge over a ſix-foot wall at full ſpeed; and turning to the biſhop, who was in company, aſked his opinion of ſuch an exploit. "I think," replied the biſhop drily, "I think it is a very great *bounce*, my Lord."

A witticiſm of Mr. Curran, founded upon the following ſtory, has been miſerably garbled. Between the above gentleman and Mr. Egan, now chairman of the quarter ſeſſions at Kilmainham, there exiſted, and ſtill exiſts, a moſt warm friendſhip; they lived next door neighbours for ſeveral years, and were ſeldom ſeen going to court, when practiſing barriſters, but in each other's carriage. On alighting one day at the Law Courts, a certain inſect was obſerved crawling upon Mr. Curran's gown, by a brother lawyer; who, pointing to it, demanded, "cujum pecus?" Mr. Curran, nodding towards his late companion, inſtantly replied, "nuper mihi dedidit *Egon*."

W. H. P.

The FORCE *of* PREJUDICE.

WHEN Prejudice is once eſtabliſhed, in vain does Reaſon re-aſſert her rights. Few people can judge for themſelves; no wonder that *names* have, in all ages, made more impreſſion than *things*.

When the Fables of La Motte appeared, it was faſhionable in France to deſpiſe them. One evening at an entertainment, given by the Prince de Vendome, ſeveral of the firſt critics of the kingdom made themſelves exceedingly merry at the expenſe of the author. Voltaire happened to be preſent: "Gentlemen, (ſaid he,) "I perfectly agree with you. What a difference is there between the ſtile of La Motte, and the ſtyle of La Fontaine! Have you ſeen the new edition of the latter?" The company anſwered in the negative. "Then you have not read that beautiful fable of his, which was found among the papers of the Ducheſs of Bouillon." He accordingly repeated it to them. Every one preſent was charmed, tranſported with it. "Here (ſaid they) is the true ſpirit of La Fontaine. Here is Nature in her ſimplicity. What *naiveté!* what grace!" "Gentlemen, (reſumed Voltaire,) you will find this Fable among thoſe of La Motte." Confuſion took poſſeſſion of all but Voltaire, who was happy in expoſing the folly of theſe pretended judges.

GODSHILL, ISLE OF WIGHT.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THERE are no purſuits that more ſtrongly diſplay the patriotiſm of the age, while they indicate the progreſs of refinement, than topographical reſearches: owing to theſe, our own country has, within theſe twenty years, been moſt induſtriouſly explored, and an infinite variety of views of its pictureſque ſcenery, its auguſt veſtiges, and its elegant architecture, exhibited. Of theſe, as no part is more intereſting, ſo has no part attracted graphic attention more frequently, than the Iſle of Wight; a ſpot in which grandeur and ſublimity are blended with ſalubrity and amenity *.

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* In former ages, the inhabitants of this Iſland uſed to exult in their happineſs in not having amongſt them either *Monks*, *Lawyers*, or *Foxes*. But with reſpect to the former, it has happened that (like many other men) they were apt to value ideal advantages; for it is well known that they had within their limits four *well peopled* monaſteries, beſides nunneries. How they were ſituated with regard to ATTORNIES (for theſe they meant by LAWYERS) and *Foxes*, we have not the means to aſcertain; but we think that here, in the firſt inſtance, they reckoned without their *Hoſts*; or, rather, without their *Stewards*, Collectors, &c. As to the latter, FOXES, we believe that they were ſcarce; there was a penalty on their importation: but VIPERS were, and are ſtill, to be found in great plenty.

It

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It is not here neceſſary to enter into a general deſcription of a place ſo well known as this beautiful Iſland. Were we to recur to its conqueſt by *Wulfer*; or, aſcending ſtill higher, conjecture whether it is the *Ida* of *Diodorus Siculus* or the *Mictis* of Pliny; the diſquiſition would be of little uſe, as at preſent we only wiſh to direct the attention of the reader to one of its features; which, though ſubordinate, is, as is obvious in the annexed view, extremely picturesque.

Godſhill, which riſes to the north of Appuldurcombe, is a ſmall village, diſtinguiſhed by a church of Saxon architecture, which was in early ages a cell of the *Abbey of Lyra*, in Normandy. It had a ſchool erected by *J. Worſley* for the education of youth. This is one of the ancient pariſhes that exiſted before the compilation of the Doomſday Book; and its church, which has in it many ſuperb monuments of the Worſley family, was one of the ſix given by *William Fitzoſborn to the Abbey of* LYRA. Its ſituation is bounded by New Church on the Eaſt, by Arreton on the North, by Cariſbrook and Kingſton on the Weſt, and St. Lawrence on the South. At *Quarre*, or *Quarrer*, in the neighbourhood, a nunnery was founded 1132. This has been ſince ſtated to have been a monaſtery founded by *Baldwin*, Earl of Devon, and dedicated to the *Virgin Mary*. From the dedication, we are of opinion that this building was originally intended for females; though, as was ſometimes the caſe, it might in after ages have been inhabited by Monks.

The manor of Godſhill, from which the pariſh took its name, (a name that indicates the ſanctity of its inhabitants,) belonged, like the church, to the *Abbey of Lyra*, in Normandy; which, it muſt be obſerved, as it was the richeſt *at home*, ſo it was the moſt rapacious *abroad*, of all the Norman abbies. It was reſumed by the Crown in the reign of Henry the VIIIth, and its revenues appropriated by that Monarch to his favourite *Abbey* and *Palace* of *Sheen*, in Surrey, together with thoſe of the *Priory* of *Cariſbrook* and Manor of *Freſhwater*, which had before been wreſted from the Norman gripe. Theſe were, in the twenty-ninth year of the ſame reign, given, or rather *let*, to Captain Richard Worſley, for the term of forty-ſix years, at the annual rent of two hundred marks. The widow of Captain Worſley married Sir Francis Walſingham; and, of courſe, the remainder of the term of this leaſe deſcended to him. Sir Francis Poor afterward obtained the manor of GODSHILL in fee. It has ſince paſſed through ſeveral conveyances; and, by purchaſe from Sir J. Millar, Bart., is now again in the poſſeſſion of the Worſley family.

The church, as will be obſerved in the plate, ſtands on the top of a ſteep hill, and conſequently commands a very extenſive proſpect, including the *Port of Cowes*, the *Southampton River*, *Portſmouth*, and the *Hampſhire Coaſt*. Its antiquity has been already mentioned; it is a well-built edifice; the interior is divided by croſs aiſles. Many of the remaining monuments commemorated the families of d'Arcia, Fry, &c.; but they are decayed, and their inſcriptions are obliterated. Among thoſe that are in better preſervation, and which claim the attention of occaſional as well as antiquarian viſitors, is the tomb of Sir John and Mary Leigh, who died in the reign of Henry the VIIIth. It has no inſcription, but has the arms of Hacket, her Ladyſhip's father, emblazoned on the border of her robe, which is of alabaſter. There are alſo many monuments of the Worſleys, who were deſcendants of the Leighs.

In the month of January, 1778, this church was much damaged by lightning, which operated with peculiar violence againſt the tower: but it has been ſo ſkilfully repaired, that no marks remain of thoſe deſtructive effects.

The views from this place, we have already hinted, are moſt attractive; but if from *ſtill life* we turn our eyes upon ANIMATED NATURE, we ſhall find, in the female part of the inhabitants of this delightful Iſland, objects of much greater ATTRACTION. Here is conſtantly to be ſeen

——————"the form
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And ev'ry nameleſs grace." J. M.

VESTIGES,

VESTIGES, *collected and recollected. By* JOSEPH MOSER, *Esq. No.* LI.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL VIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LONDON.

WITH NOTES, &c.

Chapter XVI.

THE thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have been frequently termed the *Heroic Ages*; an appellation which they acquired from the prevalence of juſts and tournaments; a ſpecies of *amuſement*, if they may be ſo denominated, which was derived from the Cruſades, and which were firſt introduced into the metropolis in the reign of King Stephen, about A.D. 1140; although they were not very frequent until after the return of Richard the Iſt from captivity. To celebrate this event, ſolemn juſts were exhibited in Smythefield, A.D. 1194*.

These chivalrous exhibitions appear to have arrived at their greateſt eminence in the reign of Edward the IIId. This Prince, whoſe character was tinged with a conſiderable portion of the romantic extravagance, which that of his ſon diſplayed in ſtill more glaring colours, was ſo infatuated with thoſe *amicable* contentions, that he cauſed them to be conducted with more than *Saracenic* pomp, and diſplayed with even more than *oriental* ſplendour. Of theſe military abſurdities, which continued in faſhion until the reign of Queen Elizabeth *, inſtances have been already given.

Out

* On this occaſion it appears that the Citizens had but little reaſon to rejoice. The ranſom of Richard the Iſt was 140,000 marks (Cologne weight), *M. Paris in Rich. I.* "a ſum at that period deemed ſo great, eſpecially after a war in the courſe of which *piety* and *vanity* had combined to drain the country of what was *then* its circulating medium, that it was raiſed with the utmoſt difficulty. At that period the tranſatlantic mines ſtill retained in their bowels thoſe immenſe *hoards* of gold and ſilver which afterwards furniſhed new wings to commercial adventure, and, inſtead of RELIGION, made AVARICE the ſtimulus to war. London upon this, as upon every other emergent occaſion, ſtood the foremoſt in her liberality. The Citizens ſubſcribed their plate in great abundance; while the Monaſtic Orders and the other Clergy diveſted their convents and their churches of all their precious metallic ornaments, even to the very chalices and other ſacred appendages to their altars. Upon this occaſion a curious contention aroſe; for after the gold and ſilver were gone, it was aſſerted, that the ſacrament could not be adminiſtered in glaſs on account of its *brittleneſs*, nor in wood for its *ſponginеſs*, nor in metals, except in chalices of *Latten* †. *Lindwood, lib. i, De Summa Tri. fol. 6th.* This, of courſe, was *controverted*; but why, (except for the reaſons given by our author, which it is not neceſſary to quote, as they hardly *to us* appear ſerious,) the other ſubſtances and metals ſhould have been *excommunicated*, it is now impoſſible to ſay, or indeed even to conjecture. "Chalices, &c. of this metal" (Latten) "were, however, uſed in England for ſome hundred years after; until at laſt John Stafford, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, when the land was more repleniſhed with ſilver, *inknotteth* the Prieſt that ſhould conſecrate *Poculum Stanneum*."—*Eulogium, a Chronicle cited by Fox. Martyrol. in Rich. I.*

* We can with tolerable preciſion ſettle the date of the decline of this cuſtom; but it would be very difficult, accurately, to aſcertain its riſe. If we may be allowed to quote the grand hiſtorical romance of Pharamond as authority, thence it appears that tournaments were known both in France and Italy in the time of that Emperor. About A.D. 420, when Alaric, King of the Goths, was in poſſeſſion

† *Copper* and *Latten* for cups, covers, and other church ornaments, are allowed to be *gilt* or *plated* by the ſtatute 5 Hen. IV, c. 4. The notice of *gilding* and *plating* in this ſtatute not only ſhows the perfection to which theſe arts had arrived in the metropolis in the fourteenth century, for it was intended to guard againſt *deception* in "Goldſmiths' ware," but is in another reſpect curious, as it ſhows that the art of plating, which is ſuppoſed to be a modern invention, that about fifty years ſince roſe into eſtimation upon the ruin of that branch termed the French plate manufacture, ſo far from being new, was only the revival of an elegant ſpecies of workmanſhip practiſed five hundred years before.

of

Out of theſe celebrations ſprung the trial by combat; a mode of deciſion not unfrequently reſorted to in caſes remedileſs by the old cuſtom of England, and which the High Court of Chivalry * is to marſhall by the law of arms †.

Riding at the *Quintane* was a civic ſport, that had in its idea ſomething chivalrous; though it is ſaid by Dr. Kennet, who quotes Dr. Plot, to have been derived from the Romans; which is very probable, as it was their cuſtom to train their young men to military exertions; of which this is evidently a ſpecies. The champion who ſucceeded in breaking the board was accounted *Princeps Juventulis*, or Chief of the Youth.

Archery was another of our military ſports, which has lately been revived, though we think with but little ſucceſs. This exerciſe, for which the Engliſh were famed in all parts of the world, was (when the Archers of the City, thoſe of Finſbury, and other contiguous diſtricts, *were reviewed*,) attended with oſtentatious circumſtances of civic ſplendor, and conducted with great ſtate and magnificence.

Of the triumphal ſhows exhibited in the City of London, although the veſtiges are extremely numerous, we ſhall only mention one: which muſt, if we conſider the ſtate of the environs of the metropolis, and indeed of the metropolis itſelf, from concomitant circumſtances, have exhibited many picturesque ſcenes. This was the celebration of MAY DAY in thoſe periods of ſimplicity, when the King, Queen, their Courtiers, and conſequently the Citizens, rode a *Maying*.

At the times of the celebration of the great feſtivals, we find that a lower order of the Minſtrels aſſumed the characters of *Mummers*, and performed ſhort dramas, dances, and tricks, before the doors, and in the halls of the opulent *.

On Allhallow's Eve the reign of the *Lord of Miſrule* uſed to commence, which continued until Candlemas; ſo that we may obſerve, that the dark and dreary months of November, December, and January, were, by our anceſtors, more particularly dedicated to ſports and hilarity.

The Lord of Miſrule, it would appear from even a ſlight conſideration of the ſubject, was an officer whoſe province was directly the reverſe of that of a modern *Maſter of the Ceremonies*; for his buſineſs was to furniſh amuſement by a ſeries of blunders, and with ſtudied negligence to throw every thing into confuſion, in order to increaſe the ſport; whereas that of the Maſter of the Ceremonies is to introduce regularity into large aſſemblies, to keep order, to repreſs the ebullitions of paſſion, to baniſh, if poſſible, that contraction, or thruſting out, of the female lips, which Shakſpeare terms *pouting*; to prevent violent *ſuffuſions*, or *fluſhings*, in the female countenance; to keep the heads of ladies from *toſſing*,

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of Rome, he forced Placida, the ſiſter of Honorius, to marry Atulpha, his nephew. At this nuptial celebration a tournament was, of courſe, exhibited. To this Conſtance, the diſcarded lover of the Princeſs, came in black armour, his viſor cloſed, and vanquiſhing every Knight, *made his eſcape*, undiſcovered by all but the lady, who recogniſed him by a ſcarf of her own working, and was *properly* affected on the occaſion.

* This Court firſt obtained among the deſultory multitude that followed the banners of the Croſs; it ſeems, therefore, to have been founded on neceſſity. Richard the Iſt, it is probable, introduced it into this kingdom, or adapted it to the trial of civil cauſes; as Selden ſays, that he has not read of any of that nature before the time of this Monarch, when combat was allowed to *prove* a title to a knight's fee, at Corſeton, Wiltſhire.

† April, A.D. 1560, there were great juſts at Weſtminſter, and running at the Tilt. Seven days after there were the like at Court, *i. e.* before Whitehall. Citizens of London were excuſed from battaile by the charter of the City.—

* We queſtion whether this cuſtom is yet quite out of date in ſome parts of the country. A little more than twenty years ſince we have ſeen in Shrewſbury a company of this deſcription, conſiſting of Morris-dancers, a kind of *Clown* or *Merry Andrew*, and *Maid Marian*. In Wales, at a period antecedent, a company of *Minſtrels* uſed to travel from town to town.

Waſſeling on Twelfth Night, once the delight of the metropolis, was then common in the principality. The King in Hamlet—*keeps Waſſel.*

and

and their *noſes* from *turning up*, when *precedence*, *partners*, and *people that nobody knows*, with a hundred other *ſerious* circumſtances, excite thoſe emotions. He has alſo annexed to his office ſomething *clerical*, it being his buſineſs to *join hands*: but he goes ſtill further; for, like an Egyptian Prieſt, he frequently *procures partners*, who ſometimes under his banners *enliſt for life* *.

The employment of the Lord of Miſrule is, as we have obſerved, ſaid to have been diametrically oppoſite: but this, we contend, was impoſſible. No government, however ſtable its foundation, could exiſt three months, or even three days, if the perſon at its head endeavoured to counteract every meaſure, and to overturn every thing that his Miniſters and Council had *pro bono publico* deviſed. Such a whim (of which, indeed, there have been inſtances, and of its operation examples, in the lower Roman Empire,) muſt have been attended with an immediate annihilation of his power; therefore we believe that the Lord of Miſrule, who was generally promoted to this *high* office from the *low* ſituation of *Jeſter* or *Fool* to the family, did what we have ſeen people of *his coat* do in *our theatres*; namely, while apparently endeavouring to thwart and counteract, he was covertly promoting the purpoſe of the meeting. In this kind of conduct there was not only ſomething *comical*, but *political*, as he afforded *frequent* opportunities, when things *had gone too far*, for the *real Lord*, by *turning him out of his place*, to ſet them to rights again: thus, by ſhowing the force of contraſt, he indirectly, which is the moſt agreeable, flattered his ſuperior, and produced ſuch a change in affairs as frequently enabled him to return to his ſituation, to commence his efforts at derangement with renovated *humour*, and to obtain concomitant applauſe.

In the palace of every Nobleman, whether ſpiritual or temporal, in the manſions of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, there were Lords of Miſrule †, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who ſhould make the moſt diverſion for the company.

The moſt remarkable of our civic ſhows in the fourteenth century was that of the inauguration of the Chief Magiſtrate, which, as it has been annually continued, is too well known to afford entertainment *in deſcription*. This proceſſion, until the year 1453, was *unamphibious*; but at that period, Sir John Norman, Draper, willing, like Cymon the Athenian, to triumph

——"both on land and wave,"

cauſed a barge to be made at his own charge; in conſequence of which, the twelve Companies had their ſeveral barges, magnificently decked and trimmed, to attend upon him: a circumſtance that ſo delighted the watermen, that they compoſed a ſong on the occaſion, the burthen of which was,

"Row thy boat Norman,
Row to thy Leman *."

Though the combats of the Roman Gladiators had, under the Goths, expanded themſelves into juſts and tournaments †, which were, as we have obſerved,

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* Query, Does the author here mean to hint at the myſterious ſacrifices to the *God Apis?*—EDITOR.

† We fear that, ſomehow or other, this office ſtill exiſts; that it has become permanent, and has got into the hands of *graver* characters. When we, as is frequently the caſe, hear of the *derangement* of affairs, we are always prone to ſuſpect that a Lord of *Miſrule* is *one of the family*, and that his endeavours to promote confuſion, whether in accounts, domeſtic matters, affections, &c. &c. are *no longer jeſts*.

* *Leman*, Sweetheart] Surely theſe rogues did not by this piece of *pleaſantry* mean to inſinuate that his Lordſhip was a bit of a wag, and had a girl over the water, as the *impures* at that time, (juſt as *at preſent*,) totally *baniſhed* from the City, reſided in Southwark, on the Bank-ſide; to which, we ſhall preſently obſerve, there was a ferry, of which the *ſober Citizens* unqueſtionably experienced the *convenience*.

† Godwin, in his Life of Chaucer, Vol. I, p. 126, has ſtated, that "the difference betwixt the juſt and the tournament is ſaid to have conſiſted in this, that the juſt was an amicable contention for ſuperiority in arms betwixt two perſons only, and that in the tournament a great number of perſons, arrayed on either ſide, ruſhed together to a miſcellaneous conflict." In this definition we conceive that he has been miſled, and has adopted the errors of *Du Cange*, whom he

ſerved, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, generally adopted; yet, as faſhion, particularly in matters of amuſement, is ever fluctuating, we find the pomp and ſolemnity of theſe degenerated into PRIZE-FIGHTING, which was one of the ſports of our anceſtors in times immediately ſubſequent; and, as it was attended with little expenſe, followed by them with great avidity. In conſequence of this predilection, aroſe an order of men, who termed themſelves "Maſters of the Noble Art of Defence." Theſe generally were, or pretended to be, OLD SOLDIERS;—perſons who had ſeen much ſervice, and who not only practiſed but taught the ſcience they profeſſed: they exiſted chiefly in taverns; and while they aſtoniſhed and awed our metropolitan youth, they lived upon the public *.

The ſports of bull and bear baiting were anciently the delight of the Engliſh: their paſſion for theſe ſavage amuſements they alſo, it is probable, derived from their conquerors, the *poliſhed* Romans, whoſe imperial city abounded with amphitheatres, many of which were uſed for the combats of wild beaſts. For this *laudable* purpoſe no expenſe was ſpared to fetch them from the furtheſt parts of the world †. It muſt be allowed, that in this ſport, as in many others, the Romans diſplayed more ingenuity than our anceſtors, who merely contented themſelves with chaining a bull or a bear to a ſtake, while they ſuffered the animal, in this ignoble ſituation, to be worried and torn by dogs, whoſe fierceneſs has been already noticed; whereas the former uſed to *pair* a great variety of heterogeneous creatures for the combat. Sometimes we find a tyger matched with a lion; ſometimes a lion with a bull, a bull with an elephant, a rhinoceros with a bear, &c.; and very frequently men, who acquired the appellation of *Beſtiarii*, nay even women, as we learn from *Juvenal*, (*Sat.* 1,) engaged in thoſe combats, which as often terminated in what were called *battles royal*.

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quotes. The difference betwixt the exerciſe at juſt and tournament was the ſame as that betwixt *ſparring* and *boxing*; the former was certainly a leſs dangerous amuſement than the latter, as it was performed at firſt with wooden weapons, and afterwards with blunted ſwords and ſpears, while the Knights that *turneyed*, *i. e.* rode their courſes in the liſts, were armed in the ſame manner as in contentions of actual hoſtility, and theſe combats were frequently attended with conſequences *as ſerious*. The beſt deſcription of a tournament that we have met with is, that in Palamon and Arcite, the Knight's Tale, from Chaucer, as verſified by Dryden (*Fables*, *B.* iii, *p.* 84, 8*vo ed.*) In the order of combat we find that weapons the moſt efficacious were allowed; although the Monarch wills that honour

—"not death ſhould terminate their ſtrife,
And wounds, if wounds enſue, be ſhort of life."

* * * * *

"The Turney is allow'd but one career
Of the tough aſh, with the ſharp grinded ſpear;
But Knights unhors'd may riſe from off the plain,
And fight on foot, their honour to regain."

Aſſuming that this is a correct delineation of this ſort of combat, we ſhall find that although it was a *general contention*, *juſts* were alſo, though perhaps only begun by two, frequently as general; and in fact, after conſiderable reſearch, we have not been able to diſcover any other diſtinction between them, except in the *bluntneſs* or *keenneſs* of the weapons of the combatants.

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* Of theſe characters, Captain Bobadil is a humorous, and we believe a correct, portrait. He was, if not a prize-fighter, at leaſt a Maſter of the Noble Science of Defence, as we have an inſtance in the leſſon he gives to Maſter Matthew, who was as exact a type of thoſe youths whom ſuch adventurers in the diſguiſe of Old Soldiers uſed to *ſpunge* upon. From theſe practices, it is probable, came the phraſe, "*To fight the Old Soldier.*"

† Hence Claudian

——ratibus pars ibat onuſtis
Per freta, vel fluvios; extanguis dextera torpet
Remigis, et propriam metuebat navita mercem.

* * * * * * *

——Quodcunque tremendum eſt
Dentibus, aut inſigne jubis, aut nobile cornu,
Aut rigidum ſetis capitur decus omne timorque
Sylvarum, non caute latent, non mole reſiſtunt.

Of

Of the bear gardens and bull rings in the metropolis, thank Heaven! no veſtiges remain; though their number and ſites may be pretty accurately traced by the names of the ſtreets and places that have been erected upon their ruins, and by the notice that is taken of a very few of them in the oldeſt map of London now extant *.

By this map we obſerve, that Paris Garden †, once ſo famous for its ſports as to have attracted the attention of many ancient authors, was a ſmall hamlet conſiſting of a theatre and a few houſes, or rather cottages, on the bank of the Thames, nearly oppoſite to the Black Friars, to which there was a ferry. A road took exactly the ſame direction from this place as the London road does at preſent. Cloſe to the playhouſe ſtood a croſs. The Bear Garden ‡ was irregular in its form, and had, it is moſt probable, before it was uſed for the purpoſe of ſports, been literally a gar-

* London and Weſtminſter in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1563.

† Paris Garden.] Here a terrible ſlaughter happened in the year 1581, by the inſtantaneous fall of a ſcaffold that had been prepared for the reception of a multitude of people, but was overloaded.

‡ The Old Bear Garden, wherein was kept "bears, bulls, and *other beaſts*, to be baited, and alſo maſtives in their ſeveral kennels were there nouriſhed to bait them," was once the reſort of the nobility and gentry, as well as of the ferocious, the idle, and diſſolute. Whether from the performance of regular dramatic pieces the minds of the people took a more rational turn, is uncertain; but it is certain, that its ſports, once ſo celebrated, from that period declined. The theatre called Paris Garden play-houſe fell into decay, in conſequence of the riſe of others; and in the time of Charles the IId, an Act of Parliament was procured for erecting a pariſh-church upon its ſite, and making the manor a pariſh, "to be called CHRIST CHURCH and pariſh, Surry." Such are the viciſſitudes of human affairs §. It has been

§ Of the Bear Garden at Hockley in the Hole we have notices to the middle of the laſt century. What ſort of company reſorted to it may be learned from Mrs. Peachum, who ſays to Filch, "You muſt go to Hockley in the Hole and to Marybone, child, to learn valour," &c. —*Beggars' Opera*, Act i.

ſtated, that PARIS GARDEN was one of the moſt ancient playhouſes of the metropolis; and BEN JONSON is reproached by *one* DECKER, an envious critic, with his ill ſucceſs on the ſtage, and in particular with having performed the part of *Zuliman*, at *Paris Garden* *.

Among the juvenile irregularities too frequently the concomitants of genius, BEN, it has been aſcertained, like SHAKSPEARE and OTWAY, attempted the ſtage, and was one of the performers at the CURTAIN, in Shoreditch; a theatre which, according to the dramatic ſcale of thoſe times, was by no means *obſcure*; nor indeed could any company be with propriety termed ſo † that poſſeſſed ſuch men as RICHARD BURBAGE and EDWARD ALLEN; "two ſuch actors" (ſays *Baker, in his Chronicle, p.* 422,) "as no age muſt ever look to ſee the like; and, to make their comedies complete, Richard Tarleton never had his match, never will have ‡."

One DECKER, as *Pennant* terms him, is ſaid to have become more eminent by having a quarrel with Jonſon than by his own works. Yet theſe, it appears, are, in many parts, of conſiderable merit, and only marked by the ſame inequality which ſo prominently diſtinguiſhes thoſe of his rival; for certainly, with reſpect to Ben, no productions of the ſame author can be more unequal than VOLPONE and THE ALCHEMIST, compared with *the Tale of a Tub*, and *the New Inn or Light Heart*. Among the eccentric characters of that age, *Roger Aſcham*, ſchoolmaſter, and afterwards Latin Secretary to *Queen Elizabeth*, is ſtated to have been not only eminently ſkilled in the learned languages, but alſo exceſſively fond of *gaming*, *cock-fighting*, and *bear-baiting*, and conſequently a great frequenter of Paris Garden. He, it is further ſaid, when he had reduced himſelf to poverty by his inordinate love of ſuch amuſements, was, by the Queen, appointed *Bear-keeper* to

* Pennant's London, p. 34.

† Vide Biographia Dramatica, Vol. I, p. 264.

‡ Of all theſe actors, and their families, there are notices in the records of Shoreditch and the ſurrounding pariſhes.

the

a garden *. The amphitheatre for the *Bowle Baytynge* was a circular building, ſituated at the back of the houſes on the Bank-ſide; and at a ſhort diſtance, in the immediate vicinity of the Stews, ſtood another building, of the ſame form, and apparently of the ſame ſize, called the New Bear Garden, which was adapted to the ſame purpoſes as the old *.

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the Cuſtom-houſe †. What the Officers of her Majeſty's Cuſtoms had to do with Bears, we are yet to learn. For an inſtance that ſhe was herſelf a great admirer of the latter ſport, *vide Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Killingworth Caſtle*, 1575.

* There was no part, either of the metropolis or its environs, that, until within theſe laſt thirty-five years, retained ſo much of the ſtile of antiquity as the Borough of Southwark. The fire of London, an architectural misfortune that totally changed the face of the City, and from a Gothic cauſed it to aſſume a Grecian countenance, did not reach this, one of its wide-extended arms; therefore its venerable piles were ſilently ſuffered to moulder under the operation of the corroding teeth of time, until of late the genius of improvement, who, like the Coloſſus of Rhodes, ſtrode from the North to the South ſides of the metropolis, cruſhed them at once under one of his enormous feet. Among the ancient houſes and places of note in this populous, and now commercial, town, let us notice, for the laſt time, as they are rapidly receding from even the memory, that there were formerly the palaces of the Duke of Suffolk and the Biſhops of Winchester and Rocheſter, the manſions of the Abbots of Hyde, Lewes, St. Auguſtine, and Battaile; Battaile Bridge; the Stews on the Bank Side; *the Single Woman's Cemetary*, and the Bear Gardens there.

* We have now before us the two plans of London that were publiſhed during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The former, 1563, it is curious to obſerve, has in it the Globe Theatre; but in the latter, publiſhed from actual ſurvey and by authority, A.D. 1600, it does not appear, although we know that many plays, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, &c. for inſtance, were played there at periods much ſubſequent. It appears that Jonſon's Bartholomew Fair was performed at another theatre, viz. the Hope, Bankſide. We have, from a compariſon of the two plans alluded to, rudely ſketched the ſituation in which Shakſpeare's Theatre ſtood betwixt the Bull and Bear Baiting: ſports that probably *diverted* many of his intended cuſtomers.

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† So the learned and ingenious Mr. Nichols has ſtated, in his Appendix to the Life of BOWYER, p. 511. But I rather think that he was appointed *Bar-keeper*, *i. e.* Keeper of the Bar, or croſs piece of wood, that ſeparated the receiver from the people who crowded with their commodities, when the *cuſtoms*, like *toll*, were paid by a ſmall deduction from ſome articles. While purveyance ‡, ſo odious to the people, exiſted, there was ſuch *a bar* in Weſtminſter Hall, the pillars of which ſtill remain. I am alſo more inclined to think that it muſt have been *Bar-keeper*, becauſe Mr. N. ſtates, "that there are many *pretty* places in the Cuſtom-houſe which a ſcholar might be glad to accept." This certainly could not include that of a *Bear-keeper*, without he had his eye towards Aſcham's old profeſſion of a *ſchoolmaſter*; nor could it apply to thoſe metaphorical *Bears* now ſo well known at the *Bank*, becauſe in thoſe *ſimple* times no ſuch idea had exiſtence in the mercantile mind.—EDITOR.

‡ Acts, 34 Edw. III, cc. 2, 3.

The Bowle Baytynge. Shakſpeare's Playhouſe. The Bear Batynge, *i. e.* the New Bear Garden.

Cock-

Cock-fighting, though equally cruel, was once, and we fear ſtill is, a favourite amuſement of the Engliſh in general. Tradition has frequently ſtated, that the oppreſſed Saxons conſidered this animal as a type of their tyrants, the "Lord Danes," and that the cuſtom of throwing at them at Shrove-tide originated from, and commemorated a maſſacre at that period. From what circumſtance the furniſhing cocks with thoſe dreadful weapons *ſpurs*, and by *pitting* them againſt each other, making them inſtruments of *gambling*, aroſe, it is impoſſible now to ſay: that the ſport was generally prevalent, and a COCK-PIT conſidered as a neceſſary appendage to many Noblemen's houſes, is certain. Of this cuſtom we have ſtill a veſtige remaining, in that part of the ancient palace of Whitehall, oppoſite Privy Garden, which ſtill retains the name of the *Cockpit*, although it is now uſed for very *different purpoſes* *.

Though we have already, in the preceding Chapters, at a very conſiderable length, enumerated the Engliſh writers antecedent to the age of Chaucer, we ſhould have with pleaſure purſued the theme to ſubſequent periods, had we not found that, as the ſtream of time flowed toward us, the literary barks upon it increaſed with its width, and became ſo numerous as to render a particular account of the *name* and *lading* of each, a taſk that would only have exhibited redundance without its concomitant advantage; or, to drop the metaphor, that would have extended this article to a length which a deſire to blend amuſement with information might render it imprudent in us to hazard. We have, therefore, inſtead of detailing every particular author, extracted a ſummary of the whole catalogue, diſtinguiſhing and recapitulating the centuries in which they appeared; by which a judgment may be formed of the progreſs of domeſtic literature, without the fatigue of wading through a number of titles of works that were, in their ſubjects and claſſes, in a conſiderable degree ſimilar.

That in the early periods of hiſtory writers were ſcarce in this kingdom is unqueſtionable; ſince Bale, who, whatſoever faults he might have had as a man, did not want either learning or induſtry as a compiler, from the birth of our Saviour to the beginning of the eighth century does not reckon more than *ſeventy-nine* Britiſh authors. In the eighth century, placing BEDE, who lived at its beginning, at the head of them, he enumerates nineteen. At this period, ſuch is the influence of ſuperior talents, the Monks ſeem to have caught the rays emanating from the genius of their learned cotemporary or precurſor; for, in the ninth, we find only ſeven. Fourteen writers diſtinguiſhed the tenth century; eighteen the eleventh; and again we ſee, in the twelfth, the force of emulation, in the riſe of eighty-ſeven authors, ſome of whom, of extraordinary celebrity, we have already noticed. In the courſe of the thirteenth century, we find this kingdom poſſeſſed one hundred and

twenty-

* "In the days of our former compatriots," ſaith the hiſtorian, "the minds of the people of the metropolis were ſo well regulated, that they not only delighted in reading" (*newſpapers*) "themſelves, but in hearing *others read*. *Readings* were the moſt faſhionable of their evening's amuſements. Mrs. SIDDONS read at Court; an Italian Gentleman obliged the company at the *Feſtino Rooms*; Monſ. LE TEXIER read plays in Liſle-ſtreet; HENDERSON exhilarated his audiences with reciting Engliſh ſcenes and *Johnny Gilpin* at the FREEMASONS' Tavern; the works of TOM PAINE were read, in *garrets* and *cellars*, by many *worthy* and LEARNED profeſſors: in ſhort, the whole town were *readers*; of conſequence, *writers* ſtood but little chance. *Virgins* were ſaid to read their *lovers* leſſons, and *married ladies* read lectures to their *huſbands* in their *bed-chambers*. The *Miniſter* and a few of his *ſcholars* were at this period ſuppoſed to be the *beſt readers* in the kingdom. It is true, as the ſaying is, they (or we) had *paid dear* for their *learning*; but, with a liberality truly Engliſh, as we now do to *charity children*, they diſpenſed it *gratis*: therefore, when they had with great pains *ſpelt* and *put together a ſpeech*, they, or one of them, uſed in the *Cock-pit* to *read* it, as the vulgar ſay, with a *laudable* voice, *crowing* reſponſive to the applauſe which accompanied every period; while *ſpeculation*, ever afloat, was as eagerly betting upon theſe *readings*, both *in* and *out*, of the PIT, as upon the *Mains* of former times, in the ſame place." This practice has very properly been diſcontinued, as it was found *******

twenty-three writers, and that these descanted upon a greater variety of subjects than in the former. In the fourteenth, it appears that there were two hundred and forty-four, and also that literature, like the spirit of commercial adventure, had forced itself into new channels, and in reality and idea explored countries abounding with scenes the most glowing, vivid, and beautiful; persons the most heroic or perfect; circumstances the most romantic, and adventures the most terrific. Of these the delineators either copied from the originals, collected their descriptions, or, in their moments of enthusiasm, engendered their forms in their own imaginations, and, by the power of their mental faculties, raised a new creation around them. This seems to have been the age when that propension of the mind which, pervading, embracing, combining, yet discriminating, objects, is denominated *genius*, was the most predominant of any before the Reformation; for in the next, the fifteenth century, notwithstanding the discovery of the art of printing had given such a facility to the diffusion and circulation of ideas as had never before been experienced, yet we find that the writers were fewer, amounting to no more than one hundred and thirty-seven, and those indeed less eminent than in the former period. This may be, in some degree, accounted for, by the circumstances of the times: commerce, however at first favourable to it, had, as it spread, extracted something from literature, and war still more. The romance of the days of Richard the Ist, Edward the IIId, and Richard the IId, was over; the elegant writers of the times were neither excited to celebrate the extravagant exploits of the Crusaders, the glorious conquests in France, the gallantry of the Monarch and the heroism of his son, nor to censure the ill-advised and imbecile liberality, or rather profusion, of his grandson *. The Citizens of London, waking, as it were, from a splendid trance, had begun to think it was time to pay attention to other things besides *chivalry* and *love*, and that the *pen* might find better employment in the *ledger* than in scraps of *sonnets*, *madrigals*, and *civic celebrations*.

In the reign of Henry the Vth, the spirit of the metropolis was again, by Gallic conquest, raised to its highest pitch of exultation; but it was the exultation of *common sense*, and did not diverge into romantic gallantry and turnid hyperbole; so that trade was attempted to be pushed to the greatest extent that the chains of restriction would allow: it is therefore to be presumed that many men of genius became literally *Clerks*, and that a number of students deserted from the mansions of the Muses to the counting-house. But though this may account for a small part of the deficiency of writers at this period, when compared to the former in the civil wars, we shall discern an impediment to literature, and to trade itself, of far greater magnitude. Though, from the circumstances of the times, London was less affected by domestic hostility than many other parts of the kingdom, yet there is no doubt but that she suffered, in the instance of withdrawing her sons from the peaceful pursuits of business, or from academic retirement, and devoting them to military tactics, more than the rest, in the proportion as her population was more considerable. She also, in another point of view, suffered in her rising commerce, from the ill judged and severe restrictions with which it was fettered. For more than half a century antece-

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* The fame of the profusion of Richard the IId seems to have been, in its spread, so extensive, and, of course, so attractive, that it drew into the vortex of his Court a number of dealers in foreign articles that were curious, magnificent, and consequently expensive. Allured by the *liberal* character of the Monarch, two merchants of Lucca, it appears, obtained permission to import two crowns of gold set with jewels, and also a *suite* of furniture for a chamber, of cloth of gold and silk: these were, if purchased by him, to be free of custom. [*Fœdera*, *Vol.* VII, *p.* 699.] It was from this kind of prodigality, which was *artfully* blazoned, that part of the disgust of the people to his government arose. Yet let us not too hastily censure him *only*, for his relation, rival, conqueror, and ***** Henry the IVth, we find, in the year 1409, licensed a Genoese merchant to import an expensive collar or necklace on similar terms [*Fœdera*, *Vol.* VIII, *p.* 569]; which was probably deemed encouraging ingenuity. Such is the difference betwixt *adversity* and *prosperity*.

dent

dent to the year 1429, it may be obſerved, that the ſtatutes ſeem rather calculated to repreſs than to promote the trade of the country. In this age, when the ſubject is ſo generally underſtood, glancing over the file with the eye of obſervation, we ſhould be led to wonder how legiſlators could have been ſo inattentive to the real intereſts of the people, did we not know that their apparent inattention was by no means *wilful*, but aroſe from a total ignorance of the ſubject upon which they were called to legiſlate. The Parliament, chiefly compoſed of *Eccleſiaſtics* and *Soldiers*, with an occaſional ſprinkling of *Lawyers*, had very contracted ideas of the honour attending the mercantile character, and ſtill more contracted notions of the advantages to be derived to the kingdom, and conſequently to themſelves, by commercial extenſion. In fact, they had that prejudice againſt trade which we have ſeen operate in a neighbouring country when her ports were open to all the world, and which has only receded ſince, for her *double dealing*, we have determined to ſhut them. The arrogant Prelate, the haughty Abbot, the armed Baron, aiming at independence; all theſe characters, and even their ſatellites, deriving immenſe revenues from land, and living in a ſtile of ſtate and magnificence nearly approaching to, royalty, were accuſtomed to conſider the mercantile profeſſion as ſubordinate in the ſyſtem, and the wealth that through commercial channels flowed into the kingdom, which ſeemed, by the riſe it produced in the neceſſaries of life, to decreaſe their incomes, as an injury to the community: they therefore endeavoured, in the ſhape of regulations, to lay ſuch reſtrictions upon traffic as nothing but the ſpirit and perſeverance which diſtinguiſh the commercial character of thoſe times, particularly in the metropolis, could have riſen againſt, or indeed have ſurvived under. We have, however, the pleaſure to contemplate our merchants ſtruggling through all the difficulties with which they were environed, and the commercial intereſt, elevated far above thoſe illiberal and unpolitical diſtinctions that once threatened its ſubduction, becoming not only the moſt prominent feature in the character and government of this country, its emporium, but hence extending its influence over the far greater part of the ſurface of this habitable globe.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH *of the late* RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

(*Concluded from page* 253.)

THERE is afloat an old proverb, which has been very frequently applied to extraordinary characters, that warns us to regard the end. This adage, however its import may have been impreſſed upon the minds of their admirers, ſeems to have been frequently neglected by thoſe for whoſe uſe it was intended, and perhaps at firſt by none leſs regarded than by CHARLES JAMES FOX; in the early part of whoſe conduct may be diſcerned many traits of the verſatility of VILLARS and the *inconſiſtency* of WHARTON.

We left him, in our laſt, deeply engaged in ſupport of Adminiſtration, ſtemming the torrent of politics againſt an adverſe party; at the ſame time that he was the GOLDEN IDOL of the CLUBS, the leader of the faſhion, and the *glaſs* that reflected the frivolity of the age.

If Orator FOX ſhone at St. Stephen's, if enraptured Senates hung on all he ſpoke, Beau Fox was no leſs followed in the Mall and admired in St. James's-ſtreet. In all theſe places, conſiderably to the hazard of his fame and fortune, he was equally fond of ſtriking what were termed BOLD STROKES.

The countenance which at this time he gave to the perſecution of the PRESS was the *boldeſt* of his political exertions, and, connected with ſome other circumſtances, produced a laconic diſmiſſal; which has been deemed one of the boldeſt ſtrokes of Lord North, though we are of opinion that the *Coalition* was a *much bolder*.

In contemplating the miniſterial character of former periods; in turning to the pages dignified by the names of Burleigh, Walſingham, Bacon, and others, we find that the age of Elizabeth abounded with Stateſmen who ſteered under the *ſails* of *real genius*, although they occaſionally *trimmed* the veſſel with the ballaſt of *official routine*, and that it was the firſt in which TRUE PATRIOTISM roſe ſuperior to perſonal conſideration. Thoſe were men regular in their habits, ſtrict in their morals, and conſequently exemplary in their *general conduct*. Of a different character were the Buckinghams, and members of the Cabal. The venality, verſatility, and ſelf-intereſted views of theſe are admirably contraſted by the inflexible integrity of Clarendon. Godolphin,

although he enjoyed the confidence of four Monarchs, in his attachment to the gaming-table bears ſome reſemblance to Fox; but it is only in this circumſtance, which, whether it was to the former an amuſement or a fatal propenſity, it certainly never was a *buſineſs:* yet, ſuch was the morality of thoſe times, that for his deviations, however venial they may now appear, he did not eſcape cenſure. Indeed it does ſeem incompatible to common ſenſe to ſuppoſe that a man who riſks his own property on *hazardous ſpeculations* will be more careful of that of the nation. From this kind of cenſure even the brilliant talents of Bolingbroke did not exempt their poſſeſſor. His character affords another inſtance of the frailty of human nature, and the inefficacy of the moſt extraordinary mental abilities to conſtitute happineſs, or to ſecure general eſteem, if they are not guided by virtue, and their ebullitions curbed by diſcretion. In him, on the contrary, we behold a youth of profligacy ſucceeded by a maturity of ambition, perhaps of avarice; for although, placing himſelf upon what he thought the column of integrity, he attacked the venality of WALPOLE in a manner that exhibits uncommon efforts of genius, it is eaſy, through his writings, to perceive that the pen of aſperity was *cut* by *diſappointment*. In the early purſuits of this Nobleman, who has been termed the all-accompliſhed Stateſman, there was a conſiderable reſemblance to thoſe of Fox. In his conduct we frequently diſcern the ſame vivid and electrifying flaſhes of genius, burſting through the darkneſs of diſſipation. His riſe, his excurſive political ideas, and his fall, have ſome degree of ſimilarity.

We neither mean to parallel the Miniſter whom he with ſuch ſeverity attacked, but with whom he never *coalized*, to Lord North; neither do we think the literary talents of Mr. Fox to be compared to thoſe of Lord Bolingbroke.

In the works of the one we diſcern a philoſophical mode of thinking, and a happy facility of genius, that enabled him, as occaſion ſerved, either to explore the depths, or to play upon the ſurface of his ſubjects. Whether many of thoſe ſubjects ſhould either have been explored, or even their ſurfaces *played* upon? is a queſtion that it is not here neceſſary to inveſtigate. Of this art, the few literary veſtiges of our late great Stateſman that remain, exhibit no inſtances.

In his writings, Bolingbroke was all that Fox is ſaid to have been in his rhetoric: we repeat, ſaid to have been, becauſe, as an orator, he ſometimes diſplayed defects that in a leſs popular character would ſcarcely have been eſteemed *perfections*.

As an Orator, Mr. Fox may with great propriety be placed upon the ſame form, betwixt Pitt and Burke. Though always animated and impreſſive, he ſeemed to reject that melody ariſing from the elegant arrangement of poliſhed periods; ſtrongly attached to *ſenſe*, he paid little regard to *ſound*. Mr. Pitt, on the contrary, combined thoſe requiſites; and while, with commanding elocution, he animated the ſouls, and ſeized upon the paſſions, of his auditors, the effect was permanent, the impreſſion of *matter* remained indelible upon their minds long after *manner* had in ſome degree become evaneſcent.

If we had purpoſed to write an eulogium upon Edmund Burke, we ſhould have ſaid that he combined the advantages of the other two with an elevation of genius that was entirely his own, which frequently carried him "beyond the ſmoke and fog of this vile ſpot:" but as this is only intended as a ſketch of the life of Mr. Fox, we ſhall not attempt to purſue the ſplendid track of any other Stateſman *further* than his flight, or deſcent, are connected with our principal object.

It is here hardly neceſſary to apprize the reader, that the multiplicity of publications upon this ſubject which have appeared ſince the death of the extraordinary man whom, with talents very inadequate to the taſk, we have attempted to commemorate, renders a *very* particular account of him unneceſſary. With ſuch accounts the *preſs* has, ſince that awful and unfortunate period, *literally groaned*. We ſhall, therefore, in the purſuit of our plan to its termination, only mark the prominent events of his political life, and leave his ſubordinate traits, domeſtic habits, and perſonal peculiarities, to be collected from the works of thoſe who have more time and more ſpace to be diffuſe on the ſubject.

The year 1774 was replete with remarkable, intereſting, and untoward events

events to Mr. Fox. The door of the Treaſury was ſhut againſt him in February. His father died in July; his amiable mother in Auguſt; his elder brother, Stephen, Lord Holland, on the 26th of November. He was this year an unſucceſsful candidate for Pool; though this diſgrace, if any could attach to it, was obliterated by his being returned for the ancient *Borough* of Malmeſbury.

For a conſiderable period we are to view him as an avowed oppoſitioniſt to the meaſures of the Miniſter, and conſequently to admire the force of contraſt in his declamations, which was ſtrongly exhibited in the ſpeeches that he made *before* and *after* the event of the *Treaſury door*, that we have juſt mentioned, had taken place.

It will be recollected, that at this time the people wanted *an* IDOL. Diſſatisfied with the Miniſtry, and apprehenſive of the fatal conſequences of the American war, which apprehenſion was ſoon after verified, it was their wiſh, both within and without doors, to meet with a leader who would repreſent, rather than repreſs, their fears, and who had elocution and courage ſufficient to enable him to oppoſe the torrent, which ſeemed, in the rage of tranſatlantic warfare, to threaten to overwhelm the trade and commerce of this kingdom.

This leader they found in Mr. Fox, who, with a zeal much better founded, becauſe far leſs viſionary, than the eccentric ideas of Mr. Burke, did all that man could do to ſupport what has ſince been diſcovered to have been the true intereſt of his country; indeed, as the event has proved, of Europe; and although unſucceſsful, he certainly upon this ſolid baſis created, in this inſtance, his well-earned popularity.

Into the motives for his *general* oppoſition to Adminiſtration we ſhall not inquire. Relying upon their ſincerity, we can only lament that a man of his genius, talents, and conſequence, ſhould ever have thought it neceſſary to blazon them forth in the political diſcuſſions of Palace-yard, or that he ſhould from the Huſtings have appealed to the people upon ſubjects, many of which it required all the force and all the perſpicuity of his eloquence to enable them clearly to comprehend. However, by theſe means he ſecured his *firſt* election for the city of Weſtminſter, and obtained the title of "THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE;" an appellation, the meaning of which *he* could probably comprehend as little.

In the year 1781, we are mentally to view Mr. Fox triumphant over Lord North, and although nominally Secretary of State, literally *Prime Miniſter*. If we have thought him culpable for the encouragement which he had previouſly given to MOB MEETINGS, his endeavours to obtain popularity might be ſome excuſe; but what excuſe can be offered for one of the confidential ſervants of his Majeſty ſtanding upon the Huſtings in the Court of Requeſts in Weſtminſter Hall, ſupported by *Sam Houſe* and others of the ſame deſcription? None! but that in and out of office he was at leaſt, *in this inſtance*, conſiſtent.

Yet ſuch was the variety of his mind, or ſuch perhaps were his *real* ſentiments, that his expreſſions on the reſignation of his ſituation were highly honourable to him. "In reſigning my office as Secretary of State," ſaid he, "I am not inſenſible to the convenience, I might almoſt have ſaid to the neceſſity, of its emolument; but in a caſe where honour or profit muſt be ſacrificed, I could not be long in reſolving what to do. I dictate to no gentleman how he is to act; but as there are ſeveral in the ſame predicament with myſelf, if they feel as I do, they will act as I do."

Strange as it now ſeems, it is nevertheleſs true, that theſe ſentiments, uttered by Mr. Fox, were the precurſors of his coalition with Lord North, the harbingers of his union with a man againſt whom he had avowed ſomething more than mere political hoſtility. How the people felt upon this event, the ſubſequent elections ſufficiently proved. How the parties themſelves felt, was, we think, pretty plainly diſplayed, by the daring attempt that they made to cement their power, by the India Bill; an inſtrument which, had it paſſed into a law, would have tranſferred the power and reſources of the immenſe empire of Indoſtan into the hands of a *few perſons* in the metropolis of England. This, as we hinted in the beginning of this part of our ſpeculation, was one of the boldeſt *political ſtrokes* that ever was attempted in this kingdom.

From the failure of this meaſure aroſe that event diſgraceful to our domeſtic annals, the WESTMINSTER

ELECTION in 1784; in which, after an unprecedented conteſt, and a ſeries of enormities which, though ſince repeated, will, we hope, in future be unprecedented, Mr. Fox ultimately triumphed. He was chaired through the principal ſtreets of that city; the public mind, wound up to the height of exultation upon this occaſion, exhibited the moſt extravagant marks of hilarity and tranſport; but, alas! upon the countenance of the hero of this ſcene of ſolemn mockery, though drawn in a triumphal car, and attended by a cavalcade too pompous and oſtentatious for even a Roman Conſul who had conquered nations and led tributary Monarchs chained to his chariot-wheels, there appeared no marks of joy; though this compoſure rather aroſe from ſagacity than humility, as his penetrating mind enabled him to conjecture the *end* from the contemplation of the *means*; in fact, he foreſaw the *impending ſcrutiny*, and revolted from the idea.

At the period of his oppoſition to the SHOP TAX, we conceive Mr. Fox to have been in the zenith of his popularity. This elevation he ſeemed determined to enjoy; and conſequently, in the ſummer of 1785, paid a viſit to the Earl of Derby, at his ſeat at Preſcot, Lancaſhire. In this tour he was at every ſtage greeted by the acclamations of ſurrounding multitudes. The enthuſiaſm of the metropolis appears to have ſpread to the country, and to have equally animated the merchants of Liverpool and the manufacturers of Lancaſhire.

In 1788 we find him in Switzerland. Of his reception at Lauſanne, Gibbon, the hiſtorian, has given ſome account. Whether he was, from circumſtances, *quite* ſatisfied with it, as the Swiſs had *then* notions of things very different from what they have at preſent, is no concern of ours.

From Switzerland Mr. Fox proceeded to Italy, and was found at *Bologna* by the expreſs ſent to inform him of the indiſpoſition of his Majeſty. We can remember that the newſpapers of that period were full of wonder at the rapidity with which he performed a journey of 1020 miles in *nine days*. It was ſaid that he *never* quitted his chaiſe during the whole of the time: but thoſe that have ſaid ſo muſt ſurely have forgotten the mountains over which he travelled, or down the ſides of which his chairmen probably *ſlid*, with a celerity that well accorded with the ardency of his temper, and the importance of the object of his purſuit.

In this purſuit he was, fortunately for the nation, diſappointed. The period was a moſt awful one; the phalanx of oppoſitioniſts, ſtimulated by ambition and intereſt almoſt to fury, were never before in their meaſures ſo energetic, their paſſions were never before ſo broadly diſplayed, never were they ſo ably combated or ſo completely defeated. In this conteſt the names of PITT and THURLOW will deſcend to poſterity, embalmed with the applauſe of all real patriots and loyal ſubjects; as lovers of their country and of their King.

In 1790, Mr. Fox was (with Lord Hood) again choſen Repreſentative in Parliament for the City of Weſtminſter. The inefficacy of the oppoſition created by Mr. Horne Tooke, and the event of his petition, are already too well known to render repetition neceſſary.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, we behold Mr. Fox in a new point of view. This ſtupendous event, as it effected an almoſt total change in the religious, the moral, and the political ſyſtems of Europe, ſo it ſeems to have formed a new era in the life of this extraordinary Stateſman; his opinions took a new turn; his ideas a range of far greater extenſion; and, as if inſpired with his ſubject, his elocution occaſionally aſſumed a tone more energetic, while he believed himſelf animated with the philanthropic fervour of UNIVERSAL LIBERTY, which in his *cooler* moments he muſt have known to have been IDEAL.

In recurring to this ſubject, to which indeed we frequently, though painfully, recur, it ſeems to us an aſtoniſhing circumſtance in the hiſtory of the human mind, that a man ſo eminent for his literary attainments, ſo well acquainted with mankind, ſo deeply read in the hiſtory of all ages and nations, and withal ſo liberal in his ideas and humane in his diſpoſition, as Mr. Fox, could at once (and it muſt have been without an examination of their principles, for had he examined them the deluſion would have vaniſhed,) adopt all the wild enthuſiaſtic notions of LIBERTY ſet afloat by authors who, whatſoever might have been their talents, were in this reſpect on the very verge of inſanity. Theſe ideas of *perfectibility*, circulated with that avidity

over

over the continent of Europe which every new-fangled doctrine, whether religious or political, is ſure to engender, found a ready admiſſion into the minds of others, who, upon the baſis, or rather on the affectation of ſenſibility, have, in their writings, inverted the order of things; and while, thus ſtimulated, they have unlooſed every religious and moral ligature, erected a ſyſtem, in which SENSE, that ought to have been termed SENSUALITY, and FEELING *frittered* to FRIVOLITY, appear to predominate. It is, we repeat, aſtoniſhing, that Mr. Fox did not at the firſt glance ſee the *end* of theſe abſurd and miſchievous ſpeculations; that he did not at once diſavow, deplore, and endeavour to repreſs, the deſtructive ideas that they created; that he did not catch a ray of inſpiration from the genius of BURKE, and from the reflections of his illuminated mind ſuffer conviction to flaſh upon his own. That he did not is certain. From which circumſtance, as we really believe that he acted upon *principle*, and was dazzled with the immenſe, though evaneſcent, meteor of theoretical freedom, that fleeted before his mental ſight, we ſhould infer that his ſagacity had been much overrated, did not many inſtances of his life convince us to the contrary.

Knowing ſomething of the diſpoſition of the inhabitants of Weſtminſter, we are inclined to believe, that his opinion of the French Revolution weakened his popularity in that city, and excited ſuch indignation againſt him, that had a *third* candidate appeared, for whom the reſpectable part of them could with propriety have voted, Mr. Fox would, in the year 1796, have loſt his election. The *management* of thoſe that *called themſelves* the popular candidates, and the enormities of that period, we wiſh, for very obvious reaſons, to paſs over.

Without making any remarks on his occaſional receſſion, or inquiring how he paſſed his political hours, we ſhall juſt notice thoſe which he deemed the happieſt of his life; namely, thoſe which he ſpent in retirement.

In this reſpect Mr. Fox, more fortunate than Pyrrhus, did at laſt what it would certainly have been better for himſelf, perhaps for the world, if he had done at firſt.

In his elegant retirement at St. Anne's Hill, at a period when his paſſions had cooled, when Reaſon had reſumed her ſeat,

"While every folly fell before her throne,"

freed from the buſtle of the world, the contentions of parties, and the claſh of intereſts, he ſought thoſe calm domeſtic enjoyments which reading and exerciſe afforded. Of the advantages of this ſyſtem he was, like Bolingbroke, (who, upon a more moral plan, purſued the ſame, and who, in one of his letters, obſerves, "I am ſat down to write this morning at the hour I uſed to be retiring to bed,") truly ſenſible; but from which the events of the times, and the repreſentations of his friends, we believe, reluctantly dragged him.

For the miniſterial abilities of Mr. Addington, it is ſaid, by a late writer, that Mr. Fox expreſſed the utmoſt contempt. This we believe is incorrect. It was not very uſual for him to expreſs the *utmoſt contempt* for any one, and therefore not likely that he would deviate with reſpect to Lord Sidmouth, whom he muſt have known poſſeſſed judgment, penetration, coolneſs, and many other qualities, which rendered him a far better Miniſter for the country, and more rationally popular, than himſelf: he muſt therefore have been ſenſible of his public, while he venerated his private virtues.

At the election of Mr. Fox for Weſtminſter, 1802, he, or rather Lord Gardner, was *whimſically* oppoſed by Mr. Graham, the Auctioneer. The moſt extraordinary circumſtance of this conteſt, after we have ſmiled at the abſurdity of the candidate, is, that he ſhould, to the aſtoniſhment of every one, have obtained, we believe fairly, 1961 votes; which can only be accounted for by his ſtanding *middle man*; though we think it augured a declenſion of the popularity of *that* party to whom he was the moſt obliged.

Soon after this election Mr. Fox married the lady to whom he had ſo long been attached; and in a ſhort time they proceeded to Paris, on a viſit to the Firſt Conſul. The motives that led to this viſit have, under the operation of party, been variouſly repreſented; and moſt probably conjecture has wandered wide of the mark. We do not believe that they were literary; they *might* be political: at any rate, conſidering his ſituation, the journey was highly *imprudent*. He was, however, received by the French with diſtinguiſhed

guiſhed honours, addreſſed by the municipalities, complimented by Buonaparté, imitated by the beaux, and adored by Madame Recamier. With the opinion that the Engliſh Stateſman had formed of the French Conſul we have nothing to do; ours was that of Fluellin, namely, "that the athverſary is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines, and will plow up all:" in fact, that in this inſtance the French were *too deep* for the Engliſh politician to fathom.

The ſubſequent public conduct of Mr. Fox is ſo well known; his oppoſition to the renewal of the war; his ſpeech on the accuſation of Lord Melville; (how, conſidering *all things*, he could make ſuch a ſpeech? is another queſtion); his behaviour on the death of Mr. Pitt (which has been, we think too haſtily, deemed ungenerous); his return to power; and his humane and philanthropic oppoſition to the ſlave trade; (an oppoſition, the benevolence of which ought to have excuſed the faults of every other part of his political life;) theſe circumſtances are all ſo freſh in the memory of the public, that it is unneceſſary to dwell upon them. Of theſe every man has formed his opinion; therefore to detail ours would be ſtill more unneceſſary.

We are now arrived at the laſt ſtage of all,

"That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory."

The laſt illneſs of Mr. Fox commenced before the concluſion of the year 1805, with ſymptoms that conſiderably alarmed his friends. It is ſaid that he was of opinion that he had exerted himſelf far beyond his ſtrength. This, though ſometimes the conſequence of too arduous a purſuit of ſtudy and buſineſs, is, we believe, not very often attended with thoſe kind of ſymptoms that his diſorder ſeems to have exhibited. Happily for him, as his decline was gradual, ſo was his end pious and exemplary. This melancholy event happened the 12th of September, 1806.

In the life of this eminent character may be read a moral leſſon; the frontiſpiece to which, in vivid colours, exhibits the calamitous effects of early indulgence. It ſeems to have been the deſire of his father to make him a great Stateſman, and he ſucceeded accordingly. Few men in any age or country have enjoyed a larger portion of celebrity than CHARLES JAMES FOX; and perhaps ſtill fewer have felt a ſmaller portion of real happineſs. If we inquire the cauſe of this ſeeming paradox, we ſhall find that it aroſe from the conſtant war that was maintained betwixt his paſſions and his virtues. As the former predominated, they led him into difficulties and into meaſures which the latter muſt have hourly informed him were inimical to his peace of mind, and perhaps to the intereſts of the public, and which frequently placed both his moral and political conduct in points of view that rendered them liable to cenſure. Yet he was at all times affable and good-humoured; and at many, when he could but ill afford it, *generous*. We know that he had

——"a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

We, therefore, in his varied character, can only lament the frailty of human nature; and as we believe that he regarded the end of his life, and that

"HE DIED FEARING GOD,"

regret that thoſe who had the care of his early education and himſelf, had not paid more attention to its beginning.

M.

ANECDOTES *relative to the* CIVIL HISTORY, RELIGION, LAWS, LEARNING, ARTS, COMMERCE, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, DRESSES, *&c. of the* PEOPLE *of* BRITAIN.

(*From the Landing of Julius Cæſar, A. C. 55, to the Invaſion of the Saxons, A. D. 449.*)

(*Not commonly, or but partially, noticed by General Hiſtorians.*)

(*Continued from page* 199.)

——"To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wiſdom."

MILTON.

TAXES.

WHEN Julius Cæſar quitted this iſland after his firſt landing, he impoſed a certain annual tribute on the Britiſh States, which made their ſubmiſſion to him. The nature and extent of thoſe tributes are not mentioned; but when the Britons were reduced into a more general ſubjection, under

under the Emperor Claudius, they impoſed a regular ſeries of taxes; the principal of which were as follow:—

Land Tax;

or a certain tax upon arable land. This proportion varied at different times, from the *fifth* to the *twentieth* part; though the moſt common proportion was the *tenth*. This tax was impoſed upon the people of Britain with this additional preſſure, that the farmers were obliged by the Publicans to carry their tithe corn to a great diſtance, or pay the ſame tribute to be excuſed from that trouble.

This great abuſe was in ſome meaſure rectified by Agricola; though the tax itſelf was ſtill exacted, and even augmented. When the Romans had occaſion for corn to ſupply the city of Rome, or their armies, this tax was levied in kind; but when they had not, it was paid in money, according to a certain fixed rate. The produce of the land tax became ſo great in Britain, by the improvements that were made in agriculture, that it not only ſupplied all the Roman troops in this iſland with corn, but afforded a conſiderable ſurplus for exportation.

Tax Scriptura.

This was a tax on paſture grounds, or rather on the cattle which grazed on them. It was called *Scriptura*, becauſe the collectors of it viſited all the paſtures, and took an exact liſt of the cattle in *writing*, and demanded a ſum for each beaſt, according to an eſtabliſhed rate. This tax proved very oppreſſive to the Britons; for as they abounded in cattle, and being deſtitute of money to pay the tax, they were obliged to ſell ſome of their cattle to diſadvantage, or to borrow money from the wealthy Romans at an exorbitant intereſt. The celebrated *Seneca* is ſaid, by his hiſtorian Dio, to have lent the diſtreſſed Britons, on this occaſion, the prodigious ſum of *two hundred and twenty thouſand* pounds, and that his demanding it with rigour, at a time when they were not able to pay it, excited them, amongſt other things, to the great revolt under Queen Boadicea.

It is impoſſible to record this laſt circumſtance, without reflecting on the *baſeneſs* and *extent* of avarice. Here was a man who, by his writings, was not only the credit and glory of his own country and times, but whoſe *Morals*, to this day, form a principal part of the education of the youth of Europe—a man who has particularly treated on *Riches* improperly ſought after or applied, with the contempt and reprehenſion which ſuch a conduct deſerves—and yet could not himſelf reſiſt its worſt effects—*the oppreſſion of the induſtrious poor*. Who that reflects upon the conduct of this hoary, childleſs miſer, can pity him in his laſt moments, though obliged to ſwallow poiſon by the command of a tyrant *?

Tax on Mines.

Before the invaſion of the Romans, there were no gold or ſilver mines diſcovered in Britain. But theſe induſtrious, as well as warlike people, ſoon diſcovered that we had both, and wrought gold and ſilver, as well as other metals, to great advantage. The gold mines

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* To ſhow the ſtrange inconſiſtency of this philoſopher, it is to be remarked, that all this wealth, together with the luxury and effeminacy of a profligate Court, had no effect upon his temper and diſpoſition. He continued abſtemious, exact in his manners, and apparently free from every other vice—but *avarice*. "I had rather," ſaid he to Nero, to whom he was *tutor*, "offend you by ſpeaking truth, than pleaſe you by lying and flattery." And under the reign of Claudius, when he was for a while baniſhed to Corſica, he wrote to his friends, "That he was happy in the midſt of thoſe things which uſually make other people miſerable."

Beſides Seneca's book on *Morals*, and his *Books on Conſolation*, which he addreſſed to his mother Helvia and his friend Polybius, he is *ſaid* to have held a correſpondence with St. Paul by letters—but this is much doubted. That he lived about the time of St. Paul is true, and may have heard of Chriſt and his doctrine is equally ſo; but to know whether Seneca was a *Chriſtian* or not, we need only obſerve a circumſtance which Tacitus relates of him at the time of his death, viz. "That when he entered the Bath in which he died, he took of the water, and ſprinkled thoſe about him, ſaying,

"*Libare ſe liquorem illum Jovi liberatori;*"

"That he offered thoſe libations to Jupiter, his deliverer."

Tacitus, Annals, lib. xii. xiv, xv.

were

were commonly ſeized by the Emperors *in toto*; but the proprietors of ſilver, copper, iron, tin, lead, &c. &c. were permitted to work them for their own benefit, by paying a tax which was impoſed upon them, and which ſeems to have been the *tenth* part of what they produced.

Tax upon Wills, Slaves, and Auctions.

The expenſes of the Roman Empire were divided amongſt two liſts, which may be called the *Civil* and *Military*: and to theſe were allotted the following taxes:—

A *twentieth part* of all eſtates and legacies that were left by will to ſuch perſons as were without a certain degree of conſanguinity, or would not be entitled to them by right of blood without that will.

Another branch of revenue which was appropriated to the military art, was the *twenty-fifth* part of the price of all the ſlaves that were ſold in all the provinces of the Roman Empire. To this liſt was added the money which aroſe from the *tax upon all kinds of goods ſold by auction*, or in the public markets, above a certain value. This tax was ſometimes the *two hundredth*, ſometimes the *one hundredth* part, and ſometimes a greater proportion of the price.

Poll Tax and Burial Tax.

We have ſufficient evidence that the Roman Emperors ſometimes impoſed a *Capitation*, or *Poll Tax*, on all their provincial ſubjects; though the quantity and proportion of this tax, the manner in which it was levied, and ſome other circumſtances, are not exactly known. It appears that this tax, with another *on the bodies of the dead* before they were allowed burial, were levied in Britain, and occaſioned great diſcontent. The celebrated Queen Boadicea complained bitterly of theſe two taxes, in her harangue to the Britiſh army before the battle with the Romans under Suetonius.

"Have we not been deprived," ſaid ſhe, "of our moſt valuable poſſeſſions? And do we not pay very heavy and oppreſſive taxes for what remain? Beſides all the various impoſitions on our lands and goods, are not *our bodies taxed?* And do we not pay *for the very heads on our ſhoulders?* But why do I dwell on the impoſitions on the *living*, when the very *dead* are not exempted from theſe vile exactions? Do not ye all know how much we are obliged to pay for the bodies of our departed friends? Thoſe who are ſubject to other nations are ſubjects only for life; but ſuch is the exquiſite tyranny and inſatiable avarice of the Romans, that they extort taxes even from the dead!"

Various other Taxes.

The Romans impoſed a great variety of taxes on particular things; ſuch as houſes, pillars, hearths, &c.; on ſeveral kinds of animals; on urine, dung, &c.; and, if we believe ſome authors, *even on the air itſelf*, in all the provinces of their empire. Artiſts of all kinds paid a certain tax for the liberty of exerciſing their ſeveral profeſſions; nor did the mighty Monarchs of Rome diſdain to claim a ſhare in the diſhonourable gains of female proſtitution.

Amount of the Roman Revenues in Britain, Military Arrangements, &c.

Though it is impoſſible to diſcover the exact value of the Roman revenues in Britain, we have reaſon to believe that thoſe revenues were very conſiderable. They were ſufficient not only to defray all the expenſes of the civil government, and to ſupport a very large military eſtabliſhment, but alſo to afford valuable remittances to the Imperial treaſury. If the calculations of Lipſius, concerning the Roman revenues of Gaul, be juſt, thoſe of Britain could not be leſs than *two millions* annually. This is one proof, amongſt many others, that this iſland did not recover the loſſes which it ſuſtained by the departure of the Romans, and the deva-ſtations which ſucceeded in conſequence of that event, for more than a *thouſand years*.

Military Arrangements.

One of the firſt ſteps the Romans took to ſubdue ſome of the Britiſh nations was to diſarm them, in order to put it out of their power to recover their freedom. This the Britons ſtruggled hard to reſiſt; but being oppoſed with great vigour, better diſcipline, and greater numbers, the Romans in time prevailed. By which they diſarmed all the provincial Britons; who ſoon afterwards loſt all their martial ſpirit, and became an oppreſſed and diſpirited people, without inclination or ability to reſiſt the will of their imperial maſters.

Further

Further to ſecure their conqueſts in this iſland, the Romans preſſed into their ſervice great numbers of the braveſt and moſt robuſt of the Britiſh youth, trained them to the uſe of arms, and ſent them into different and diſtant provinces of their Empire. They likewiſe built forts, and introduced a ſtanding army, collected from many diſtant and remote provinces of the Empire, who differed from each other, and from the Britons, in their manners, cuſtoms, and languages. By this contrivance they were prevented from forming conſpiracies amongſt themſelves, or with the natives, in order to caſt off the Roman yoke.

The whole ſtanding army is computed at 19,000 foot and 1700 horſe. This army, beſide performing the three important ſervices of guarding the coaſts againſt the Saxon pirates, ſecuring the internal tranquillity of the country, and protecting the northern frontiers from the incurſions of the Scots and Picts, executed many noble and valuable works of utility and ornament.

The final departure of the Romans out of Britain ſeems to have been attended with an almoſt total diſſolution of all order, law, and government. Gildas (one of our ancient hiſtorians) reports them "as an abandoned, diſorderly rabble, ſlaughtered by the Scots and Picts, almoſt without reſiſtance, and ſlaughtering one another as ſoon as theſe common enemies retired. They ſet up Kings of their own occaſionally, who were generally cut off by thoſe who advanced them, and others, ſtill more cruel and unworthy, ſet up in their room. Vortigern, who is called by Gildas *Duke of the Britons*, was finally elected to the ſovereign power; by whoſe influence the Saxons were firſt invited into this kingdom, and which produced another revolution.

STATE OF LEARNING AND LEARNED MEN.

That the Druids were the firſt of the philoſophers, as well as prieſts, of this iſland, Gauls, and all the other Celtic nations, there is ſufficient and inconteſtable evidence. According to Strabo, there were three claſſes of them—the Bards, the Vates (Prieſts and Phyſiologiſts), and the Druids; all of which, however, were implicated under the general name of Druids. They were men who poſſeſſed all the learning of that time; and thoſe ſyſtems were ſo voluminous, that their ſcholars ſpent no leſs than *twenty years* in making themſelves maſter of all their ſciences; and a Druidical courſe of education, it is ſaid, conſiſted of the perfect remembrance (part of which they were called upon occaſionally to repeat) of *twenty thouſand verſes*. They were greatly admired and reſpected by their countrymen, who not only liſtened with reverence and ſubmiſſion to their religious inſtructions, but alſo committed the two moſt important charges, the *adminiſtration of juſtice* and the *education of their moſt noble youth*, entirely to their management.

It has been a queſtion ſomewhat agitated, whether the Britons had the *uſe of letters?*—The late Judge Blackſtone, amongſt others, *thinks not*, as there are no veſtiges remaining to prove that fact; and if he ſpeaks *generally*, we are inclined to think he is founded in his opinion. But that the Druids underſtood and practiſed the uſe of letters, is evident from the very law which is mentioned by Cæſar—*againſt committing their doctrines to writing*; for if they had been ignorant of that art, they could have no neceſſity for ſuch a law. But Cæſar afterwards ſets this matter beyond the point of conjecture or inference; as he tells us poſitively, "that in all other affairs except thoſe of religion and learning, the Druids made uſe of letters; and the letters they uſed were thoſe of the Greek alphabet."

State of Learning, &c. after the Roman Conqueſt.

The famous Julius Agricola, who was advanced to the government of Britain A.D. 78, was the firſt of the Roman Governors in this iſland who gave any conſiderable attention to the concerns of literature. With this view he (being himſelf a learned man as well as a great General) took great pains to reconcile the provincial Britons to the Roman government. He therefore reformed many abuſes occaſioned by the avarice or negligence of former governments, put a ſtop to extortion, and cauſed juſtice to be impartially adminiſtered every where.

But his greateſt exertions lay in reclaiming and forming the manners of the Britons, by ſoftening their rough habits, and inſpiring them with a deſire

ſire of imitating the Roman cuſtoms and manners. Hence the country was ſoon adorned with magnificent temples, porticoes, and other public buildings; and hence the Nobles had their ſons educated in learning; and they who before had the utmoſt averſion to the Roman language, now began to ſtudy it with great aſſiduity. They likewiſe wore the Roman habit; and, as Tacitus obſerves, "They were brought to conſider thoſe things as marks of politeneſs, which were, in fact, only ſo many badges of ſlavery!"

In the cultivation of the Britiſh youth in Roman eloquence he was likewiſe very ſucceſsful; for being now deprived of their former inſtructors, (the Druids,) the youth applied with ſo much ardour to this new and more engaging ſpecies of inſtruction, that Agricola did them the public juſtice to declare, "That they excelled the youth of Gaul both in genius and erudition."

This learned man and excellent Governor was recalled by the Emperor Domitian, (who grew jealous of his glory,) under the pretence of making him Governor of Syria; but as Agricola ſoon after this died, it was ſuſpected to be occaſioned by poiſon given him by the tyrant. Tacitus, who was married to Agricola's daughter, has made a fine eulogy to his memory, and concludes thus—

"Let us, therefore, no longer lament the loſs of this good man. He has left the image of his mind before us. Whatever we loved of Agricola, whatever we admired, remains, and will for ever remain implanted in the hearts of men, through an eternity of ages, and be conveyed down in the voice of fame, and in the record of things: for many of the great ancients, by being buried in oblivion, have thence reaped the fate of men altogether mean and inglorious; but Agricola ſhall ever ſurvive in his hiſtory tranſmitted to the lateſt poſterity."

To enumerate the ſeries of educati n that was then practiſed in Britain will be generally compriſed in the ſtudy of the Greek and Latin languages, eloquence, philoſophy, medicine, law, &c.; for though medicine was long deſpiſed and neglected by the Romans, ſo that phyſic was generally practiſed by ſlaves, and perſons of the loweſt rank, yet, by degrees, this very reputable and uſeful art came to be more regarded, and, under the Emperors, phyſicians were moſtly not only of free condition, but on the ſame reſpectable footing with other men of learning; and in this latter ſtate it travelled into Britain.

THE ARTS, &c.

Amongſt the uſeful arts, the ancient Britons knew very little, except hunting and paſturage. "The iſland of Britain," ſays Cæſar, "abounds in cattle; and the greateſt part of thoſe who live within the country never ſow their lands, but live principally on fleſh and milk." The Romans improved their paſturage, taught them agriculture, the nature of manures, the uſe of agricultural implements, gardening, &c. &c.; which laſt the Britons were ſo ignorant of, that they made uſe of the herbs and fruits which grew wild in the fields and woods, without the leaſt ſpecies of cultivation.

In ſhort, the Romans practiſed themſelves, and inſtructed their Britiſh ſubjects in all the branches of agriculture, and in every art which was then known for making the earth yield her precious gifts in the greateſt abundance; inſomuch that we have every reaſon to believe that provincial Britain was better cultivated, and in all reſpects a more pleaſant and plentiful country, when under the dominion of the Romans, than it was at any time for more than a *thouſand years* afterwards.

So beneficial, it ſometimes proves, for a people juſt emerging from a ſavage ſtate to be brought under the dominion of a more enlightened nation; particularly when that nation has the wiſdom and humanity to poliſh and inſtruct, inſtead of oppreſſing, the natives whom they have ſubdued.

Architecture.

The Britons were ſtill leſs ignorant of architecture, having no better food than the ſpontaneous productions of the earth, or the uſe of the animals, which they took in hunting; ſo that they had little better lodgings than hovels for their cattle and themſelves, dens, caves, &c.; ſome of which laſt ſubterraneous houſes ſtill are to be ſeen in the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland and Cornwall. Their towns were upon a par with their houſes, not laid out into ſtreets or lanes, but conſiſted of ſpaces of ground fenced round with a ditch, with great trees felled acroſs each other.

other. Their dwellings were ſcattered about the country, and generally ſituated on the brink of ſome rivulet for the ſake of water, or the ſkirt of ſome wood or foreſt for the convenience of hunting or paſturage. "What a Briton calls a town," ſays Cæſar, "is a tract of woody country ſurrounded by a mound or ditch, for the ſecurity of themſelves and cattle. Theſe buildings are very ſlight, and not deſigned for duration." We have the ſame account from Strabo, Tacitus, and others.

But as ſoon as the Romans began to form ſettlements and plant colonies in this iſland, a ſudden and ſurpriſing change enſued in the ſtate of architecture. Agricola, the moſt excellent of the Roman Governors, encouraged and inſtructed the Britons in all the branches of architecture amongſt the Romans. Hence every Roman colony and free city (of which there was a great number in this country,) was a little Rome, encompaſſed with ſtrong walls, adorned with temples, palaces, courts, halls, baths, markets, aqueducts, and many other public buildings, both for uſe and ornament. But this ſpirit began to decline towards the cloſe of the third century, partly owing to the buildings of Conſtantinople, which drew many of its moſt famous architects and other artificers into the Eaſt, and partly to the irruptions and depredations of the barbarous nations.

The final departure of the Romans cloſed the total deſtruction of architecture in this iſland; for the long ſucceſſion of miſeries in which the Britons were involved by the incurſions of the Scots, Picts, Saxons, Danes, &c, deprived them of many of the uſeful arts which they had learned from their former maſters, and lodged them once more in foreſts, dens, and caves, like their ſavage anceſtors.

Clothing.

It appears evident from ancient hiſtory, that the Britons, like the firſt inhabitants of all the countries in Europe, went naked, or almoſt naked, owing to their ignorance of the clothing arts. Living by hunting, and on the ſpontaneous fruits of the earth, they ſought and required but little covering; and the only ſubſtitute they had to ſecure themſelves from the ſevereſt colds of winter, was beſmearing their bodies with ſuch ointments as they found moſt convenient for their purpoſe. And this they continued to do long after the people of Spain, Gaul, and even Germany, had abandoned that practice. By degrees they began to clothe themſelves with the ſkins of their animals, by way of mantle, which in walking, or acts of exerciſe, they could faſhion round their body or throw off at will. "Clothing they had none," ſays Herodian, "but what the ſkins of beaſts afforded them; yet *gallantry* they had, by painting thoſe ſkins with portraitures of birds, beaſts, and flowers." — "A vanity," continues Milton, in his Hiſtory of Britain, "which hath not yet left us, removed only from the *ſkin* to the *ſkirt*, beſtrung now with as many coloured ribands and gewgaws."

Soon after the invaſion of the Romans, however, the Britons became acquainted with the arts of dreſſing wool and flax, and ſpinning them into yarn. To which, in proceſs of time, ſucceeded the art of making cloth, of dyeing it, making linen, &c. &c.

Of the ſecondary arts, or thoſe which follow the moſt indiſpenſable in life—there is every reaſon to believe the Britons underſtood, to a certain degree, that of carpentry, or joiners' work—by the building of their houſes, ploughs, harrows, and other implements of huſbandry, not to mention the war chariots, of which the Roman and Greek authors ſpeak with admiration, not only on account of the ſtrength and elegance of their conſtruction, but the wonderful dexterity of the Britons in managing them. All theſe were greatly improved by the Romans, in the introduction of proper tools and inſtruments, the arts of glewing, pannelling, fineering, inlaying with wood, horn, ivory, tortoiſe-ſhell, &c.; all of which the Romans were perfectly well acquainted with, and were glad to communicate to their new ſubjects.

Working Metals.

The art of refining, and working metals in general, was but imperfectly underſtood by the Britons, as they made the heads of their axes, ſpears, arms, &c. &c. with flints; and when they became acquainted with brass, or rather copper, (which Cæſar ſays the Britons imported,) they headed their axes, ſwords, ſpears, and arrows, with this metal. In the management of tin they were more expert, as appears by the account left us by Diodorus Siculus.

"The Britons," ſays he, "who dwell near the promontory Belerium, (Land's End,) are very hoſpitable, and, by their great intercourſe with foreign merchants, much more civilized in their way of living, than the other Britons. They dig tin ore out of their mines, and prepare it with great dexterity and art. Though this ore is naturally of a hard ſubſtance, like ſtone, yet it is mixed and incorporated with much earth, from which they ſeparate it with great eaſe, and then melt and caſt it into blocks, or ingots of a ſquare form like dice."

There was very little *iron* known at the time of the Roman invaſion; and it was reckoned ſo great and ſcarce a commodity, that the Britons made their money of it, and uſed it as trinkets for adorning their perſons. Gold and ſilver were not at firſt diſcovered; at leaſt Cæſar, who enumerates every thing elſe, is ſilent on that head; but under the Emperor Claudius, Tacitus tells us, "That Britain produced gold, ſilver, and other metals, to reward its conquerors." And, indeed, the number of gold chains taken from Caractacus, when carried in triumph to Rome, fully warrant this opinion.

(*To be continued.*)

Essay *on* Ambition.

Among the numerous vices which are diſplayed in the different characters of men, there are ſome that are of that nature which, far from being cenſured as dangerous to ſociety, are often held up for our admiration and applauſe. Among theſe vices, ambition may be conſidered as one of the moſt dangerous and deſtructive, and at the ſame time as inimical in every reſpect to the principles and doctrines of the Chriſtian religion—to that religion which, in numerous and repeated inſtances, inculcates love and affection for our neighbours; and as there are few ſins which can be more offenſive to the Almighty, as it is a direct breach of one of his poſitive commandments, and a wanton abuſe of the power with which he has intruſted us; it is of ſuch a nature, that it cannot be defended or palliated, either on the ground of neceſſity or prudence; for few will be diſpoſed to conſider the conqueſt of the Perſian Empire by Alexander, or the victories and ſucceſſes of Julius Cæſar, as neceſſary, nor can they be defended on the ground of prudence; for it is obvious, that conqueſts often produce the moſt baneful effects to the State, by introducing luxury and its attendant vices; and inſtead of ſtrengthening their dominions by an increaſe of territory, we have found it in numerous inſtances, and particularly in the caſe of Rome, produce the moſt oppoſite effects; for the extenſive conqueſts of that celebrated city led the way to the introduction of foreign luxuries, which, by enervating them and deſtroying their auſterity and ſimplicity of manners, at laſt brought them under the yoke of thoſe barbarous nations by which they were deluged, and, from being a people who poſſeſſed, and were always jealous of freedom, they are at this time the moſt reſigned to tyranny and oppreſſion.

The conſequences reſulting from the indulgence of an ambitious diſpoſition naturally leads us to conſider that man a moſt dangerous member of ſociety, who, trampling under foot every conſideration of humanity and juſtice, at once ſpurns at all laws, human or divine, to gratify an unbounded thirſt for univerſal dominion; and as there are few crimes which an ambitious man will not heſitate to commit, that will in any degree aſſiſt him in the attainment of his object, the danger becomes ſtill greater; for the ties of gratitude or friendſhip, the affection of the parent, and the love which we are commanded to entertain for mankind in general, are in a moment diſſipated by the proſpect of an addition of power or territory; no means, however criminal or unjuſt, will be untried before a favourite ſcheme will be abandoned; and when arrived at that ſituation to which their efforts were directed, we have often found that it was yet too narrow to ſatisfy them, and that nothing ſhort of univerſal dominion ſeems to be a ſufficient gratification of their ambitious diſpoſitions.

But however dangerous to ſociety and deſtructive to the world in general ambition may appear, when we reflect on the conſequences it produces, we are often led, by falſe notions of heroiſm and glory, to view it in a very favourable light; and, while we lament its deſtructive conſequences, we conſole ourſelves by conſidering that it is unavoidable; while, on the contrary, they often reſult from the ambitious diſpoſition of one man, who, by deſolating

lating empires, depopulating kingdoms, and heaping misery and wretchedness on the human race, is dignified with the title of an hero, and his actions handed down to posterity in colours which are more calculated to excite our admiration than our detestation and abhorrence. It has been often remarked, that while reading of the conquests of Alexander, we are too apt to admire the splendour of his actions, without inquiring of what benefit they were to mankind, and that we are pleased at his successes, without considering the blood that they occasioned; yet this man, who obtained the title of Great by war and bloodshed, was unable to conquer his own vices, and, while the world submitted to him as her Monarch, he was himself the slave of drunkenness and debauchery.

True glory consists more in benefiting mankind by useful discoveries, and by the introduction and encouragement of learning and scientific pursuits, whereby we are enabled to understand and to admire the wonders displayed in every part of the creation, than by increasing their barbarity by inuring them to war and its attendant horrors. It is the foundation and encouragement of those seminaries of learning which form the youthful mind to the study of nature, and which, by destroying barbarism and promoting the blessings of civilization, produce the most happy effects, that constitutes true glory; and it is by the suppression of vice, and in the encouragement of virtue by example and reward, that we behold true greatness; and that man, however humble his situation in life, who is enabled by the force of virtue to conquer his own vices, and to dedicate his talents to the improvement of mankind, merits that appellation more than he who, placed in a more exalted situation, obtains it at the expense of thousands, and who founds his pretensions to the approbation of mankind on the misery he has occasioned.

17th Sept. 1806. A. Z.

LITERARY GLIMPSES; *or*, SHORT REMARKS *on several* SUBJECTS.

Being the Lucubrations of W. C., *a solitary Recluse.*

(*Continued from page* 286.)

LIV.

FEW precepts of behaviour can have more valuable consequences to youth than the teaching of them to form a due, or rather *high*, estimate of the *sense*, *abilities*, and *perception* of others; that those others can not only *hear* and *see*, but *judge* and *infer*, and even *penetrate* deeply into the motives of all that is said or done in their presence, though every thing apparently passes before them without any particular notice; and, also, that probably there are, or may be, present in any social meeting, intellectual faculties, endowed, at least, with as keen a vision as they imagine to be the characteristic of their own. Were but this idea forcibly impressed upon their minds, it would raise a circumspection that might often prevent them from appearing ridiculous, even through life. For, it is owing to the want of it that many individuals, and even families, are marked with a *vanity* and *conceit*, which disgust wherever they appear, and sully, or render of less account, several qualities and gifts of nature, which wanted nothing to gain esteem, but to have been viewed by the owners with a modest eye, and a due respect to the similar endowments of their fellows. Hence, this piece of *self-knowledge* can never be either too soon, or too forcibly inculcated. For should it ever carry reserve to an excess, the surplus of *modesty* which it might beget would, in its effects, constantly more than compensate for the errour of judgment; and hence leave every one on the right side of a decision, in which perfect accuracy is doubtless as little needed as it is possible to be attained.

LV.

Any literary subject may be treated *two* ways. One which has reference to a noviciate, and in which the minutest things are explained and orderly placed, so as to satisfy the demands of the most scrupulous and ingenious reader. The *other*, in which those rudiments and many other collateral kinds of knowledge, are taken for granted; and where it is, moreover, presumed, that the reader is not only *favourably* disposed towards the subject, but in some degree one of its *enthusiastic* admirers. Now, when a work of this latter kind falls into the hands of a person who has originally a dislike to what it treats upon, he must find so many things taken up gratuitously, others introduced with such abrupt partiality, or elevated by such flights of a warm imagination, that there is no wonder if he

peruse

peruſe it with ſome degree even of diſguſt. From not liking the ſubject as it then appeared, he is led to conceive meanly of it upon the whole, and from thence, perhaps, to treat it with diſreſpect and ridicule. This is often the caſe with men of a certain turn of mind when they fall in the way of *religious* books; in which, amid a deal of pious ſervour, are occaſionally, and perhaps abruptly, recognized the doctrines of *Original Sin*, *Redemption*, *the Sacraments*, and the like peculiar tenets. Their diſguſt is arouſed; they think they ſee a number of incoherencies; and, felicitating themſelves on a real pre-eminence of intellect, triumphantly commence *Deiſts*, and conſign the Scriptures, from whence thoſe tenets were ſaid to be firſt drawn, to thoſe old women who chooſe to read them. But to judge the matter rightly, let critics go rightly to work. With the Scriptures in their hand, and a prayer in their hearts, let them read their beſt comments, and the moſt approved treatiſes on the rudiments and the *rationale* of our religion, and then, in time, they may ſee, that what they often thought folly and enthuſiaſm, is, in reality, rational language and ſentiment, flowing from an enlightened underſtanding, as well as from a duly regulated heart.

LVI.

Heaven has indulgently given us a variety of taſtes, in order to gratify the inquiſitiveneſs of the ſoul, and to aſſiſt in promoting its preſent and future welfare. Among the reſt, we enjoy what may be ſhortly called a *religious Senſe*. Now, it is reaſonable to think, that it would particularly be the deſire of a philoſopher to have the *ſum total* of his innocent pleaſures as *great* as poſſible; to indulge properly in them all; to range through the wideſt regions of ſpeculation, and not to confine himſelf to the ſcanty returns of one or two provinces, be they ever ſo fair, or ever ſo amuſing. This may the more readily be remarked, as philoſophers ſhould beſt underſtand their own buſineſs and profeſſion; which is, or ought to be, the acquirement of wiſdom, and the art of living to the beſt account. But, alas! we find no order of men exempt from the failings of men. Are there not philoſophers who totally exclude *religion* from their ſtudies and their care? And do we not ſee the pride of philoſophy as eaſily, and for as mere a bauble, diverted from the true intereſts of our nature, as the pride of life? and that neither of the paſſions are much likelier to ſucceed in diſcovering the true and laſting good of man, than the well meant endeavours of *common ſenſe*, exerciſed in a *common ſphere*?

LVII.

Some people, I hope more from ignorance than deſign, are pleaſed to tell the world, that all its *follies* and *miſeries* (not to mention its *crimes*) are owing to *bad laws* and their *bad adminiſtration*; as if the common part of mankind would be *perfect* if our legiſlators were but *wiſe*. But that *goodneſs*, and every thing praiſe-worthy in man, muſt ſpring from gifts and regulations *within* himſelf, and not from circumſtances ſituated *without*, is evident. And when mankind in general heartily love in another *worth*, *virtue*, *genius*, *learning*, *wealth*, and *power*, and every good gift which an individual may poſſeſs, or feel the leaſt diſpoſition to injure him from *envy* or *ill will*, then let us ſay there is no original depravity in the multitude, but that all their vices and follies reſt *in* and ariſe *from* the miſmanagement of their ſuperiors; and hence, that were it not for them, we might at any time be as happy in the world as the fondeſt fancy can pourtray. No! It is not poſſible to diveſt our general nature of its failings by any art of man. When a reformation of this *new* and flattering kind is brought about, to the extent Chriſtians have reaſon to hope will take place at ſome future time, it muſt be effected by *ſupernatural* aid; by exhibitions of power that will appal the ſtouteſt, and infuſions of grace which may reclaim the meaneſt.

LVIII.

That it is the intent of Providence that men ſhould *exert* their abilities beyond the calls of mere need, appears evident from the advantages which ſtill ariſe from that exertion. In the performance of any *practical art*, experience never fails to diſcover ſome device or ſcheme of *facilitation*, which not only yields an immediate reward to the artiſt, but often a conſiderable one to the community. The more we conſider any *ſcientific* ſubject, the better we underſtand it; and the diſcovery of ſome new law or property conſtantly attends every ardent *philoſophical* purſuit.

ſuit. In *religion*, alſo, a like increaſe of virtue and wiſdom is the promiſed and invaluable recompenſe for animated and pious inquiry. Thus ſome *reward* is as naturally connected with *induſtry*, as that *induſtry* itſelf is wiſely ordained for the improvement of our rational faculties, the enlargement of our minds, and the kindling of the ſublime piety which is the higheſt honour of our nature, and the faireſt recompenſe for all our toils. He, therefore, that would be proſperous, wiſe, and happy, ſhould only expect thoſe bleſſings from daily endeavours to become acquainted with the laws of ordinary nature, of men, and of the Divine Author of all Things; that is, by being *induſtrious*, and by governing himſelf according to that *good* which his experience will ſhow him *here*, in order to attain *hereafter* that *beſt* which it is his covenanted and bounden duty, as well as higheſt intereſt, conſtantly to ſeek.

LIX.

It is not to be expected that a writer of an original and penetrating genius can at all times expreſs himſelf with perſpicuity; and this on *two* accounts. *Firſt*, the ideas he occaſionally falls upon being *novel*, they will neceſſarily preſent themſelves with many ſhades and imperfections, when compared with thoſe of more familiar ones; and hence he muſt be expected to have correſponding defects and obſcurities in his terms and expreſſion. *Secondly*, in order to write clearly, it is required generally, that the mind ſhould have *long ſeen* and *revolved* the ideas it has to deſcribe, and even often have met with them put into words by others. Under theſe two favourable circumſtances language may attain in time almoſt every excellence, and have among the reſt the prime one of perſpicuity. But where the notion or idea is truly *new* and extended, it muſt be expected, in its firſt verbal appearance, to be imperfectly ſhown; in like manner as every art or invention is imperfect when it firſt occurs. Never let us, then, blame an original thinker for a little *obſcurity* or *awkwardneſs* in his ſtile, while we own it to have been juſtly ſaid, that to *invent* is one thing, and to bring to *perfection* is another.

LX.

A *ſmooth revengeful* temper has, with great reaſon, ever been conſidered as one of the moſt deſpicable kind; as it manifeſts a deep, refined, and unſpeakable malignity. To be angry at real affronts is natural, and may be innocent; becauſe it may be deſerved, and becauſe it gives the aggreſſor *honeſt* notice that he has given offence, and therefore may ſet about making due reparation for it, or be prepared to meet the ordinary effects of ſhyneſs, a declenſion of friendſhip, and the like fair and frequent conſequences. But the ſmooth revengeful temper aims at a retaliation in which *deceit* and *cunning* are as prevalent as the hoſtility of his purpoſe. Though equally offended with the angry man, he ſuppreſſes its ſymptoms as much as poſſible, and pacifies the immediate uneaſy impulſe with the hopes of having it ere long in his power to make his adverſary feel, with intereſt, the vexation he has occaſioned; and perhaps, too, in ſuch a manner, that he cannot tell either the author or the cauſe. Hence we ſee how much *ſtronger* the paſſion of revenge is than that of anger; that in morals they differ as widely from each other as *honeſty* and *deceit*; and that the temper prompting to the one is as much more deſirable than that which leads to the other, as a blow from the fiſt is preferable to one from a dagger.

LXI.

There are *two* ways in which men may contemplate their relation to the Deity, and from which will reſult two different modes of religious adoration. The *firſt*, as totally abſtracted from the world, and as if there were no other human being exiſting beſides themſelves; the *ſecond*, as members of ſociety to which they have many ties and relations. Now, on the firſt of theſe ſuppoſitions, (if they believe there is no poſitive command to the contrary,) in offering up their religious ſervices to God, they will be apt to conſider *meditation*, or their own *thoughts*, a ſufficient medium for that end, and all intermediate or external means as uſeleſs and improper. They will think a prieſt and his train of ceremonies, ſuperſtition; and *vocal* addreſſes, as implying *ignorance* on God's part, and a *canting* diſpoſition on their own. In the ſecond conception of the matter, ſince it muſt be right for men to act as men, and as they are all creatures of the ſame God, fellow labourers in the work of the ſame ſalvation, all

alike

alike weak and neceſſitous, *corporeal* and not *ſpiritual*, it muſt become them, at due ſeaſons, to gather into ſocial groupes to acknowledge their common Author; to offer him general praiſe, and implore his general bleſſings; and at the ſame time to accompany their *inward* reverence with that *outward* proſtration which common uſe has previouſly ſanctioned and made known. To the former of theſe ideas none but the moroſe and ſingular have ever inclined; and by the latter the world at large has been governed in all places and times. Hence it appears, that prieſts and religious obſervances, public and ſocial worſhip, are founded on common ſenſe (or natural religion); and that not to conform to thoſe accuſtomed uſages, is as much to ſin againſt the dictates of nature as againſt the precepts of Holy Writ.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I OBSERVED with much pleaſure, in your Magazine of laſt month, a queſtion, (propoſed by a Correſpondent, ſigned a Churchwarden,) "Whether the very great number of children that are annually ſent to remote Cotton Mills, are ſo inſtructed in the trades to which they are apprenticed, that they will, when their time expires, be able to earn competent livelihoods?" I admit, with him, it is a queſtion highly important: the propoſing of it, I hope, may tend to excite an inquiry into the ſubject; and I ſhall be happy if the following remarks in the leaſt further ſo very deſirable an end, and ſtimulate ſome abler hand to enter into a minute inveſtigation. Six months ago I held the office of an Overſeer in one of the moſt populous towns in the kingdom, and during ſuch office was appointed by my brother Overſeers to viſit the different Cotton Mills in which children belonging to our pariſh were employed, amounting to two hundred and fifty; which viſit comprehended part of Nottingham, Leiceſter, and Stafford ſhires: on examination, I found that one half of that number were inſtructed in picking, carding, and ſpinning *only*, the Proprietors being manufacturers of thread or twiſt; and the remaining half were inſtructed in *ſpinning* and *weaving*, the proprietors of theſe works leading them through the whole proceſs of picking, carding, ſpinning, and *weaving*; by which the children, when their time expired, will be enabled to ſupport themſelves comfortably; whereas the half, as ſpinners only, will not be able, on the expiration of their time, to earn more than what they did during the firſt or ſecond year of their ſervitude, which probably might be from two ſhillings and ſixpence to five or ſix ſhillings per week; although ſuch children may continue, to the no ſmall emolument of their maſters, nine, ten, or eleven years. Many of thoſe placed out by the pariſh to which I belong, (and I believe it is the caſe with other pariſhes,) were articled in ſuch a manner and form as not to gain a ſettlement in the pariſh in which they were employed, owing to the interference of the leading characters in ſuch pariſhes with the proprietors of the works, to prevent the poſſibility of an increaſe of paupers; at the ſame time, they had no objection to the benefit ariſing from their labour during their continuance in health. It appears to me extremely injudicious to place children out for ſuch a length of time, and at the expiration of it to have them liable to return to the pariſh from which they were placed, incapable of ſupporting themſelves. Our late Overſeers have gained wiſdom by ſuch experience, and now place them out *regular apprentices* in the different Mills where *ſpinning* and *weaving* are jointly taught them.

As the Churchwardens and Overſeers of the various pariſhes in the kingdom are, for the time being, the nominal parents and guardians of the children of the poor, (the greater part of which are either orphans, or of that claſs who are no ſooner born than deſerted,) it is certainly their bounden duty to ſupply the place of their natural parents by the moſt watchful attention to their preſent and future welfare. Influenced by ſuch feelings, I hinted, in the report made to my colleagues, on my return from the viſit above alluded to, the propriety of erecting a Cotton Mill (which may readily be done in any part of the kingdom, being moſtly worked by ſteam engines,) in our own pariſh, where the children might be taught ſpinning; and alſo a manufactory where they might alſo be inſtructed in weaving: the profits ariſing from their labour would tend conſiderably to leſſen the poor rates, and the children would then

then be under the immediate eye and government of their guardians. I ſaw in my late tour many children from the different pariſhes in London; the diſtance from which being ſo great, I conclude a ſimilar plan might be adopted with great and good benefit to them. To ſee the experiment tried would be highly gratifying to a ſincere friend to the poor, and

A LATE OVERSEER.

P.S. On ſubmitting the above to a very intelligent gentleman, he informed me, there was at preſent a proſpect opened for inſtructing the young female poor in the Britiſh Lace manufactory, to their great advantage. Children three years of age will earn one ſhilling and ſixpence per week; and many, before the expiration of their time of apprenticeſhip, can gain from twelve to ſixteen ſhillings; the increaſing demand for ſuch manufactory will enſure conſtant employment when their time expires.

One great recommendation to this employment is, its being neat and clean, not liable to wear out their cloathing, and no ways prejudicial to health.

Birmingham, Oct. 25, 1806.

ESSAYS, HISTORICAL, LITERARY, *and* MORAL.

No. X.

So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit.
POPE.

WHEN we conſider, on the one hand, the amplitude of ſcience, and the multiplicity of intellectual purſuits and attainments; and, on the other, the ſmall portion of exiſtence allotted to the human race; it muſt be confeſſed, that we derive little encouragement from ſuch a reflection. The portion of time is ſo exceedingly ſmall which remains unappropriated to our natural wants, or unconſumed in the diſcharge of neceſſary duties, that it hardly ſuffices to acquaint us with a ſingle branch of knowledge, much leſs to gratify human ambition by allowing us to comprehend the whole.

But as ſuch a reflection ſeldom ariſes when we firſt ſet out on intellectual excurſions, it does not diſcourage or retard us in our journey: we are likewiſe always willing to entertain an exalted idea of our own qualifications, and to deſpiſe difficulties which have impeded the progreſs of others. As we proceed, however, we find the proſpect expand at every ſtep; and when our powers come in competition with thoſe obſtructions which at a diſtance we have derided, we then become ſenſible of the inequality of the conteſt, and often neglect opportunities of further improvement, and reſt ſatisfied with what we have already acquired, rather than engage in endleſs purſuits and boundleſs inveſtigations.

Were we, however, more frequently to reflect, how unequally our time is proportioned to our labour, it would excite us to more ſtrenuous efforts, and induce us ſo to value our time, as not to ſuffer the ſmalleſt particle to elude us, without affording its full ſhare of improvement.

Although the following letter on this ſubject may not poſſeſs much originality of thought, yet as it may probably pleaſe in its preſent attire, I ſhall make no apology for introducing it.

To the Author of "ESSAYS," *&c.*

SIR,

I ſhall not diſguiſe my ſentiments, but candidly confeſs that I have received much entertainment from the peruſal of your monthly eſſays: at the ſame time I cannot help thinking that the Horatian precept has not been ſufficiently regarded, which enjoins the commixture of pleaſure with inſtruction, as the moſt effectual method of procuring attention. Even the elegance of Addiſon would, perhaps, have been inſufficient to have ſcreened him from neglect, had he not enlivened his readers by frequent irradiations of wit and humour, and, as one of his correſpondents obſerves, gladdened their eyes by thoſe pretty *breaks* in his diſcourſes, and thoſe *inverted commas* ſo frequently obſerved down the margins of his papers. It would, I apprehend, tend to enlarge the circle of your readers, were you to aim at entertaining their fancy, as well as improving their underſtanding. Truth herſelf gains fewer admirers when ſhe appears in her native ſimplicity, than when *ſemi-reducta*, half concealed beneath the veil of a pleaſing and well-wrought allegory.

If you ſhall conſider the following as capable of promoting the entertainment of

of your readers, I ſhall be ſufficiently recompenſed by its inſertion.

One evening, while muſing on the vaſtneſs of art, and the paucity of human wit, I fell inſenſibly into a profound ſlumber; a circumſtance which, I confeſs, frequently cloſes my evening meditations; when, methought, there was preſented to my view a vaſt tract of country extending itſelf widely all around, and to which I could diſcern no bounds but the horizon. My firſt view was very indiſtinct and imperfect; till, by gradual and imperceptible advances, I at length could comprehend its whole extent, which continued uninterrupted ſo far as the eye could reach, or human perſpicuity penetrate. It was the region of Science and Knowledge, which had furniſhed employment to the human race, from the remoteſt period of their exiſtence. Notwithſtanding, however, the ſucceſſion of ſo many ages, I could perceive they had made but a ſmall progreſs; by far the greater part remaining in its original ſtate:—a dreary waſte, over which the eye wandered with languor and turned aſide with diſguſt.

This vaſt empire being ſeparated into innumerable compartments and diviſions, each differently cultivated, and deſigned for different purpoſes, its numerous inhabitants were at liberty each to gratify his own inclination, and ſelect that ſpecies of labour which beſt ſuited his taſte. In one part I beheld vaſt and almoſt impenetrable foreſts, whoſe lofty trees and thick foliage caſt a venerable gloom on the objects around. In another was preſented a more cheerful proſpect: fields and meadows, containing the moſt luxuriant crops, and adorned in the richeſt garb of nature, charmed me by the beauty of their appearance; and I could not refrain from indulging a few reflections on the felicity of the inhabitants of this extenſive country, whoſe induſtry was thus amply rewarded, and whoſe labour was crowned with ſuch plenteous ſucceſs.

From a diſtant view, I now proceeded to take a more minute ſurvey of the place and its inhabitants. My attention was firſt directed to an immenſe foreſt, in whoſe gloomy boſom ſome individuals were engaged in a ſpecies of labour which I conceived the moſt wearifome of all. They were, apparently, exploring its receſſes, and endeavouring to reduce and methodize its rude and ſpontaneous productions. But the obſtructions were ſo numerous and perplexing, that, unleſs endued with a ſpirit of perſeverance which few have the good fortune to poſſeſs, they were eaſily diſcouraged, and quickly relinquiſhed the conteſt. Thoſe whom an ardent curioſity impelled to deviate from the beaten paths, were quickly involved in perplexity, and repeatedly lacerated by the thorns and brambles with which the place was overgrown. This, I learnt, was the Wilderneſs of Philoſophy, abounding in curioſities, and capable of affording, in many places, the moſt grateful refreſhment. Its external appearance, however, prepoſſeſſed me ſo little in its favour, tha I ſpent little time in traverſing the interior.

In this country, as well as in every other, the inhabitants were not always connected by the bond of unity. Different ſentiments were cheriſhed by different parties, which produced many contentions very incompatible with that harmony and good order which is ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary to the happineſs of a community. But the principal inconvenience aroſe from ſome perſons, whoſe indolence prevented them from ſharing in the labour, but who, nevertheleſs, lived upon the common ſtock; and thus, while they neglected to multiply the reſources, contributed in a very great degree to exhauſt them. The barrenneſs of ſome parts, and the poor productions of others, relieved them from theſe unprofitable gueſts; ſince the frequency of their viſits was proportioned to the fertility of the ſoil and the richneſs of its productions. Of this diſpoſition may be numbered thoſe who amuſed themſelves in the garden of Falſe Wit: ſo little judgment was here diſplayed in the diſpoſition, that I was every where diſguſted with abſurdities: the flowers themſelves poſſeſſed not the ſmalleſt recommendation from elegance of form or brilliancy of colour, but were the refuſe of the neighbouring gardens from which they were purloined. In the garden of True Wit was preſented a far different ſcene: the flowers were here judiciouſly and elegantly diſpoſed, and their lively colours delighted and exhilarated the fancy, and it ſerved as a pleaſing relaxation after the labour and fatigues of the day.

I proceeded, and contemplated with pleaſure the buſy ſcene which was preſented

ſented on all ſides. The different occupations, and the perpetual variety in which the proſpect abounded, proved a ſource of unwearied delight; and I fell inſenſibly into a pleaſing train of ideas; which leaving me, on a ſudden I found myſelf in a moſt romantic ſituation, ſurrounded by the choiceſt productions of every clime, which appeared to ſpring up ſpontaneouſly. But what ſurpriſed me moſt, and almoſt induced me to conſider every thing I ſaw as fictitious, was, that the animals I beheld around me were endued with the faculty of ſpeech. After carefully examining my ſituation, however, I was ſatisfied all was real, and at length recollected that this muſt be the region of Allegory. The animals here were gifted by nature with an aſtoniſhing aptitude; and ſome perſons taking advantage of this circumſtance, had, by a little perſeverance, enabled every beaſt to expreſs himſelf by words. Men of the nobleſt talents had not been aſhamed of this taſk, and, deſpiſing any higher views, had condeſcended to become the tutors of an aſs. One in particular, I was informed, had devoted much of his time to the accompliſhment of this object; in which he ſo admirably ſucceeded, that he is at preſent ſpoken of with the utmoſt gratitude and veneration among the brute ſpecies. But what was ſtill more aſtoniſhing, the vegetable world participated, in ſome degree, in this extraordinary power: every tree bore ſome ſententious maxims of morality inſcribed on its leaves, and every ſhrub, proud of its charge, held up to view ſome motto tending to encourage the practice of virtue.

In this delightful ſpot I might have prolonged my ſtay, receiving leſſons of inſtruction from the mouths of the beaſts, and charmed by the warbling of the birds. Curioſity, however, would not permit me to remain, but irreſiſtibly impelled me forward in ſearch of new adventures. I paſſed its boundaries, and inſtantly found I trod on the land of Poetry, which lay ſo contiguous to the former, that its inhabitants could paſs from one to the other without the ſmalleſt difficulty, and were frequently found repoſing in its cool receſſes, or culling the fragrant honours of its meadows. Every thing was here arranged with the niceſt regularity and moſt elaborate order: it was adorned on all ſides with ſumptuous edifices and magnificent palaces, which appeared to be the reſidence of wealth and ſplendour: its ſoil was fertile, and the ſky ſerene; and it was diverſified with the moſt luxuriant ſcenes and moſt delightful proſpects. The behaviour of its inhabitants diſcovered an elegance and dignity which I ſought for in vain elſewhere; and I was highly delighted with the cheerfulneſs of their converſation. With one of them I was perfectly enraptured, whoſe deportment was peculiarly majeſtic, and who often pronounced, with great warmth and enthuſiaſm,

Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem ſilvaſque inglorius.——
——O, qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

I obſerved here, as in other parts, that many perſons, willing to perpetuate the memory of their performances, had erected monuments or tablets on the ſpots to which their labour and attention had been principally confined: but few of theſe were capable of reſiſting the attacks of time; and of thoſe that ſurvived, ſome exhibited but mutilated fragments and imperfect remains of their former beauty. I could, however, plainly diſtinguiſh the inſcription, "*Exegi monumentum*;" alſo, "*Jamque opus exegi*;" with ſeveral others of a like import.

It was here I learnt a circumſtance which contributed, in no ſmall degree, to retard the progreſs of cultivation, and to render fruitleſs all endeavours to extend the frontiers of this vaſt empire. In the rude and uncultivated part flowed a noxious ſtream, whoſe waters were deſtructive to all kinds of vegetation, and whoſe frequent inroads laid deſolate, in many places, theſe ſcenes of induſtry, plenty, and delight. It entered in two ſtreams, named Ignorance and Barbariſm; and although no inundation had been recent, I was concerned to behold many ſpots, exhibiting faint ſigns of former fruitfulneſs, a prey to its ravages.

It would fatigue your patience were I to relate many other things that my fancy impoſed upon me, which continued to deceive me till it had almoſt exhauſted its images; when imagining myſelf bewildered in the maze of ſo-

phiſtry, the ſtruggle occaſioned by my efforts to extricate myſelf awaked me.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant, &c.

T. N.

On the DESIRE *of* PLEASING.

A DESIRE of pleaſing exiſted in ſociety from the earlieſt periods of antiquity; its birth may be traced from the golden age, from thoſe happy days, when the gods, "envying the condition of men, left their celeſtial habitations, the heavens, and dwelt on earth familiarly with mortals;" when men limited their wants to what prolific nature ſpontaneouſly offered, ſatisfied with peaceably tending their flocks, nor impiouſly daring with the iron ploughſhare to wound the boſom of the fruitful earth, dwelling together in the mutual exchange of good offices.

Nor was this diſpoſition extinguiſhed, when to that happy age of innocence ſucceeded wars and rapine; when, no longer contented to exiſt by induſtry, and the peaceful employ of ſhepherds, they ſought to ſupport a degraded and precarious exiſtence by invading their neighbours' rights. Even then, the chief of barbarous robbers, deſirous of acquiring or cultivating the good opinion of his ſoldiers, evinced it by ſuavity of manners and a *diſpoſition to pleaſe*. And if, united with this, he diſcovered, what, in the preſent refined ſtate of ſociety, is by no means unfrequent, courage tempered by mercy, he never failed of claiming their reſpect, whilſt involuntarily he commanded their eſteem.

As the ſtate of mankind by civilization became ameliorated, and they abandoned, by degrees, a ferocity for which their manners, in remote ages, were juſtly ſtigmatized as barbarous, Humanity appeared, the beloved offſpring of Civilization, who conſtantly attended all the ſteps of her parent, and by her aſpect bland and chearful, her mild and courteous demeanour, ſought, and ſucceeded in ſoothing thoſe angry paſſions which had heretofore rent the boſoms of mankind, and, by giving birth to cruel and ſanguinary wars, aſſiſted in the depopulation of the world.

How much, then, for our preſent comforts, for the tranquillity we enjoy, and for our chief bleſſings, are we originally indebted to this benevolent principle of diffuſing pleaſure—this emanation of the divine Creator!

It is to thy extenſive and beneficial influence, thou cultivator and ſupporter of the ſocial virtues! thou friend to harmony, and promoter of peace and good will! are to be attributed the ſoftened manners of the preſent age. Without thy friendly aid, we ſhould again relapſe into brutality, and ſociety be wounded by the commiſſion of crimes, at which the ſoul of man, naturally benevolent, *revolts*.

G. H. T.

Newington Butts, Oct. 1, 1806.

The UNION *of* CONTEMPLATION *and* ACTION *neceſſary to* PERFECTION.

AN EASTERN STORY.

ON the death of Abdouran, his wealth and affairs deſcended to Ziram, his ſon. The deceaſe of his parent pierced with affliction the heart of Ziram: after paying the laſt funeral honours to his memory, he ſhut himſelf up in his chamber, and refuſing all conſolation, reſigned himſelf to his grief. He was, however, at length induced to apply to the concerns which had devolved to his care. His traffick was extended into many countries of the eaſt; his affairs proſpered in his hands, and his riches multiplied. But Ziram was ever melancholy, the exerciſe of commerce grew more and more irkſome. His only pleaſure was to bury himſelf in ſolitude, to diſburden his intellects of worldly concerns, to ponder on the ſhortneſs of life, the weakneſs of the frame, and the infirmity of the virtue of man, the vanity of his purſuits, and the awful importance of eternity. Theſe reflections ſo wrought on his mind in its depreſſed ſtate, that he reſolved to forſake the toil of his avocations, and direct his faculties to a preparation for the approach of mortality. He exclaimed, "What is the uncertain exiſtence of man, that it ſhould be devoted to the world, to gain, and vanity! Ought it not more reaſonably to be conſecrated to the duties which ſhall fit it for interminable futurity! Our utmoſt efforts are inſufficient. All terreſtrial concerns are folly and inſignificance. Henceforth my life ſhall be ſpent in meditation, ſelf-denial, and prayer."

Accordingly Ziram terminated his affairs

affairs abruptly, and, ſequeſtering himſelf from mankind, inhabited a retired cave in an unfrequented part of the country. He dedicated himſelf to religious ſervices. He practiſed the moſt ſevere auſterities. The herbs and fruits were his only food, and the running ſtream his drink. The goodneſs, the majeſty, and every great attribute of his Creator, occupied his contemplations. Ziram ſtudied the divine law with increaſing ardour. In his devotions, he acknowledged his weakneſs with the deeper humility, implored with anxious earneſtneſs the protection, and magnified in the loftieſt praiſes the bounty, of the Almighty. His moments even of relaxation were filled with open ejaculations or ſecret breathings of piety, in repeated acknowledgments of abſolute dependance, and of inward reſignation. His days were a ſucceſſion of repentant faſts and grateful feſtivals. Morning and evening he ſat contemplating the heavens, and, carrying his thoughts above this reſplendent viſible canopy, rapt his imagination in conceptions of the glory of the throne of the Supreme, and the unſpeakable refulgence of his reign. He thus qualified and raiſed his mind to the reliſh of ſupernal bliſs. Undeviating abſtemiouſneſs and ſelf-denial mortified his body to complete ſubjection; and unceaſing religious exerciſe rendered holineſs and ſanctity the natural impulſes, the uncompelled ſenſations of his ſoul, the ſource and movers of all its inclinations.

One day, after extraordinary humiliation, he ſat in the evening at the opening of his cell. His eyes were fixed upon the heavens, his attention was abſtracted from ſurrounding ſcenes, and he attended long the illuminations and ecſtacies which accompany the contemplations of the holy. Tranſported beyond himſelf by the ſublimity of his thoughts, the night paſſed unperceived away, and the glimmerings of twilight with the faint rays of morning began to colour the eaſt, ere he was ſenſible of the lapſe of time. Suddenly he beheld a being of ineffable majeſty deſcending the oppoſite mountain. The ſoul of Ziram at once ſunk within him, and he fell involuntarily with his face to the ground. Quickly he felt the gradually ſtrengthening light which emanated from the heavenly meſſenger; and when the angel reached him, he raiſed him from the ground, and ſaid: "Ziram, thy prayers have aſcended to the throne above, and thy meditations have been obſerved: follow me." He conducted Ziram to the ſummit of the mountain, and, directing his face toward the eaſt, bade him conſider with attention the ſcenes which lay before him. Ziram perceived afar off various tracts of inexpreſſible beauty, inhabited by glorious beings, and covered with verdure, flowers, and foliage. The ſurvey inſpired him with the moſt delightful ſenſations, and ſuggeſted a thouſand ideas of unexhauſted ſatisfaction and enjoyment. The reſt of thoſe remote quarters was veiled in miſts and clouds of darkneſs. As he gazed on their gloom, he felt the moſt uncomfortable apprehenſions, and his ſoul ſhuddered with horror. A huge body of water extended from the foot of the mountain, and, rolling through the ſpacious valley, waſhed the adjacent coaſts. Many rocks were ſcattered over the ſtream, and eſpecially where it deſcended from its ſource, ſome of which were concealed, and others expoſed to view. There were likewiſe ſhoals and whirlpools on every ſide. A ſlow but ſtrong current ran directly through the midſt of the river.

When he had attentively ſurveyed theſe objects, the angel ſaid to Ziram: "The diſtant parts are the inheritances of futurity, and the tide which thou ſeeſt is the paſſage to them. The veſſel of life is now launching on the ſtream of time. Obſerve, and meditate it well." Ziram turned his eyes towards the waves, and beheld a ſmall bark juſt committed to the waters. A being of a celeſtial form ſat at the head. His mind, wholly engaged in ſome momentous contemplation, appeared abſtracted in inward reverence, and intellectual adoration. His overhanging brow ſeemed to indicate reflection, and a ſaintlike glory encircled his head. One hand held the rudder, and the other was placed upon his breaſt. Another being, of more terreſtrial ſemblance, graſped the oar. He ſeemed of a robuſt and ſtrong frame, ever inclined to exertion. His eyes were fixed upon the veſſel, which was impelled by his efforts. He ſcarcely devoted a minute to ſolicitude, but occupied all his time in toil and induſtry.

The veſſel was carried along for ſome time, by the impulſe which it received

received in launching it forth; but when it reached the cluſters of rocks, and its ſpeed began to ſlacken, the rower laboured with great violence. It was, however, moſtly by fits, and ſeldom with regularity or perſeverance. Often when he perceived the pilot a little remiſs, he deviated into ſmoother parts of the ſtream, attracted by the appearance of a pleaſanter gale, or for the purpoſe of baſking in, and enjoying more fully, the warmth of the ſun. Here he was, however, often overtaken, and by a ſudden ſquall drawn into a frightful eddy, or driven upon an unſeen ſand bank, it coſt him much labour to eſcape theſe dangers, which were uniformly attended with damage and loſs. The veſſel always entered upon theſe deviations with facility, but regained the proper current through many obſtacles and hazards. At the beginning of the courſe the dangers were numerous and alarming, and it was difficult to keep the middle of the ſtream; but the way grew afterwards clearer and eaſier; and after having kept the direct path to the centre ſtream, the veſſel generally moved along in a pleaſing and regularly progreſſive manner, with much leſs exertion; and the conductors themſelves, from habit, joined with more eaſe and ſteadineſs in their taſk. Their ſecurity was, however, ſometimes too great, or their vigilance ſo remitted, that they fell unawares into ſnares. Ziram perceived that the rower was often ſubject to a drowſineſs, which crept upon him from fatigue or littleſſneſs, at which times the veſſel would conſtantly turn from the true courſe, or remain ſtationary. The pilot, too, ſeemed occaſionally loſt in a trance or abſence of mind, when, whatever might be the exertions of the rower, the veſſel would uniformly run in an oblique direction among the ſhallows and rocks. But when both the pilot and rower unitedly applied to their office, they proceeded proſperouſly forwards. And if, in extraordinary difficulties, they appeared likely to fail or faint in their ſedulous endeavours, or after a deviation, when ſtruggling to gain their courſe, they were conſtantly aſſiſted by a light breeze, which aroſe and conveyed them out of their embarraſſment.

As Ziram was intently examining theſe objects, the angel ſaid to him: "The being whom thou ſeeſt at the head is Contemplation, the director of man through the intricacies of the world, and the one at the helm is Labour, the executor of his wiſhes, and his forwarder on the way. Obſerve, that when the firſt alone exerts himſelf, the veſſel, which repreſents human life, makes no progreſs, and advances not to that happineſs which is indicated in the regions of light. Likewiſe, when Contemplation is dormant, and Labour alone employed, the bark of life deviates from the direct current into dangers and deſtruction. The ſhoals and the rocks are the vices and woes which are the effects and cataſtrophes of ſuch deviations. It is the Union alone of Contemplation and Action that can carry on the veſſel of life ſteadily and ſucceſsfully in the path of wiſdom to the port of happineſs. Let theſe conſiderations be imprinted on thy heart, and follow the inſtructions which they contain."

Ziram heard with attentive reverence, the words of the angel; he was ſtruck with his error, and fell down in adoration. The celeſtial meſſenger departed from his view. Ziram returned to the abodes of mankind, exerted himſelf ſedulouſly in his former occupation, devoting ſtated periods to meditation and religion, poſſeſſing the purity of a hermit, with the diligence of a worldling, without the uſeleſſneſs of the one, or the ſordidneſs of the other, directing his contemplations to the rectitude and utility of his actions, ſerving the Supreme, bleſſing his fellow-creatures with the fruits of his induſtry, and ſhining as an example of the union of purity and uſefulneſs, of piety and diligence. Y.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

AS the inveſtigation of phyſical cauſes, and the knowledge of the ſyſtem of the world, I mean of the form and motion of the earth on which we live, and of the ſun, moon, and ſtars, which are ſeen from it; I ſay, as this kind of knowledge is in the poſſeſſion of but few, ſo it becomes in the power of thoſe few to miſlead and confuſe the judgment of the reſt; and, according to the opinion of a certain perſon whom I ſhall hereafter mention, it is their ſole object to do. I am myſelf, however, far from thinking that thoſe who contemplate the truth and harmony of the ſyſtem which has been explained and

and demonſtrated by the incomparable Sir Iſaac Newton, can have a wiſh or propenſity to miſlead the unlearned; for it appears to me a matter of the greateſt pleaſure, to exemplify to others what we ourſelves are delighted with. There are, however, a middle ſet between the learned few, and thoſe whoſe ſituations in life have not given them an opportunity to think at all on the matter. Theſe middle people are thoſe that Pope hints at, whoſe brains are become intoxicated by drinking ſhallow draughts of that learning* which they would have the lower world ſuppoſe them in the fulleſt poſſeſſion of. Theſe people have a deal of ſagacity in comprehending the elements of things; but for want of the *ſoul of inveſtigation*, and *the conviction of demonſtration*, they imagine all that is beyond their limited faculties to be uncertainties or groſs errors: thus they firſt perplex themſelves; ſecondly, they endeavour to perplex the better informed, by their hypothetical fancies; and laſtly, they perplex the world below them with the ſtubbornneſs of thoſe who cannot be adherents to their projects, but are pitying their weak minds; they then with a flow of eloquence hold forth a pretended *illumination*, which only ſerves to involve the world in *darkneſs*. Of this ſort of philoſophers, one has lately offered himſelf to my obſervation, whoſe name beginning with a P. may be ſeen to a ſmall production called "Newton Refuted." He introduces his arguments with one very forcible animadverſion upon the Newtonian Syſtem, viz. "That it ſoon got into diſrepute, and therefore was laid aſide for many hundred years as erroneous and impracticable. Copernicus afterwards revived it; but growing *aſhamed* of it he renounced it. Galileo took it up, but was, from the *bigotry* of the times, *obliged* alſo to renounce it." He afterwards ſays, that "Sir Iſaac Newton, in *happier times*, exerted all his great abilities with ſucceſs, for it is now countenanced by the greater part of the European and Chriſtian philoſophers; yet, to their eternal diſgrace, it is not acknowledged by either the Indians or heathens, neither is it practiſed by thoſe who profeſs to believe it." Whether Mr. P. is ſpeaking ſarcaſtically in this preface, or means to affront *the greater part of the European and Chriſtian Philoſophers*, I am at a loſs to determine; for after he has, unfortunately for his own argument, blundered on the truth reſpecting Galileo and Newton, and thereby eſtabliſhed the ſyſtem, he has the effrontery to ſay the greateſt part of the European and Chriſtian philoſophers are *decidedly deceiving* the public, and profeſſing what they neither believe nor practiſe.

He aſſerts, "that the Newtonian ſyſtem is neither geometrically, mechanically, nor mathematically true; and that the followers of Newton aſſert for abſolute fact what he himſelf advanced only as conjecture and ſuppoſition." It would be folly in the extreme to enter into arguments on the ſubject with Mr. P., who it is evident has no knowledge of the ſyſtem which he condemns; but, for the ſake of thoſe who have not read *Newton's Principia*, it is charity to ſay Mr. P. is incapable of leading them the right way. In reſpect to the ſun and earth, Sir I. N. ſays, "it is of no conſequence which is conſidered the central body, as the appearances would be the ſame. But if the planets as well as the ſun were moving round the earth, from weſt to eaſt, it is evident that their apparent motion would be a progreſſive advance in their orbits; but it is obſerved that they ſometimes go direct, ſometimes are ſtationary, and ſometimes go retrograde; and this can no way be accounted for, but by the earth moving round the ſun in an orbit leſs than that of the retrograding planet, in which caſe all thoſe appearances will occur, according to their velocity and diſtance." Sir Iſaac Newton begins his ſyſtem of the world with rules for reaſoning in philoſophy; and ſays, "that our arguments are not to be grounded on hypotheſis, but drawn from experiments and phenomena;" then what ground has Mr. P. for ſaying that it is conjecture and ſuppoſition?

Sir Iſaac's ſyſtem of the world has that name given it, not becauſe he was the inventor, or as one who eſpouſed it as a favorite hypotheſis, but becauſe he was the firſt who *proved* by propoſition and demonſtration, *that* to be the true ſyſtem, and that the laws of matter and motion could not have any other

* "A *little learning* is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring;
Theſe ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again."
Eſſay on Criticiſm.

other effects than thoſe which are obſerved to take place. Mr. P.'s whole argument ſeems to reſt on one thing, that the pole of the earth doth always point to the pole of the univerſe, which he ſays it could not do if the earth moved out of its place of reſt, and that the earth's axis always being parallel to itſelf, is an argument to confirm the error of its ſuppoſed motion. In this article, Mr. P. betrays the limits of his conception. "*His* ſyſtem ſays, the earth is a globe at reſt, and the univerſe is a concave ſphere circumſcribing that globe." I would have Mr. P. aſk himſelf the queſtion, what dimenſion is that concave univerſe of? If of any, what is beyond it on all ſides? perhaps he will find it is infinite; then let him ſay, where is the centre of that infinity, or where is its pole? Will not the earth be equally in the centre on this ſide of the ſun, or on that ſide? then what can militate againſt the earth's axis being always parallel to itſelf, and yet always pointing to the ſame pole of the univerſe, although in motion round the ſun?

If Copernicus renounced the ſyſtem becauſe he was aſhamed of it, if Galileo was *obliged* to renounce it *from the Bigotry of the times*, and as Sir I. N. in *happier times* has ſucceeded in eſtabliſhing it, and gaining the countenance of the greateſt part of the European and Chriſtian philoſophers, I cannot ſee what eternal diſgrace they have fallen into, becauſe it is not acknowledged by either the Indians or the Heathens. Perhaps Mr. P. had better go into ſome of the back ſettlements of America, and get *illuminated*, than ſtay here to be in perpetual darkneſs.

This ingenious gentleman has produced another great proof of his knowledge of lunar aſtronomy, in the form of a time-piece, which is to determine longitude at ſea. This piece of mechaniſm hath one hand to repreſent the ſun, and the other the moon, and by its numbers in the train of work, is at all times to ſhow both the ſun and moon's diſtance from the meridian, which it is ſet to; therefore, if carried to ſea, by being compared with the right aſcenſions obſerved, it will determine the difference of longitude.

Let us then admit this time-piece to be made by the beſt mechanic, and that it nicely ſhows the motions of thoſe two bodies; will it not want winding up? and then will not the ſame train of work ſhow the ſame motions, until it wants winding up again? This then requires an uniform motion of the moon, which we know is ſometimes retarded, and ſometime accelerated, ſo that whole revolutions are *not performed* in equal periods*.

Now let us keep the time-piece in its box, and not look at it at all, when the obſervations are made at ſea, and then appeal to the almanack for that diſtance in right aſcenſion, then the Greenwich time will be known without any time-piece, and therefore not ſubject to its errors nor danger of going down, in which ſtate, indeed, it had better always be kept.

As this may prevent many from catching this poor gentleman's malady, and perhaps tend to the cure of himſelf, I ſhould be obliged to you to give it a place in your miſcellany, eſpecially as the Europeans are in ſome meaſure concerned in it.

I am yours, &c.

A NEWTONIAN.

Greenwich, Sept. 24, 1806.

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* This is not a *ſingular* error: yet we are obliged to our Correſpondent for ſtating it, becauſe his obſervation leads to a curious ſpeculation, inaſmuch as the ſlow but continual change of the MOON ſeems to indicate that the great and univerſal law of Heaven, ORDER, will, at ſome period, ceaſe.

It has been aſcertained, that the Moon finiſhes its revolution in leſs time than formerly, approaching nearer and nearer to the Earth, and ſooner and ſooner receding from it; and that with reſpect to its LIBRATION, it ſeems that, like the other planets, it moves in its orbit with different degrees of velocity, which ſometimes gives to it the appearance of a wavering or vacillitory motion. Theſe are things in heaven that our forefathers "never dreamed of in their philoſophy," and which are ſtill much eaſier obſerved upon than accounted for: yet we are happy to inſert the above *ſtrictures*, as they may probably lead to diſquiſitions that may, in their tendency, be not only PHILOSOPHICAL but PIOUS.—*Editor.*

MUSIC.

Music.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

Music, conſidered as a ſtudy, is unworthy the ſerious attention of liberal and ſenſible minds, becauſe, in the attainment of excellence in it, there are very few of thoſe faculties employed which diſtinguiſh man from the lower animals of nature; as in the mechanical arts, the greater his excellence is, ſo much the more is his mind degraded; for example, look into the world, and even in the moſt enlightened parts of it you will find the maſters of the art are, for the moſt part, men of unimproved and illiberal minds. It was an opinion of many of the wiſeſt of the ancients, that muſic is fit for women and ſlaves, and beneath the mind of man. Impreſſed with this idea, Ariſtotle (in his Politics,) applies a ſimilar gradation to the gods; for he ſays, "Which of the poets ever introduced Jupiter ſinging or playing on the harp? ſuch occupations are univerſally aſcribed to the inferior deities."

To our anceſtors (men who had more good ſenſe than the preſent age will allow them,) muſic was merely a relaxation and amuſement; the numerous tenantry and gueſts of our ſturdy Barons were enlivened by it in the hoſpitable halls, where good humour, good ſenſe, and honeſty reigned. But at this time, when our ears are ſtunned, and our common ſenſe offended, by the praiſes which are ſo liberally beſtowed on the improvement of the age in ſentiment and action, muſic is looked upon as the great introduction into ſociety, to many companies it is the only paſſport; and the more refined a man's ear is in diſcovering the difference between a Billington and a Braham ſhake, the more ſure he is of a welcome reception; even a man is conſidered devoid of ſenſibility, unleſs he is paſſionately fond of muſic; the merits of ſingers and muſicians now furniſh themes for converſation; as incomplete as a body is without a head is an entertainment to friends without ſome public ſinger to tickle the ears of the gueſts; and the feaſt of reaſon is baniſhed, to give place to the warbling notes of Opera ſingers. Our theatres have felt theſe *wonderful* improvements of the age; operas and melo-dramas poſſeſs more attractions than tragedy and comedy; thoſe attractions are not the ſimple expreſſive old Engliſh opera, but the delicacy and refinement of the Italian ſchool: which is moſt ſuitable to the character of John Bull, I will leave every body to decide for himſelf.

The cuſtom of having muſic at public entertainments is proper, becauſe, from the number and mixture of the people, converſation would only produce confuſion; ſtill let it increaſe jovial merriment, as it uſed to do in the halls of our anceſtors; let it enliven every ſociety where, from particular circumſtances, converſation would be inconvenient; but yet it ſhould be conſidered as a mere ſenſual enjoyment; it heightens every kind of luxury, and is a ſpecies of it itſelf; let it reſign the empire it has uſurped over men's minds to reaſon and inveſtigation; for a ſtudy, it ſhould be given to men who make a trade of it; the contentions between amateurs and profeſſional muſicians ſhould ceaſe. I can conceive how pleaſant it muſt be, after having laboured for many years at perfection on an inſtrument, to find yourſelf excelled (and to feel your inferiority in the notice of the world, for a man who is a muſician ſeldom has any thing elſe than his art to recommend him,) by any of the performers in the orcheſtras of our public places of amuſement.

The pleaſures to be received from muſic can ſurely be as great, whether we are maſters of the art or not; and I am not certain but that they are greater; for the attention of the muſician being directed to the acquirement of ſkill in the art, the ſenſe of pleaſure ariſing from muſic is loſt in the anxiety and labour which neceſſarily accompany acquiring that ſkill, or the conſciouſneſs of excellence; and the praiſes which are laviſhed on your attainments, by your delighted auditors, are much more gratifying to your vanity, and give different pleaſure, than that ariſing from merely hearing the "concert of ſweet ſounds."

M.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I was very much pleaſed with the ſatisfactory elucidation of the query reſpecting the ſign of the Grave Maurice,

rice, and therefore am induced to trouble you with a queſtion relating to the ſign of THE TURKISH SLAVE, in Brick-lane, in the pariſh of St. Matthew, Bethnal-green, to which, I am told, a very intereſting tale is appended; which, if any of your Correſpondents can recollect, it will oblige ſeveral of your readers, and particularly

Your obedient humble ſervant,

ZODIAC.

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1 CORINTH. xi. 10.

Διὰ τοῦτο ὀφείλει ἡ γυνὴ ἐξουσίαν ἔχειν ἐΚ τῆς κεφαλῆς, διὰ τοὺς ἀγγέλους.

IT was cuſtomary with the Corinthian women to walk abroad veiled. To this cuſtom the apoſtle did not object; but to the throwing aſide of their veils, at the time and under the circumſtances here mentioned, his objections were many and ſtrong. For the rejection of their veils in the preſence of their brethren, who were occupied in the public exerciſes of their religion, was virtually, he conceived, a rejection of that reſerve, that deference, that *ſubjection*, which, though at all times becoming, more eſpecially became them now; and of which the ſurrounding veil was a token or ſymbol. The ſubjection of the woman to the man, who is *the head*, is collected by St. Paul from paſſages in the firſt book of Moſes, and from man's original ſtate as there recorded. The man ought not to cover his head, for he is the image and glory of God; γυνὴ δὲ δόξα ἀνδρός ἐστιν. Οὐ γάρ ἔστιν ἀνὴρ ἐκ γυναικὸς, ἀλλὰ γυνὴ ἐξ ανδρός. Οὐκ ἐκτισθη ἀνὴρ διὰ τὴν γυναῖκα, ἀλλὰ γυνὴ διὰ τὸν ἄνδρα. Such, as we learn from Moſes, was man's primitive ſtate. The woman is there repreſented as being ἐξ ἀνδρὸς, and ἐκτίσθη διὰ τὸν ἄνδρα. Her power therefore, far from being independent and abſolute, was derived ἐξ ἀνδρὸς, ἐκ τῆς κεφαλῆς, and muſt be exerted διὰ τὸν ἄνδρα, to whom ſhe was placed in ſubjection.

Yet, in the *firſt* offence, a want of ſubjection on the part of the woman was apparent. Her temptation by the ſerpent was conducted without Adam's knowledge. "He was not deceived." He was placed at a diſtance from the ſcene of deception. In the conference betwixt Eve and the ſerpent the man bore no part. He, whom ſhe had been accuſtomed to conſult on all occaſions, was not conſulted on this. The ſubjection, in which ſhe was placed to her huſband, was withdrawn from him, and tranſferred to the ſerpent. She acted, as if poſſeſſed of an independent power; a power, not derived ἐκ τῆς κεφαλῆς, but originating with herſelf, and terminating in her own deciſions. This ſelf-ſufficiency, that diſclaimed ſubjection to her huſband's dominion, and inclined her to grapple with temptation without him, conſtituted no ſmall portion of her guilt and puniſhment. This appears from the ſentence of her condemnation, which cloſed with this rebuke; that *hereafter* her huſband ſhould rule over her. His rule over her in a ſtate of innocence, i. e. before the fall, would have been her ſecurity and happineſs: but his rule over her in a ſtate of degeneracy, i. e. after the fall, would be ſubject to ſuch viciſſitudes of good and evil, as are incident to a fallen ſtate.

The inquiſitive and curious have formed many fantaſtic conjectures concerning the ſerpent. The part, which he ſuſtained in this tranſaction, is told us by the apoſtle in one word, ἄγγελος, *meſſenger*. The ſerpent, "ἄγγελος Σατᾶν," delivered a *meſſage* to Eve; which ſhe, unſuſpicious of guile, conceived to be a meſſage of glad tidings. But the meſſage was congenial to its bearer: it was a falſehood from the father of lies. With meſſengers of this deſcription Eve was unprepared to combat. Her intercourſe had hitherto been maintained with beings of the better order, with celeſtial, not with infernal meſſengers. But the moment of temptation is a moment of ſurpriſe; when reaſon ſlumbers, and paſſion predominates. At this juncture her duty to God and to the man was forgotten. Her faith was withdrawn from the one, and

and her *ſubjection* from the other. To this want of ſubjection, and its conſequent miſchiefs, the apoſtle's obſervation points. The woman hath, ſaith he, and ought to have a power: but it is a power ἐκ τῆς κεφαλῆς, derived from and dependent on him, who is *the head*. It was fit that her power ſhould be thus circumſcribed; becauſe, in the firſt tranſgreſſion, when ſhe judged for herſelf, and acted without her huſband's concurreuce, ſhe was deceived; and the proceſs of deception was conducted διὰ τὸν ἄγγελον, by means of a ſerpent, *the meſſenger* of Satan. The apoſtle, as his manner is, employs the plural, διὰ τοὺς ἀγγέλους. For it was his intention not only to remind his converts of the firſt temptation by the ſerpent, but alſo of the *many* artificers of fraud, of the *many* agents of the grand deceiver, by whoſe devices, which were not wholly unknown, they might be inſnared. At your Chriſtian aſſemblies, ſaith the apoſtle, be *veiled*; for your veil is a ſymbol of *ſubjection*. Retain that ſubjection; for, when Eve renounced it, ſhe was deceived διὰ τὸν ἄγγελον. Her's was a ſtate of innocence, yet not exempt from trial. Your's is a ſtate of trial only. With you temptations and tempters abound. If the firſt woman, in her beſt and pureſt ſtate, was tempted to tranſgreſs διὰ τὸν ἄγγελον, have you nothing to fear διὰ τοὺς ἀγγέλους? For *many* lying meſſengers, *many* infernal emiſſaries, *many* falſe prophets, πολλοὶ πλάνοι ἐξῆλθον εἰς τὸν κόσμον. R.

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR NOVEMBER 1806.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

A Sporting Tour through various Parts of France in the Year 1802; *including a conciſe Deſcription of the Sporting Eſtabliſhments, Mode of Hunting, and other Field Amuſements, as practiſed in that Country: With general Obſervations on the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Huſbandry, and Commerce; Strictures on the Cuſtoms and Manners of the French People; with a View of the comparative Advantages of Sporting in France and England: in a Series of Letters to the Right Hon. the Earl of Darlington: to which is prefixed, an Account of French Wolf Hunting. By Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, Yorkſhire. Illuſtrated with upwards of Eighty correct and picturesque Delineations, from original Drawings from Nature, by Mr. Bryant and other eminent Artiſts.* In Two Volumes, Quarto, 3l. 13s. 6d.

IT has been one of the peculiar characteriſtics of this age to combine the graphic and literary arts; and, with taſte and genius unknown to former periods, to embody ideas as they flow from the pen, and by delineation ſubſtantiate deſcription.

This combination, which has produced many beautiful works in every branch of literature, has in none been more ſucceſsfully diſplayed than in thoſe that reflect images from art to art. In theſe it has elucidated reſearches that have extended our ideas without fatiguing our bodies; and while it has made us as well acquainted with the cuſtoms, manners, characters, and local deſcriptions, of neighbouring countries as with our own, it has brought the ſcenery, architecture, coſtumes, religious rites, and domeſtic habits of China, Indoſtan, and even the South Sea Iſlands, home to us.

Of the great variety of works emanating from this ſource, that have lately appeared, none have more ſtrongly attracted our attention than this now

before us; becauſe, as none have more fully exemplified the truth of thoſe general obſervations that we have juſt rifked, ſo none, that we recollect, have exceeded it in ſplendour of embelliſhments and elegance of execution.

With the number of thoſe embelliſhments the reader has, from the title, been made acquainted: their merit will form the theme of ſubſequent obſervation: reſpecting its ſubject it is neceſſary here to be a little more explicit.

The intent of the author of this, which he terms a ſporting tour in France, was, if we underſtand him right, to produce an article very difficult at this time to be raiſed, even in the *hot bed* of genius, namely, a *literary novelty*. He knew that we had had *Antiquarian* tours, *Philoſophical* tours, *Agricultural* tours, *Sentimental* tours, *Spiritual* tours, *Juvenile* tours, *Neceſſary* tours, and a number of other tours, ſome of which, *perhaps*, were not *neceſſary*. He therefore reſolved to ſtrike into a new track, and during a period of *profound peace* among mankind, to declare war againſt the beaſts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fiſh of the rivers: for this purpoſe he choſe FRANCE as the ſcene of his operations. In this we commend his judgment, becauſe we had much rather have war *of any kind* there than in our *own country*.

Having, by theſe obſervations, in ſome degree cleared our way, it may be proper, while the *ſcent is ſtrong*, to purſue its principal object, before we *analyze* its component parts. The pleaſures of the chaſe have, from the reign of NIMROD to the preſent hour, in all ages and nations, had their admirers and advocates; they have been equally the amuſements of mankind, whether in a ſtate of ſavage barbarity, or forming the long range of *columns*, which are, from the *baſe* to the *capital*, ſaid to be the ſupporters of poliſhed ſociety: yet have thoſe pleaſures been reſolutely attacked upon many points in which to us they have appeared vulnerable, (we dare not ſay *criminal*,) and, it is fair to add, as reſolutely defended: which party has had the better of the argument it is not neceſſary here to inquire; but it is curious to obſerve, that the defenders of hunting, in general, have exhibited in their writings an intemperance and malignity that *ought* hardly to have been allowed to the *moderators* in a *Shakſpearian controverſy*. Of thoſe, the Rev. Mr. Squire *, who, in 1733, publiſhed an (anonymous) "Eſſay upon Hunting," appears the moſt prominent. This Reverend Gentleman poſſeſſed, in his time, all the ardour for the chaſe, and all the enthuſiaſm when writing upon the ſubject, that in this work ſeem to have animated Colonel Thornton; and although he is leſs refined in his ideas, and leſs correct in his language, yet he is, to the full, as excurſive in his imagination; and it is eaſy to diſcern that, ſo inflamed was he with the paſſion for purſuit, that had he poſſeſſed the means, he would, could he have been aſſured of game, have made a ſporting tour perhaps to ABYSSINIA. Theſe means the Colonel ſeems to have poſſeſſed in great abundance; and although he did not ſport *quite* ſo far as we have hinted, it is now time to inquire where he did *throw off*, and what he did in the courſe of his chaſe; which naturally leads to the inveſtigation of the contents of this elegant work.

Leaving the preface, which is a ſhort bill of fare, conſidering the *ſize* of the *table* to which it is appended, we find, in the firſt article, a treatiſe on Wolf-hunting, as practiſed in France, and which includes the natural hiſtory of that animal. This, it will be recollected, was formerly a favourite, indeed a *neceſſary* ſport in this kingdom; but from the time of the reign of the wild beaſt of *Gevaudan* to the preſent, we have never heard that it has been much encouraged on the other ſide of the Channel. However, in this treatiſe and natural hiſtory Colonel T. ſhows himſelf ſo completely maſter of the ſubject, that though we could be more diffuſe, and *make game* of other animals, ſuch as the *wild boar*, the *tiger*, and the *lion*, yet we ſhall rather chooſe to follow the ſound of *his horn*, than go out of the track that he has ſo accurately marked.

This (the firſt) Volume conſiſts of fifteen letters to the Earl of Darlington. In the firſt, (dated from Dieppe, June 10, 1802,) the author ſets out from London. "Our party," ſays he, "conſiſted of myſelf, Mrs. T., Mr. Bryant,

* It is ſingular enough, that this eminent member of the Church cenſures *Newton* and *Locke* becauſe they were not *ſportſmen*.

as Secretary and Draftſman, two Valets, Game-keeper, and Huntſman." This goodly company proceeded to Brighton. The inſpection of the Prince of Wales's *dog-kennels* introduces a diſſertation upon *dwarf beagles*. We find that the Colonel and his *ſuite* encountered ſome difficulty with reſpect to accommodation previous to their voyage. During a ſhort calm, we learn that he ſhot ſeveral wild fowl. We are happy to find that Mr. Bryant commenced his graphic operations as ſoon as he ſailed. We have here a plate of the interior of the packet boat, and the *Ship's Steward*; which, as in our general obſervations we have hinted, moſt admirably elucidates the page. *Dieppe* has alſo afforded two picturеſque views. The portraits of a Farmer's Daughter, who looks more like a *Turkiſh Sultana*; and a male character, that, except his enormous hat, does not ſeem to have any thing peculiarly ſtriking, are here likewiſe diſplayed.

The young lady (for, while contemplating her portrait, we loſe the idea of the *Farmer's Daughter*,) appears in one of the remarkable caps called *Cauchoiſes*, which is ſimilar to the female oriental turban, and, as it ſeems, little inferior in elegance of materials. "The *heart* and *croſs* ſuſpended from her neck," ſays Colonel T., "*were of gold.*"

Speaking of the ſtriking difference betwixt the manners of the French and Engliſh, the author obſerves, that "Engliſh ſolidity is here" (Dieppe) "exchanged for French gaiety; our ſimple *coſtume* for the extravagance of Gallic taſte; neatneſs for external ſhow; and, in every reſpect, the contrariety is ſo apparent, that, except in the complexion of the ſkin, the Ethiopians are not further removed from Britons, in their general character, than are the inhabitants of the French Republic."

We have next, and we cannot help noticing theſe embelliſhments, a view of the Powder Magazine at *Dieppe*; a ſketch of one of thoſe awkward carriages, a French Diligence; and of the Horſe rode by Colonel T. when on a hunting party; which, though animated, ſeems nearly as awkward a *carriage* as the other.

"*Trees of Liberty* are planted in ſeveral parts of *Dieppe*, and carefully watered every evening; but thoſe that I have ſeen do not appear in a flouriſhing ſtate—perhaps the ſoil is *not congenial* to them." The *portrait* of a JACK BOOT is given at the concluſion of this letter.

In the ſecond, the author continues his local deſcription, and gives us a capital view of *Rouen*, taken from the *Chartreuſe*. The cultivated hills and antique towers give to this city a picturеſque appearance; the approach to which is alſo ſtated to have a very agreeable effect; but a ſtill more pleaſing one is to be obſerved in the landſcape taken from the Bridge of Boats; a ſtructure which has been frequently mentioned by travellers, and indeed the view of it produced in our royal academical lectures, to exemplify this kind of architecture. Colonel T. ſays, "You will probably be ſurpriſed to hear that a market for horſes is held every *Sunday morning* at the *Boulevards*, on the oppoſite ſide of the city, where the noiſe and clamour is extremely offenſive." How Lord Darlington might be affected upon this occaſion we know not: but ſuch have been the enormities produced by the Revolution, that we have not been ſurpriſed with circumſtances much more important; though we muſt obſerve, that they all have ſprung from the ſame ſource, the total dereliction of religion, and conſequently of morality.

Rouen ſeems to have been a favourite with the Colonel or his Draftſman, for we have another capital view of it from *Mont au Malade*. The tree of liberty is here ſaid to have been in a very *ſickly* condition. *Coloured eggs*, that he mentions as curioſities, but for the colouring of which, had we room, we could give him *the recipe*, have been known in London ever ſince the revocation of the edict of Nantz: they uſed to be exhibited at all the *ſalad ſhops* in Soho. The *likeneſs* of *un Sabot*, into which may no Britiſh foot ever enter! cloſes this letter.

In the third, we find the author ſtill at Rouen; but as we are compelled to get on a little faſter than he did, we ſhall not advert to the civilities he received; (in this *inſidious* time the French were *too civil by half*.) That the ſingularity of his carriage excited general attention we have no doubt. Well it might! for to have imitated it would have foiled the genius of COHORN; though he invented carriages for *inſtruments* that made a *great noiſe*. Here we muſt juſt hint, that Colonel T. does his countrymen no great credit in ſaying, "In theſe gentlemen" (the Norman hunters,)

hunters,) "I found the ſame *ideas*, the ſame *keenneſs*, and the ſame *frank character*, which marks" [mark] "our Yorkſhire ſportſmen."

The Normans, it is well known, have, from the earlieſt periods, been deemed great hunters, and "their prey was man." Yet we cannot help wiſhing that our Yorkſhire 'Squires had a few regiments of them *in chaſe*; they would then ſhow the Colonel the difference of character, and enable him to correct his ideas upon the ſubject: in fact, they are as diſſimilar as their hunting head-dreſs, a *piſtolian* hat, is to ours, *a jockey cap*.

In this epiſtle the author (of whom it may be proper here to obſerve, that he is

"Himſelf the hero of each little tale,")

went upon a hunting excurſion, killed a wild boar, ate part of it for dinner, was almoſt *drenched* with wine and civility, and departed, highly pleaſed with the ſporting and convivial amuſements of which he had partaken.

In the fourth letter, we find him delighted with the appearance of the country, and the magnificence of the rural ſcenery upon the Continent; although he properly obſerves, after a quotation that applies to a dilapidated monaſtery in his view, that "the ſcattered *Chateaux* of the *ci-devant* Nobility broke occaſionally upon the ſight, but moſt of them exhibited melancholy proofs of the exceſſes attending popular fury, and the overthrow of legal organization;" and in this reſpect alſo exhibited a moral leſſon which cannot be too frequently contemplated. A large and beautiful view on the *Loire*, near *Rouen*, embelliſhes this part of the work. This ſeems to be the ſcene (in better times) alluded to by Goldſmith, ſpeaking of France,

"How often have I led thy ſportive choir
With tuneleſs pipe beſide the murmuring Loire!
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the zephyr flew."

The *chateau* of the *Marquis de Conflans*, the ruins of which is rendered intereſting by the circumſtance of his having been defeated by *Sir Edward Hawke*, in November, 1758*, is here admirably delineated, and forms, although dilapidation is not externally apparent, a very picturesque ſcene.

Two pages further we meet with a view, equally beautiful, of the *Chateau de Navarre*, ſituated about a mile from the city of *Evreux*, which was once the property of Captain d'Auvergne, *Prince de Bouillon*, now a Captain in the Britiſh Navy.

The fifth letter recognizes the elegant little town of *Vernon*, and introduces a landſcape, whoſe principal object is a very ſingularly conſtructed bridge over the *Seine*. "Immediately adjoining are ſeveral corn-mills; while the back ground, riſing gradually from the water, is richly clothed with ſylvan ſcenery."

"After paſſing the *Chateau la Roche de Jenor*, and taking a view of the Mount, we were again entertained with ſome beautiful ſcenery on the bank of the *Seine*, compriſing the *Chateau* of *M. Talleyrand Peregord*, and almoſt embоſomed in a fine wood, near which is that of *M. de Vande Morrell*. This eſtate was intended for ſale; but the landlord was ſo exceedingly ſtupid, that I could not for ſome time comprehend his deſcription of the place. By dint of queſtioning, however, I could juſt underſtand that there was a fine park and extenſive woods, and all, as he ſaid, to be ſold for *a thouſand Louis*. But this muſt have been an error, as the houſe alone was worth ten times that ſum." Yet we are convinced, from what we have heard of the depreciation of revolutionary property, and the ſcarcity of *real* money in France, that the landlord, however *ſtupid*, was *correct*. In the courſe of this dreadful concuſſion, caſtles have been ſold for leſs than the ornamenting of a ſingle room in them originally coſt, and eſtates at little more than a year's purchaſe. A ſcheme was in idea, had the peace continued, to have purchaſed lands on *ſpeculation* in that country:

* It will be remembered, that our ſailors, who poſſeſs a ſingular kind of humour, ventured, amidſt all the horrors of a ſtorm, to nail *plates*, or boards, upon the maſts of the French men of war ſunk at the mouth of the *river Villiane*, giving notice to *paſſengers* that they were Britiſh property, and not to be *removed* without the conſent of *the owners*.

ſo

ſo that, perhaps, by this time, the Committee at the STOCK EXCHANGE would have had a *claim* upon half the *kingdom of France*. How they would have obtained *livery of ſeiſin* is another queſtion.

It is impoſſible to travel through this work without noticing its embelliſhments; they are like the embelliſhments of a country, and enliven *every ſtage*. We have juſt paſſed a *market-woman* of *Vernon* and a *French dragoon*, in both of which ſtrong lines of character are moſt admirably exhibited, and now arrive at a capital view from the terrace of the palace of *St. Germain*; a place which would, in our minds, revolving upon former periods, excite the moſt acute ſenſations, were they not *merged* into the ſtill keener woe which the appearance of *Verſailles* revives.

"This place," (ſays Colonel T., Letter VI,) "from the hill of *Marly*, appears a conſiderable town, proudly expoſing itſelf to the admiration of the ſpectator. Formerly an avenue of ſtately trees rendered the approach to it peculiarly pleaſant; but theſe have all been felled during the Revolution, and the white ſtraight road is by no means an agreeable object.

"Contiguous to *Verſailles* is the palace of *Marly*, with its extenſive gardens, lately purchaſed by a Pariſian banker!!!"

"Thus Helmſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scrivener, or a City Knight."

Of the palace of *Verſailles* there are two views; the latter, which exhibits the garden front, is large, and extremely elegant.

The ſeventh letter is dated from Paris, July 16, 1802; and after ſome general remarks on the face of the country, &c. introduces its author to *General Duroc*; of whom he gives the following account: "In the perſon of General Duroc I expected to find a man of age and *experience*: you may, therefore, form a tolerable idea of my ſurpriſe, when I beheld a young man of about thirty years of age, richly dreſſed, and diſtinguiſhed by a peculiar ſuavity of manners. He is, indeed, very young for ſo important a ſituation as that of Governor of the Palace; but his conduct at different Courts has eſtabliſhed his reputation with the Government; and the Firſt Conſul knows how to appreciate ſuperior qualities, for the furtherance of his own views."

Colonel T. made the ſame kind of tour of Paris which is detailed in a number of publications produced during the ſhort *interregnum* of war; but as his habits of life had been different from thoſe of their authors, ſo he ſaw objects in different points of view, which gives to this work a variety that we ſhall in vain look for in thoſe of his contemporaries. Like Prior's John,

"By the fire-ſide he ſtarts the hare,
And turns him in his wicker chair."

So the Colonel, who had always the ſports of the field, the purſuit of *rural game* in his mind, indulges this idea in the midſt of a populous city.

From the *Palais Royal*, the new ſtructure of which, we are (conſidering its preſent *uſes*) pleaſed to learn, did not anſwer the builder's expectation, not having paid him two and a half per cent for his money, we find he rambled "to the Riding-houſe, whimſically ornamented with *al freſco* paintings, and then viſited the ſite of the BASTILLE, now converted into a wood-yard."

We next learn that he proceeded to the ſhops of ſeveral gun-makers, where, in deſcanting upon their manufacture, he ſeems to have been *quite at home*, but where we ſhould make many *random ſhots* if we were to attempt to follow him.

In his ride to *Ermenonville*, (eighth Letter,) he ſays, "After proceeding about eight or nine miles, I obſerved a very fine ſheet of water, formerly the property of the *Prince of Conde*, but ſince transferred into the hands of a *Baker!* Such are the ſtrange viciſſitudes produced by the Revolution."

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"The name of *Jean Jacques Rouſſeau* happening to come upon the tapis, I found that he had formerly reſided at *Ermenonville*, near the town of *Montmorenci*, where he died on the 2d of July, 1788, and that it would not be greatly out of our way to pay a viſit to his tomb. Having made ſome further inquiries reſpecting the ſpot wherein had been depoſited the remains of this child of Nature, we ſet off, and ſoon arrived at a neat ſmall houſe, called the *Hermitage*, ſituated on a little iſland denominated *l'Iſle des Peupliers*, where we underſtand *Jean Jacques* had reſided. The path to this manſion lay through ſome beautiful groves of cheſnut and cherry

trees,

trees, ſome of them of the Bigeron kind, which is the chief produce of the long and fertile valley of Montmorenci.

"The memory of Rouſſeau is preſerved in the Hermitage by a buſt of blue marble, on which is engraved his favourite motto, "*Vitam impendere vero*;" to which is added the following epitaph: — "*Ici repoſe l'homme de la nature, et de la verité.*"

This ſpot appears by the plate to be extremely beautiful. With reſpect to *the man of nature*, our opinions differ widely from thoſe of his Gallic admirers; we think that he was a being as unhappy in himſelf as his writings were miſchievous to the world.

In this letter, the author engages in the *ſerious buſineſs* of hunting; and we have no doubt but his deſcription of the day's *ſport*, and the evening's pleaſure, (for we conceive theſe to be things very different,) will afford infinite amuſement to thoſe who enter into the ſpirit of ſuch meetings with more ardour than we can do. To thoſe who wiſh to be in at the death of the roebuck, with General Moreau and General Macdonald, to hear Madame Moreau play, or to lead out the beautiful Mrs. Macdonald, we recommend the peruſal of this letter.

In the ninth, we catch a few traits of the habits of life of Buonaparté, which Colonel T. gives upon the authority of General Moreau. "The Firſt Conſul," ſays he, "appears to be *poſſeſſed* of no paſſions, except on buſineſs which relates to war or government. For inſtance: he cares but little for that amuſement, which he rather follows for bodily exerciſe and mental relaxation, than for the pleaſures derived from the chaſe. Neither does he indulge in the leaſt at table, or in the delights of the bottle; but his very ſoul ſeems abſorbed in ſtate affairs, and the grandeur of France ſeems to occupy the whole of his attention."

In the tenth letter, the author viſits the Muſeum of Paintings: and here we cannot help hinting, that if the bargain was ever carried into effect, his thouſand guineas were badly laid out in *altered* copies of pictures, let the originals be ever ſo valuable. In the fate of the *Chateau* of the ci-devant *Ducheſſe d'Orleans*, (we hate the word *ci-devant*,) we cannot help moralizing upon the mutability of human affairs. This caſtle, once the ſeat of ſtate magnificence and hoſpitality, is now, in part, occupied by a *M. Baſs*, who has converted its ſplendid apartments into a manufactory for *tapes* and *laces!!!*

The eleventh letter commences with a ſhooting match at *Verſailles*. In a ſubſequent trial, Colonel T. ſays, "I challenged my gun, called *Buonaparté*, to ſhoot with every ſized ſhot, and at any diſtance, from a hundred and ſeventy-five to thirty yards, againſt any that could be produced. This favourite piece I deem the *ne plus ultra* of workmanſhip. I ſhot that and two others; but the deciſion was given in favour of my *Buonaparté*, the execution of which excited the greateſt aſtoniſhment in all the company preſent." The *execution* of the perſon who bears the *cognomen* of the Colonel's *gun* has very frequently excited greater aſtoniſhment, and been attended with ſtill *louder reports*; yet we wonder our author thought proper to *chriſten* his piece after him. Did he mean to allude to his miſchievous propenſion? to his being an inſtrument of deſtruction? to his frequent and dreadful exploſions? or what did he mean? If a compliment, it was only calculated for the atmoſphere that he then inhaled. We know that a piece of ordnance which once bore the name of *Philip* was ironically converted to *Queen Elizabeth's pocket piſtol*: what Engliſh appellation he will chooſe for his *Buonaparté* muſt be left to his diſcretion.

As every trait of the character of the *Firſt Conſul* has, from the unfortunate circumſtances of the times, become intereſting, we ſhall quote Colonel T.'s account of the introduction of the foreigners to him; although we foreſee that for ſo doing we ſhall be obliged to abridge our obſervations on the ſubſequent letters.

"After waiting ſome time, the doors were thrown open, and it was announced that the Firſt Conſul was ready to receive us. We accordingly made our *entrée*, forming part of a well-dreſſed crowd of all nations. Buonaparté firſt entered into converſation with the Portugueſe Ambaſſador, and then proceeded round the circle, conducting himſelf with great affability towards each individual who was introduced to him. When he came to the Engliſh, moſt of whom were in military or naval uniforms, he addreſſed himſelf in particular to thoſe who had been in Egypt. When it came to my turn to be

be presented, he noticed my *medallion*, and inquired the meaning of it. I told him, the legend was the *Triumph of Truth*, and that the medallion had been presented to me by the soldiers of the West York militia, when I was Lieutenant-Colonel of that regiment, as a testimony of their esteem for myself and family. Buonaparté immediately replied, with great animation, 'Colonel, I admire such men!' and addressing himself to Mr. Merry, he continued, 'Be pleased, Sir, to inform your countrymen that I highly esteem their nation.'" Which we think, as the Colonel has said of his *gun*, was the *ne plus ultra* of hypocrisy.

In the twelfth letter we have a beautiful view of the great lake of *Ermenonville*.

In the thirteenth, Colonel T. partakes of a private ball. "On entering the ball room," he says, "an Englishman newly arrived must be surprised at the dress, or, more properly speaking, *the undress* of the ladies. I have heard many observations on this subject to which I could not yield implicit credence, but" (*seeing* is believing, &c.) "ocular demonstration precluded me from remaining any longer sceptical. You would certainly be *astonished* to see a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, women, of different ranks *and ages*, vying with each other in the prodigal exposure of those charms which our virtuous ladies are so *careful* to *conceal*: yet such is really the case. Naked necks, backs, and shoulders, are universally exhibited in the ball-room; and the form being only concealed by a transparent petticoat, leaves scarcely any thing to the imagination."

Upon this assembly (which it appears, in its female part, had hardly covering sufficient to *cover* the appellation of the *Figleaf Club*, a title that might with great propriety have been *applied*,) the Colonel moralizes in a manner which savours more of the *Stoic* than the *Soldier*; and did we not know that it would be to little purpose, we would follow his laudable example. Were we so inclined, we could, in *our own* country, find objects sufficient to attract our observation: but as we would rather *cover* than *discover* the frailties of our female compatriots, we are resolved on this occasion *to blink*.

However, in favour of London, we may disagree to the proposition of our author, that "Paris possesses within itself the *agremens* of life beyond any other country" [city] "in the universe." We are willing to allow, that his description, anecdotes, &c. have been extremely amusing; we therefore should, in some degree, have regretted that he left it so soon, (though, as appears by the dates of these letters, to return,) had not the road he took to *Orleans* called again into operation the graphic talents of Mr. Bryant, which are here exhibited in a pleasing view of *le Chateau de Merèville*, the seat of *Madame de B——*, whose husband was one of the unhappy victims that fell under the guillotine. Humanity shudders at the recollection of the horrors of that period. This mansion, from its elevated site, has a grand and commanding aspect, looking over a flat country, which, to the delight of the Colonel, had somewhat the resemblance of *Newmarket*. There is another view of this *Chateau*, wherein it appears in the back ground.

The fourteenth letter commences with the commendation of the paved roads in France; which, from our *feelings* in travelling over some of the *same sort*, we are not inclined to admire so much as our author. We will here, as we have indulged our readers with a few *jolts*, treat them with a French breakfast, which was set out for the Colonel and his party after their return from rabbit shooting; and which, as a novelty, we shall set once more on the table, though we do not, for obvious reasons, invite the readers to partake of it.

"Red wine—Peaches—Apricots—Ham
—Pears—Champaign.
"Strawberries—Cream—Raspberries.
"Tench, split and finely broiled—
Haunch of Roebuck roasted—Eels
en papiliot.
"Plumbs—Eggs—Apricots.
"Calf's Head.
"White wine—Coffee—Chocolate—
Ices—Liqueurs."

In the fifteenth letter, we find that the Colonel, notwithstanding he had, at the close of the preceding, hurt his knee, was well enough to hunt the roe-buck, one of which he had the good luck to shoot with an air-gun.

This poor animal was carried off the field

field in great parade; and the hero, of conſequence, received the applauſe which his *conqueſt* demanded.

The laſt plate in this Volume is a very beautiful view of the bridge at *Blois*; the ancient city appears in the back ground. This place ſtill bears the marks of its revolutionary ſufferings. The overflowing of the river adds greatly to the pictureſque effect of the ſcenery.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Admonition: a Poem, on the faſhionable Modes of Female Dreſs. With Miſcellaneous Pieces in Verſe. By George Ogg. 1 vol. 8vo. 1806.

It is ſaid by a ſervant in one of Congreve's plays *, (who, by-the-bye, has more wit than his maſter,) "A plague of Will's Coffee-houſe; it has ruined more young men than the *Royal Oak Lottery*." Will's Coffee-houſe, it is well known, was then the reſort of the wits of the age, and their followers the *ſmall poets* of the times; and perhaps the manner in which the former treated the latter, might have given riſe to that kind of neglect which they have generally experienced. A few very extraordinary geniuſes have, of late, ſhook off the cumbrous ſhackles of this humiliating ſituation, and, ſoaring far above the *ſurface* of their cotemporaries, have turned the tide of public favour toward juvenile effuſions; ſo that now the earlieſt flights of poetical genius are read with candour, and, if worthy, received with applauſe.

We were led into this train of thinking by the peruſal of the work now before us; which has, in our opinion, ſtronger claims upon the public attention than even thoſe of youth and ingenuity; as we find that the author, who, we muſt ſtate, has already met with moſt honourable and liberal patronage, was in a ſituation to want it; that he had no other education than that which he acquired in a crowded ſchool before he had attained the age of eight years, and that which, with genius for his ſtimulator, he gathered from books. "Thus poorly prepared," he obſerves, "to entertain the public, I would not certainly have thought of appearing before it as an author, if the loſs of my right arm at ſea had not unfitted me for other avocations."

Under ſuch an *extinguiſher*, it is impoſſible for even the *ſnuff* of criticiſm *to ſmoke*; but, in fact, if it could, there is, in this volume, a flame ſufficient to diſperſe *the cloud*. We have not time or ſpace to detail its contents; but muſt generally remark, that they conſiſt of pieces, in many of which very conſiderable efforts of ingenuity are exhibited. The firſt, and by far the longeſt, which is an Admonition to the Ladies, is a very extraordinary effort for *ſo young* a preacher; the epiſode of Edmund and Louiſa is a pretty ſtory, and prettily introduced.

"THE SWEEP," we muſt obſerve, aſſumes in its ſubject a higher character: it is a pathetic tale, we fear too frequently verified, which embraces an object of the utmoſt importance to humanity. This is a theme that does great honour to the head and the heart of the author, who has ſo feelingly deſcanted on it. May he meet his reward in the attention of the public; while we (in concluſion) quote two verſes, to ſhow that he is not undeſerving of it.

"THE SWEEP.

"HAST thou ſeen little Ned, all ragged and black,
With his feet and his boſom quite bare;
A bruſh in his hand, on his ſhoulder a ſack,
A tear in his eye, and a hump on his back,
And a heart overflowing with care?

"While half the gay world was yet buried in ſleep,
And the cold cutting breezes ruſh'd by,
O'er ice frozen thick, and thro' ſnow lying deep,
Along ſhiver'd poor Ned, and 'Swee-eep—Swee-eep,'
He was heard in ſad accents to cry."

J. M.

The Unitarian Doctrine, "that Jeſus Chriſt is a mere Man, in all Reſpects like unto other Men, and no more," completely refuted; being a friendly and candid Addreſs to Unitarians in general; as alſo a particular Reply to ſome Publications by the Rev. T. Belſham, Mr. Wright, &c., proving their Doctrine concerning Jeſus Chriſt to be totally unſcriptural, ſubverſive of true Chriſtianity,

* JEREMY, Love for Love, Act I, Sc. 1.

ily, and most dishonourable to the Redeemer and Saviour of Men, who is herein proved to be the only God of Heaven and Earth. By the Rev. J. Proud, Minister of York Chapel, St. James's, Westminster. 8vo. pp. 103.

After reciting the above title, (which, were it not at once *critical* and *explanatory*, is too large for a folio, or indeed a series of folios,) it would not have been expected that we could have bestowed much time or space upon the contents of the work it announces, even if we had *admired* the subject; but being of opinion that too much has been already written upon it, we shall be still more brief.

It has been in a very peculiar manner the fate of the Christian world to be *plagued* with that species of *learning* which ought, from many of its emanations, to be termed *glittering ignorance*, but which has obtained the appellation of *controversy*; which is, in our apprehensions, the *art* of disputing about the most POSITIVE, IMPORTANT, and IRREFRAGABLE truths, until they become involved in *doubt* and entangled in *mystery*. Of these disputes, had we the *strength* to lift them, we could produce volumes as ponderous as their contents are somniferous, including the *tinselled dullness* of ages, from the time of the first Council of *Jerusalem*, A.D. 33, down to that of the last of *Ambrune*, 1728: but our readers need not be frightened; we are not going in this manner to *torpify* them. Instead of recasting the *lead* of *Synods*, and refining the dross of *individual writers*, we shall only quote the *sterling* opinion of a Prelate who ought never to be quoted but *to decide*.

This Prelate, Archbishop Tillotson, who was, from the circumstances of the times, obliged to engage deeper in controversy than he wished, or than his exalted genius told him could be useful, thus expresses himself upon the subject *;—

"Being, I hope for the remainder of my life, released from the irksome and unpleasant work of controversy, I shall turn my thoughts to something more agreeable to my temper, and of a more direct and immediate tendency to the promoting of true religion, to the happiness of human society, and the reformation of the world."

This preface, the sermon, and indeed the whole series, we would recommend to the perusal of Messrs. B., W., and P.; and if the two former of those gentlemen were to take a glance at "The Rule of Faith" in the same volume, it would do them *no harm*.

By this our author must perceive, that we are apprehensive that every thing which facilitates the spread of ABSURDITY, (for even to *expose* it in the manner he has done is in some degree to give it *celebrity*,) must, however logical his arguments, however ingenious his construction, or however elegant his stile, be much more likely to do *harm* than *good* to the cause of Christianity. Some of the *great luminaries* of the Unitarian doctrine are *extinguished*; and such *rush-lights* as Messrs. Belsham and Wright had much better be left to *twinkle* themselves into *dimness* and *obscurity*, than to have their *paper lanthorns* held up to the people. They are, Mr. P., what may be termed *clouded planets*; therefore waste not the pervading ray of genius in *suspending* their *total eclipse*.

With respect to the opinions prevalent at Birmingham, which are hinted at in this pamphlet, we could, if we also chose to be *absurd*, be diffuse: but as we do not recollect that ST. DUNSTAN, who has been deemed the father of the *metallic arts* in this country, however *his situation* might have excused it, was a controvertist, we shall say no more than that we could wish his *scientific descendants*, as they are superior to him in ingenuity, would, *in other respects*, imitate his example.

A New Pocket Atlas, and Geography of England and Wales: illustrated with Fifty-five Copper Plates, showing all the Great Post Roads, with the Towns and Villages situated thereon: Also a Description of the Air, Soil, Productions, and Manufactures, as well as the Number of Cities, Boroughs, Market Towns, Parishes, Houses, and Inhabitants. By John Luffman, Geographer. Small 12mo, 1806.

We frequently, when it is too late in life to avail ourselves of our sagacity, discover, that if the intricacies of science had been in our youth more fully developed by *elementary* books, much time would have been saved, and much

* Vide the preface to his Sermon "OF STEADFASTNESS IN RELIGION," *Vol.* I, *fol. ed. p.* 469.

trouble would have been ſpared. This, if correct as a general propoſition, is moſt peculiarly ſo with reſpect to the ſtudy of Geography, which, as a part of education, has formerly been too much neglected, or its progreſs impeded by voluminous attempts at explanation.

Theſe difficulties, generally ſpeaking, the good ſenſe of the preceptors of this age have, in a conſiderable degree, removed. The young idea has not only been taught to ſhoot, and *trained* to every branch of ſcience by preparatory books, but corrected and pruned by more elaborate efforts. If there was any part of juvenile ſtudy that we have wiſhed to ſee more amply elucidated and more accurately detailed, it was that very neceſſary branch of education, the intimate knowledge of our own country; and this wiſh, we have the pleaſure to announce, is gratified by the publication of this little volume, at once portable, elegant, and compendious.

Mr. L. has, in this his ſyſtem, adopted the geographical diviſion which, upon a larger ſcale, pervaded Germany before the late unhappy Revolution. Every county in England and Wales forms a circle through which he has marked the roads, and given the ſituation of the principal towns in a manner that unites brevity with perſpicuity. This arrangement, we conceive, will render the work uſeful to perſons of all ages. He has alſo abſtracted the number of houſes, and the population in each county, from the *Cenſus* taken by order of Government in the years 1801 and 1802; and added an Index Map, in order to ſhow the relative poſition of one county to another, and alſo by compaſs from London. In fact, as we really think that he has, as he obſerves, made every effort to unite elegance with utility, and to render his work equally acceptable to the traveller and the ſtudent, and has generally ſucceeded, we are happy to recommend it to the public. J. M.

The remarkable Caſe of Potter Jackſon, (formerly Steward of the Echo Sloop of War.) giving an Account of the moſt cruel Treatment that he received from Captain Liveſly (Commander of the Lord Stanley Slave Ship) and his Chief Mate, &c. &c &c. With the Trial before Lord Ellenborough, &c.

This pamphlet exhibits human nature in a very odious light indeed. We do not remember a caſe in the annals of cruelty which exceeds this. The Jury gave the poor fellow 500l. damages; of which, however, as the defendant's return to England is uncertain, he may never touch a penny. As the means of getting a bit of bread, (for the puniſhment he has undergone has for ever prevented him from earning a livelihood by labour,) he ſeems to rely on the ſale of this publication, and the exhibition of his mangled perſon to the curious and the benevolent.

The Hiſtory of the Town of Malmeſbury, and of its Ancient Abbey; together with Memoirs of eminent Natives, and other diſtinguiſhed Characters who were connected with the Abbey or Town. To which is added an Appendix. Embelliſhed with Engravings. By the late Rev. James Moffatt, of Malmeſbury. 8vo. pp. 250.

There are in this very comprehenſive volume ſtrong indications of perſevering induſtry, ſound judgment, and, let us add, literary honeſty; for a maſter in the art of book-making would eaſily have contrived to eke out theſe genuine materials, by the help of ſciſſars and paſte, to the bulk of a ſtout quarto, and, inſtead of 7s. 6d., have laid his claim to 1l. 11s. 6d. for his work.

Thoſe readers who are ſtrangers to the borough here deſcribed, will derive much general as well as local information from Mr. Moffatt's reſearches; who, in his preface, very candidly acknowledges the aſſiſtance that he was favoured with by ſeveral gentlemen in different departments of this work; among whom he particularizes the Rev. Drs. Toulmin and Nicholls, the Rev. Meſſrs. Foſbrooke and Biſſett, Mr. John Britton, &c. &c.—The Hiſtory well deſerves our commendation, and will greatly facilitate the labour of any future hiſtorian of the county.

A Diſſertation on the Growth, Uſe, and Properties of the Areca and Betel; with Atteſtations, from reſpectable Authorities, on the Efficacy of the Areca as a Dentifrice. 8vo. pp. 75.

The Areca Nut, calcined, and reduced to a fine powder, has been employed by the natives in the Eaſt Indies from time immemorial, and of late by the reſident Europeans, for the purpoſe of cleaning the teeth. The intention of the author of this pamphlet

is, to make its properties better known in this country. He contends, that the charcoal prepared from the Areca-nut is very ſuperior to that obtained from common wood, as being much ſmoother, free from fibres, and containing more fixed air, on which its excellency as a dentifrice depends. He gives an explicit account of the growth of the Areca, and of the high eſtimation in which it is held by the Indians as a tooth powder, as well as of their method of uſing it. Some uſeful inſtructions are added for the management of the teeth.

Prefixed are repreſentations of the Areca Tree and Betel Shrub.

Obſervations on Vaccine Inoculation; tending to confute the Opinion of Dr. Rowley and others. By Henry Fraſer, M.D. 8vo.

In a very well written pamphlet, Dr. Fraſer argues, that what is called the Cow Pock and the Small Pox are one and the ſame diſeaſe, under different modifications; and that the Cow Pock has no analogy whatever to that filthy diſeaſe the *greaſe* in horſes; an idea which has impoſed on, and intimidated thouſands from adopting the practice of vaccination. The main tendency of Dr. F.'s work is, to illuſtrate and eſtabliſh the following points:—

"1ſt, That vaccine inoculation, when judiciouſly and ſatisfactorily performed, is a certain and invariable prophylactic againſt the future aſſault of variola.

"2d, That the moſt malign caſes of vaccine inoculation are comparatively milder than the moſt benign caſes of variolous inoculation.

"3d, That the vaccine inoculation not only prevents the future occurrence of variola, but that it poſſeſſes conſiderable influence over the caſual diſeaſe, if performed at a proper period; and alſo that it reduces the virulence of another diſeaſe [ſcrophula] particularly deſtructive to the inhabitants of this iſland.

"4th, That it poſſeſſes incalculable advantages over the inoculated ſmall pox, by not being contagious by effluvia."

RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

[FROM A GERMAN PAPER.]

Extract of a Letter from Captain KRUSENSTERN *to M.* SCHUBERT, *of the Royal Academy at Peterſburgh.*

Port St. Peter and St. Paul, June 8, 1805.

OUR voyage to Japan has been happily accompliſhed, and two days ago I came to an anchor here. We ſailed from Kamſchatka on the 7th of September, 1804; and, as the ſeaſon was ſo far advanced, I made it my main object to convey the Ambaſſador as ſpeedily as poſſible to Nangaſacki. During this voyage, however, I viſited the quarter where two cluſters of iſlands are marked upon ſome charts, under the names of "The Iſlands of 1664 and 1714." I kept cloſe to that direction, but ſaw no land. At laſt, however, we deſcried the coaſt of Japan. A violent ſtorm at firſt drove us to ſea again. When it abated, we ſtood in for the land a ſecond time, but found ourſelves, juſt as we neared the coaſt, involved in the greateſt danger by the unexpected appearance of a *typhon*. A ſudden change of wind could alone have ſaved us; and ſuch a change did occur, as it were by miracle. In three hours more we ſhould have been deſtroyed. This tempeſt was ſucceeded by fine weather, and I had an opportunity of examining the ſouth eaſt coaſt of Japan. I ſailed through Van Dieman's Straits. This paſſage is laid down in a very different manner on the French and the Engliſh charts; but, in this reſpect, I found both the French and the Engliſh wrong. We have, however, traced this part of the Japaneſe coaſt with an accuracy which leaves nothing further to be wiſhed. We have meaſured more than 1000 angles. We diſcovered five iſlands in the Straits; and you may eaſily imagine how very defective all the charts of this part of Japan are. We have, beſides, diſcovered ſeveral other iſlands and dangerous ridges of rocks, the poſitions of which we have correctly aſcertained. We have alſo accurately marked the latitude and longitude of the Gottoro Iſlands, which are ſituated to the

the ſouth weſt cape of Gottoro, which forms the ſouth weſt point of the Japaneſe dominions; they are laid down with equal preciſion. On the 8th of October we caſt anchor at Nangaſacki, where we lay until the 18th of April, 1805. During theſe ſeven months I enjoyed complete tranquillity, and I did not ſpend the time uſeleſsly. It is now my duty to give you a brief account of the manner in which I was employed. In concert with Doctor Horner, I firſt endeavoured to aſcertain the longitude of Nangaſacki by the moon's diſtance. Each of us meaſured more than 500 diſtances. The medium of all our obſervations gave us for the longitude 230. 8. weſt from Greenwich, and for the latitude 32. 44. 50. Thus this city, though known for theſe two hundred years, has, for the firſt time, had its poſition properly aſcertained by us. In the *Connoiſſance des Temps*, and on almoſt all charts, the longitude is 228. 18. and the latitude 32. 22. The Dutch never publiſhed any thing on the latitude and longitude of Nangaſacki. The months of October, November, and December, were delightful. The weather was mild, and unruffled by any ſtorm. The winter commenced with January; the wind was then ſometimes violent, and the thermometer fell to the freezing point, but there was very little ſnow. I have made a variety of obſervations on the flux and reflux of the tide. The Japaneſe afforded me very great aſſiſtance in drawing a correct plan of the harbour of Nangaſacki. In ſailing from the mouth of the harbour up to its top, we had to ſtop five times, and this voyage occupied three months. Bringing up in this manner, however, at five different ſtations, was of great advantage to us in our obſervations. Lieutenant Lowenſtern has made an excellent collection of drawings of the different kinds of veſſels we ſaw, with all their flags and ornaments, which vary among the Japaneſe according to the rank of the perſons to whom the veſſels belong. Baron Billingſhauſen has made ſeveral models of Japaneſe boats, and has taken a very correct drawing of a curious Chineſe junk. Counſellor Tileſius has made a rich collection of fine drawings, of birds, fiſhes, marine productions, &c. The birds and fiſhes have been ſtuffed and well prepared by Dr. Langdorff. I wrote to you from Kamſchatka, reſpecting my plan for making a chart of the great ocean, for which I have been collecting materials during ſeveral years. The leiſure I enjoyed at Nangaſacki enabled me to enlarge my ideas on this ſubject. I have ſtill the plan of all the ſouthern ocean, an extenſive work, to deſcribe. Until I return to Europe, and obtain the repoſe I ſo much deſire, it will be impoſſible for me to proceed farther with this work. Upon receiving our orders from Iehdo, we laboured day and night to prepare for ſailing. On the 17th of April the Ambaſſador came on board; and on the ſame day the Japaneſe, at my requeſt, towed us nearly out to the open ſea; and though every thing foreboded a ſtorm, which indeed ſoon after came on, we proceeded on our voyage on the 18th. We wiſhed much to employ the fine ſeaſon in examining the coaſt of Japan; but as I was obliged to be at Kamſchatka by the beginning of June, we could only aſcertain the ſituation of a few more points of land. The cliffs which ſurround a little iſland near Cape Patience were the laſt points we ſaw. A great quantity of ice drove us towards the ſouth eaſt. It was, therefore, reſolved to ſhape our courſe direct for Kamſchatka, to ſet on ſhore the Ambaſſador, who wiſhed to proceed to Peterſburgh. We anchored at laſt in the Port of St. Peter and St. Paul. Chamberlain Reſanow goes to Kadiak. This is in ſubſtance the hiſtory of our voyage for the laſt nine months.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LIEUT. GEN. JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.

THIS gallant Officer, lately deceaſed, was a native of Devonſhire; in which county he poſſeſſed an eſtate and beautiful demeſne, called Warford Lodge, near Exeter. He was born at the ſame place, about the year 1750. Being addicted from his early youth to military affairs, he entered the army in 1770, as an Enſign, in the 35th regiment, then quartered in Exeter. Mr. Simcoe, in conſequence of great attention to his duty, was rewarded with the appointment of Adjutant to the regiment in leſs than two years, his commiſſion

miſſion bearing date the 27th March, 1772; and he ſucceeded to a Lieutenancy, March 12, 1774.

Among the troops ordered to America, in 1775, was the 35th regiment; and as Lieutenant Simcoe, from his profeſſional knowledge, was juſtly deſerving of notice, he was promoted to a Company in the 40th, one of the corps which diſtinguiſhed itſelf in that unfortunate conteſt.

In the courſe of the war, many provincial battalions were raiſed in America, one of which was given to Captain Simcoe, and, in compliment to her Majeſty, called the Queen's Rangers; of this he was appointed Major-Commandant. At the head of this corps, which was actively employed, under the moſt enterpriſing Officers, he exhibited many proofs of his profeſſional talents. In conſequence of this, on the 23d of June, 1779, General Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander in Chief, gave him the local rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, which was afterwards eſtabliſhed in the army. At the peace of 1783, this uſeful and brave corps, which had ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed itſelf under his orders, was diſbanded, but the Officers were put on the half pay liſt, and had rank in the army.

On Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe's return to England, he retired to enjoy, in tranquillity, a reſpite from his labours; but the ſervices he had performed not being unknown to his Majeſty, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of a corps to be raiſed in America, and to ſerve in Canada, to which he gave the name of the Queen's Rangers. On the 18th of November, 1790, he obtained the rank of Colonel in the army.

By an Act of Parliament, which paſſed in the Seſſion of 1791, the Province of Quebec was divided into Upper and Lower Canada, and each of them was placed under the ſuperintendance of Lieutenant-Governors, ſubject to the authority of the Governor-General of Britiſh America. Colonel Simcoe was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the former. Neither ambition nor riches actuated his mind in the acceptance of the appointment, but an inherent principle to make his life uſeful to his King and Country.

On his arrival with his family in Upper Canada, Colonel Simcoe had the country accurately ſurveyed, and then formed his plans for peopling and improving it. He at firſt thought of placing the centre of his ſettlements within a ſquare, formed by the Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Detroit River; but as the Niagara was to be given up to the Americans, he altered his plan. York, ſituate on the north weſt ſide of Lake Ontario, had been before determined on for the capital; but Governor Simcoe not approving of that plan, intended to fix it on the banks of a river between Huron and Ontario. This was alſo dropped, and York is now the ſeat of Government.

To increaſe the population was the great and favourite ſcheme of the new Governor; and as he had the allotment of lands veſted in him, he was enabled to promote this deſirable and uſeful meaſure. The families of American Officers and ſoldiers who adhered to the Royal cauſe at the concluſion of the war, obtained grants on the Britiſh ſide of the boundary line, as well as many Officers and ſoldiers of regiments of the regular forces: ſince that period, emigrants from the Mother Country and the American States have alſo been encouraged to ſettle there. The policy of General Simcoe was to draw as many of the latter as he could, and, by means of his mild and diſintereſted government, to promote a love for the national character of Engliſhmen in the American States. To another body of men he held out a ſhare of theſe lands, we mean half-pay Officers; and he thought it an excellent meaſure to grant diſcharges to ſoldiers ſerving in the regiments then in Canada, who had been a certain number of years in the country, and allot ſettlements to them. In the mean time, that the corps might not be incomplete, he propoſed enliſting Americans, who would ſoon be attached to the ſervice of his Britannic Majeſty. Theſe military ſettlers he intended to occupy the lands on the frontiers towards the American States, and on the banks of the lakes. The inland parts he ſet apart for thoſe who had emigrated; and, in caſe of their not being zealouſly attached to the exiſting government, the military ſettlers, from their ſituation, could act with vigour againſt them; or, in the event of a war with America, which would be contrary to the intereſt of both nations, defend the frontiers. A militia formed of

ſuch

ſuch ſettlers, might, in thoſe inſtances, prove nearly as uſeful as a regular corps.

In purſuance of theſe plans, Colonel Simcoe, on all occaſions, gave encouragement and aſſiſtance to thoſe who applied for lands, or who were already in poſſeſſion of them. The conſequence of this was, that, in a ſhort ſpace of time, he ſaw that his government was capable, not only of ſupplying grain for home conſumption, but alſo for exportation. Cattle of all kinds were alſo reared in abundance; although, in former times, flour was ſent from England, and meat and butter from Ireland, for the uſe of the troops, at an enormous expenſe.

The lakes alſo, in his opinion, were capable of furniſhing fiſh, particularly ſturgeon, in ſuch vaſt quantities, as to afford the means of carrying on a trade with Europe, in competition with Ruſſia, which ſupplies England, and other countries, to a great amount. He, therefore, ſtrongly recommended this to the ſettlers. In ſhort, the whole of his conduct, during the time he enjoyed the government of Upper Canada, was honourable, liberal, and admirably calculated to lay the foundations of private and public proſperity. Juſtice was adminiſtered under his auſpices, according to the principles of the Britiſh Conſtitution. The Lieutenants of Counties, appointed by him, had authority to nominate reſpectable men to be Juſtices of the Peace and Officers of Militia; while over theſe he himſelf kept a watchful eye.

After remaining five years in this ſettlement, Governor Simcoe returned to England, to the great regret of all the inhabitants, who will long cheriſh a grateful remembrance of his paternal care of their intereſts, as well as of his private virtues.

On the 3d October, 1794, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and a new field was ſoon opened for the exerciſe of his talents. The ſituation of the Iſland of St. Domingo, which had been taken poſſeſſion of by troops from Jamaica, in September, 1793, requiring a perſon of talents to take the command of it, as Civil Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in the room of Sir Adam Williamſon, his Majeſty found none more deſerving ſo important a ſtation than Major-General Simcoe, who was appointed, with the local rank of Lieutenant General, the 3d December, 1796.

The nomination of this Officer was very acceptable to all ranks in the iſland, in which he arrived during February of the following year. Having in ſome meaſure retrieved the military affairs, which were at this time nearly hopeleſs, General Simcoe turned his thoughts to the civil government of the Colony, the expenditure of which was immenſe, and the revenues but trivial. The duties on import and export he found neceſſary to increaſe, and they were paid without a murmur by thoſe immediately concerned. Several other regulations were made and enforced, the good effects of which were ſoon viſible; but, in the midſt of this gleam of proſperity, the Colony was deprived of its Governor, who returned to England in the month of July, in the ſame year. Perhaps the conſequent evils, and final evacuation, of this valuable iſland, would not have occurred, had he been properly ſupported from the mother country. Short, however, as his ſtay was, he did more than any former General, in conciliating the native inhabitants to the Britiſh Government.

On the 18th July, 1798, his Majeſty, as a reward for his ſervices, was pleaſed to confer on him the command of the 22d regiment of foot. Shortly after his return to England, he was employed on the Staff; and on the 3d October, 1798, he was made a Lieutenant General. During the time the immenſe preparations were making in all the French ports, in 1801, for the avowed purpoſe of an invaſion, the important command of the town of Plymouth, the county of Devon, &c., was entruſted to him; and from the uncommon exertions he made in diſciplining the volunteer corps, and perſuading every man who could bear arms to come forward, there is little doubt but the enemy, had they attempted to land in that part of the country, would have received a ſevere check.

In conſequence of the Treaty of Amiens, the war eſtabliſhment being laid aſide, the name of General Simcoe ceaſed to appear on the Staff liſt; but ſince hoſtilities recommenced, he was among the Lieutenant-Generals employed, and commanded the Weſtern, or Plymouth diſtrict.

As a military man, General Simcoe was often conſulted by thoſe high in office, and was a member of every

Board

Board of General Officers ordered by his Majesty. In fact, few gentlemen in the service were more capable of deciding on professional affairs, whether respecting discipline, or interior economy. He was also highly esteemed by a numerous circle of friends of the first respectability, and his opinion and advice were taken in matters of the most interesting nature, for which he was eminently qualified, by his good sense and knowledge of the world. He excelled in classical learning, few Officers in the army having had a better education.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 3.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Tragedy of *Coriolanus* was revived at this Theatre, and received with unbounded applause. No expense has been spared in the decorative departments; and Mr. Kemble's *Caius Marcius* is known to be a dramatic master-piece. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the play has since attracted many crowded and admiring audiences.

4. The Opera of *Love in a Village* was performed. In consequence of the sudden illness of Mr. Munden, the part of *Justice Woodcock* was undertaken, at a very short notice, by Mr. Blanchard, and well supported throughout.—Miss Bolton, in *Rosetta*, was also much applauded.

The revived Farce of *The Humours of an Election* followed, in which the professions of a candidate are turned into ridicule. The bribery, corruption, and all the low tricks usually practised at elections, are also exhibited with great point and effect. Mr. Liston's *Goose*, in examining the qualifications of the voters for his friend, excited peals of laughter. Mr. Mara, in *O'Shannon*, addressed the electors with the true Irish accent, and *blundered* through his speech with characteristic impudence. Mrs. Mattocks, in *Mrs. Highflight*, also harangued from the huttings, amid frequent plaudits, in recommendation of her son *George*, which character was well represented by Mr. Simmons. Though much of this Farce might be applied to the passing scenes, yet one passage only seemed to have been taken up with warmth: the words "Let us have no Scotchman," called forth much applause, with a mixture of hissing: they should certainly be omitted, and the Farce would bear occasional repetition.

8. A Miss TAYLOR made her *entrée* as *Lady Anne*, in *Richard the Third*, and was well received.

15. A new play, interspersed with songs, was presented for the first time, under the title of "ADRIAN AND ORRILA; or, *A Mother's Vengeance*," the characters of which were thus represented:—

Prince of Altenberg	Mr. COOKE.
Count Rosenheim	Mr. MUNDEN.
Adrian	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Michael	Mr. LISTON.
Friedbert	Mr. DENMAN.
Anselm	Mr. WADDY.
Leopold	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Xavier	Mr. TREBY.
Haufroy (a Minstrel)	Mr. BELLAMY.
Lothaire (a Page)	Mrs. C. KEMBLE.
Orrila of Rosenheim	Miss BRUNTON.
Matilda of Clermont	Miss SMITH.
Githa	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Minna	Miss TYRER.
Fouitgarde	Mrs. SMITH.
Ida	Miss WADDY.

This Drama is the production of Mr. Dimond, jun., author of "*A Sea Side Story*," "*The Hero of the North*," "*The Hunter of the Alps*," "*Youth, Love, and Folly*," &c., and aims at uniting the characteristics of Tragedy, Comedy, and Opera.

The scene is laid in Saxony.—Orrila, the daughter of Count Rosenheim, who is brought up in a retired manner, and Adrian, the supposed son of Matilda of Clermont, who lives almost in a state of seclusion, become enamoured of each other. Count Rosenheim, however, has destined his daughter to be the wife of the Prince of Altenberg, who comes to sue for her hand. On the arrival of Altenberg, Matilda, hearing of Adrian's affection for Orrila, insists on his immediately flying with her (Matilda)

(Matilda) from Saxony. The Prince of Altenberg about this time falls into imminent danger in conſequence of his horſe running away with him in a fright, and his life is ſaved by the timely interference of Adrian. The prince offers every reward in his power to his deliverer, who, viewing him as his rival, refuſes all. An interview between Adrian and Orrila takes place, which ends in her elopement with her lover: they are taken; and Adrian is ordered by Count Roſenheim to be ſubjected to the Saxon laws for ſtealing an heiress, the puniſhment of which was death. The Prince, who had already made his offers in favour of Adrian in vain, to the Counteſs, now ſteps forward as his deliverer, by applying to Count Roſenheim, while the Counteſs was making to him a fruitleſs appeal for mercy. This produces the diſcovery that the Counteſs (hitherto veiled) is a Lady of the name of Karlſtein, originally ſeduced by the Prince, by whom he had a ſon, and ſince living in retirement. Altenberg ſuppoſes Adrian to be that ſon; but this the Counteſs denies, and unravels the myſtery, by informing him of the death of that ſon, and the "mother's revenge," afterwards taken by her, in going to the caſtle of Altenberg ſubſequently to the Prince's marriage, and there ſeizing upon and carrying off the legitimate ſon of the Prince, whom ſhe took to the banks of the Elbe and threw his mantle into the river, but was reſtrained from the commiſſion of murder, and brought up the child as her own. This child was Adrian. Altenberg then promiſes to make her every reparation, as her huſband; Adrian is united to Orrila, and the piece concludes.

The ſubſidiary ſcenes, and the muſical part of the performance, ſeem to have little to do with the ſtory.

The plot is ſimple, and ſome of the ſituations prove the Author to be well acquainted with ſtage effect. The ſcene between *Altenberg* and *Matilda*, when he comes to aſk how he could reward her ſon for ſaving his life, is one of the ſituations to which we allude; and on the part of Miſs *Smith* was no leſs ably executed, than it was well conceived on the part of the Author. Still, however, there is room for objection, even as to the management of the plot. The whole is ſpun out to too great a length; by which means the incidents do not follow each other with ſufficient rapidity to keep the intereſt fully alive. The language and action are more ſtrained than the occaſion ſeems to warrant; and when common things are ſpoken of in bombaſtic terms, found taſte is always offended. From the language and action of *Matilda* one would have ſuppoſed that ſhe had murdered inſtead of ſtolen a child; and the figurative ſpeeches of the lovers are ſometimes even more than romantic. The author would do well to recollect, that perſons under the influence of paſſion do not deſcribe it: they feel it, and leave the deſcription to others, who ſee it in its effects. A perſon labouring under a ſtrong delirium does not tell us that he is mad. In the above reſpect there is ſome objectionable matter in the piece. At the ſame time there is much in the dialogue that is natural and worthy of praiſe.

The performers in general did their duty, though nothing in particular was to be expected, where there was ſo little of novelty or peculiarity of character. Charles Kemble was very reſpectable, and Munden ſometimes impreſſive; but the Count's part was not calculated to ſhow his talents to advantage. The character of the Prince was wholly unfit for Cooke, in whoſe manner there is a hardneſs very ill ſuited to the lover. Liſton was very pleaſant. Mrs. Smith imitated Mrs. Siddons with much ſucceſs; Miſs Brunton looked and played very prettily; and Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. C. Kemble, and Miſs Tyrer, did every thing for the author, that their parts enabled them to do. The Muſic, by Atwood and Kelly, was pleaſing, and the vocal parts aſſigned to Bellamy very well ſuſtained.

The firſt act (of the five) was ſpun out to a moſt immoderate length, occupying an hour and a quarter, but has ſince been judiciouſly retrenched, and the piece continues to be acted with applauſe. On the whole, however, we may be allowed to hope for ſomething better from Mr. Dimond's next efforts.

PROLOGUE.

Written by LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, Eſq.

Spoken by Mr. BRUNTON.

LONG has the Stage determin'd to impart
Such ſcenes alone as meliorate the heart,
Bar'd from all avenues, with rigid ſway,
Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray.
With elevation now, the alter'd muſe
That praiſe rejects, which Virtue ſhould refuſe:

In

In fancy's roſe no vivid colour ſees,
Unleſs that vividneſs, that juſt can pleaſe;
In wit's gay brilliant owns no ſparkling gem,
Unleſs allow'd as brilliancy by them;
Proud of no praiſe, of no diſtinction vain,
Unleſs diſtinguiſh'd in the moral train,
Celebrity ſhe holds as diſrepute,
And ſcorns all laurel from a ſhameful root!
Licentious follies rarely intervene,
And truth, and ſenſe, and honour, claim the ſcene!
When love's diſtreſs ſhall in our ſtory riſe,
Let ſighs break forth—for thoſe are NATURE's *ſighs*.
When perſecuted Worth in grief appears,
Be proud to weep—for thoſe are VIRTUE's *tears*.
But to our author: Each dramatic bard
Solicits, but in vain, a long regard;
Form'd to attract the faſhion of the day,
They, like that faſhion, ſwiftly paſs away.
They gain, at moſt, employ'd in ſuch a cauſe,
Uncertain honour, fugitive applauſe!—
Now hopes, now fears, his anxious heart compoſe,
Half ſunk by theſe, and juſt upheld by thoſe;
For in our days, when Envy ſmiles to bring.
Grief follows joy, and praiſes cenſure fling,
Then wits and heroes, and the critic few,
Here let me paſs, and, Ladies, plead to *you*;
You, for whoſe favour ev'ry wit is bright,
All critics comment, and all heroes fight!
Protection from the fair at once conveys
Ample renown, conſolidated praiſe;
For truth acknowledges, in Nature's name,
The *ſmiles* of BEAUTY are the *wreaths* of FAME!
Urg'd ſtill by them, by their reward im-preſs'd,
Each noble paſſion animates the breaſt;
They form the heart to ev'ry aim refin'd,
Exalt, delight, and dignify mankind!

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS and Miſs BRUNTON.

Written by WALSH PORTER, Eſq.

Enter Mrs. MATTOCKS.

NOW one confuſion through the Realm is found,
And noiſe and clamour every where a-bound,
And every *Freeman* FEELS his conſcious weight,
And *Joan* herſelf, is a *my Lady* great;
I come to *canvaſs* YOU; Box, Gallery, and Pit,
For *you* return *our* Parliament of *Wit*;
While here, in *Covent Garden* ſtill, a *buſtings* ſtands,
And *Sheriff Mattocks* aſks—a *ſhow of hands*,
For a young Candidate (tho' not *untried*),
But in whoſe *gratitude* you may confide;
Who vows and ſwears, return him *due elected*,
Your rights, your laws, ſhall ever be re-ſpected;
In ſhort, he *promiſes*—but who minds that?
All Members *promiſe*—therefore *verbum ſat*.
I'll to my *canvaſs* then—What ſhall I ſay?
"Your *votes and intereſt*, kind Electors, pray." [*Bows*]
Let him but *head the Poll* this night, and I'll be bound,
No further oppoſition will be found;
For in this town, we know, nine-tenths (the elves) [ſelves.
Ne'er take the pains of *voting* for them-
Firſt, then, *accept* my—no, I muſtn't ſo *begin*,
I muſtn't *bribe*, your ſuffrages to win.
Firſt with the *young* men, then my luck I'll try,
(I always pity *young* men, they're ſo *ſhy*;)
Sweet modeſt youth ——Hey! what's this I ſee?

Enter Miſs BRUNTON *running*.

Miſs Brunton.

Nay, leave the *young* men, Governeſs, to *me*.

Mrs. Mattocks.

What, interrupted!—Shall I *not be heard?*

Miſs Brunton.

I mean no interruption, on my word,
But merely think, I'd plead with greater truth [youth.
To *youthful* hearts the *cauſe* of kindred

Mrs. Mattocks.

Indeed, *Miſs Prate-apace!*—then pray paſs on;
I truſt each vote already HERE's, *my own*,
Unleſs you'd wiſh our *votes to ſplit*—

Miſs Brunton.

Agreed—
I care not how, provided we ſucceed.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Take then the *young ones*, forward fellows, bold, [*told*;)
(Not that *I* ever *tried* them—but am
And on the ſcore of *long acquaintance*, mine's the *old*. [YOUNG in turn.
Kind friends, who've all (like *me*) been

Miſs Brunton.

Ye *Youth*, whoſe breaſts with love and ardour burn, [rit.
Give him your intereſt, cheriſh riſing me-

Mrs. Mattocks.

(To ſtand a canvaſs *now*, requires *ſome* ſpirit), [little know
And as the Poet ſays, "You Freemen,
"The *rubs* the Candidate muſt undergo."

Miſs Brunton.

He would have *waited on you* here this night,
But he's ſo timid—

Mrs. Mattocks.

Lard! he's in a fright.

Miſs Brunton.

Let us then *hope*, diveſted of controul—

Mrs. Mattocks.

(We only truſt you'll not demand a *poll*,)
But do it handſomely, and give him *plumpers*.

Miſs Brunton.

His thanks WE'LL here proclaim, each night in *bumpers*. [tion,
True to yourſelves, yet free from diſaffec-
You'll thus aſſert YOUR *freedom of election*:

Mrs. Mattocks.

While "*Poſts*" and "*Chronicles*" ſhall
Herald him to-morrow,
"*Duly return'd* for COVENT GARDEN BOROUGH."

18. The play of *Coriolanus* was performed at Covent Garden, to a very crowded audience. It proceeded with great *eclat* to the ſecond ſcene in the laſt act, where Volumnia ſolicits Coriolanus to ſpare Rome; when a large apple was thrown from a ſide box on the upper tier. The apple ſtruck the ſtage, cloſe to the feet of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, againſt one of whom it was ſuppoſed to have been directed. Mr. Kemble immediately picked up the apple, and, advancing to the front of the ſtage, as ſoon as ſilence could be obtained, thus addreſſed the audience:—

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*,

"I have been many years acquainted with the benevolence and liberality of a London audience; but we cannot proceed this evening with the performance, unleſs we are protected; eſpecially when ladies are thus expoſed to inſult," (*pointing to Mrs. Siddons.*) (*Loud plaudits.*)

A perſon in the gallery exclaimed, "We cannot hear!"

Mr. Kemble came forward, and, addreſſing himſelf to the gallery, ſaid,

"I will raiſe my voice, and the gallery ſhall hear me."

After the tumult and noiſe had abated, Mr. Kemble proceeded:—

"This protection is what the audience owe it to themſelves to grant; what the performers have a right, for the credit of their profeſſion, to demand; and what I will venture ſo far to aſſert, that, on the part of the Proprietors, I here offer a hundred guineas to any man who will diſcloſe the Ruffian that has been guilty of this act." (*A loud cry of "Secure him!"*)

This ſpeech was received with acclamations long and loud: a murmur, however, was heard in the gallery; and Mr. Kemble ſaid,

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*,

"I throw myſelf upon the high ſenſe of breeding that diſtinguiſhes a London audience; and hope I never ſhall be wanting in my duty to the public, but nothing ſhall induce me to ſuffer inſult. If" (*addreſſing himſelf to the part of the houſe from which the apple was thrown*) "you will point out any thing that has given offence, I ſhall exert myſelf with all poſſible energy for its removal."

His ſpeech was loudly applauded; and ſome perſons anſwered from the gallery, that the apple was aimed, not at the ſtage, but at ſome of the upper boxes, the diſorderly female occupants of which interrupted the performance, and that it was by mere accident it had fallen on the ſtage. Whether this ſtatement were true or not, of courſe it was prudent to believe it—and the play proceeded; though not till after a requeſt from the Gallery, that the riotous ladies might be ſuppreſſed; and a good-natured aſſurance from Mr. Kemble, that all poſſible methods ſhould be taken for keeping them in order. Mrs. Siddons conducted herſelf on this unpleaſant occaſion with her uſual dignity and preſence of mind.

20. DRURY-LANE.—"THE VINDICTIVE MAN," a *Comedy!* was preſented for the firſt time; the principal characters being as follow, and thus repreſented:—

Anſon	Mr. ELLISTON.
Colonel Anſon	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Frederick Anſon	Mr. H. SIDDONS.
Maitland	Mr. RAYMOND.
Charles Maitland	Mr. BARTLEY.
Lambert	Mr. POWELL.
Farmer	Mr. DOWTON.
Goldfinch	Mr. DE CAMP.
Mark Blunt	Mr. MATHEWS.
Iſaacs	Mr. WEWITZER.
Emily	Mrs. H. SIDDONS.
Roſa	Miſs DUNCAN.
Mrs. Forward	Mrs. HARLOWE.

Anſon,

Anſon, a merchant of London, and the "Vindictive Man," is the younger brother of a reſpectable family; and, in conſequence of a violent quarrel with his elder brother while both were youths, he conceives an implacable reſentment againſt him. His elder brother, Colonel Anſon, having run out his fortune, embraces the military profeſſion, and is for 30 years of his life in foreign ſervice, during which period they never ſee nor communicate with each other. The Colonel becomes finally a priſoner of war, under circumſtances that render him liable to the forfeiture of his life, which nothing can ſave but a ranſom of 10,000l. Maitland, the friend and companion of his youth, has been bred to a mercantile life, and has dealings with Anſon, the merchant, from whom, hearing of the peril in which his friend the Colonel is involved in a foreign land, he borrows 10,000l., which he appropriates to Colonel Anſon's ranſom and liberation. Maitland ſhortly afterwards becomes a bankrupt; and in conſequence of his refuſing to account explicitly for the appropriation of the 10,000l. that he borrowed from the younger Anſon, he is thrown into priſon, and menaced with a capital proſecution, of which the merchant is the chief and inexorable inſtigator *; but Maitland himſelf having had alſo the misfortune of an early quarrel with his elder brother, who poſſeſſed a conſiderable fortune, the latter, ſhortly before his death, marries Eleonora, his kept miſtreſs, and bequeaths to her the whole of his fortune: Eleonora, who dies ſhortly afterwards, bequeaths the whole of the fortune, near 100,000l., to her niece Roſa, daughter of a Devonſhire farmer; who, however, by the procuration of her aunt, has received an accompliſhed and virtuous education, and diſplays an amiable and generous character. Frederick Anſon, a young officer, ſon of the Colonel, urged by the perilous ſituation of his father's life, comes to England in hopes of conciliating his uncle, and obtaining from him the means of his parent's ranſom, but finds him inexorable. He meets his young friend Charles Maitland, who informs him that his own father is impriſoned, and in danger of a criminal proſecution from his inexorable uncle, on account of the 10,000l. that he had borrowed to liberate Colonel Anſon.—In vain does young Anſon ſolicit from his uncle the means of his father's ranſom: and equally in vain do Mark Blunt, the faithful Clerk of Anſon, and Emily, his beloved daughter, endeavour to ſoften his rigour toward the elder Maitland, whom he determines to proſecute with rigour, even to death. But Roſa, informed of the fortune and ſplendid manſion bequeathed to her by her aunt Eleonora, comes, with her father, to take poſſeſſion of the property, and is in perplexity to know how her aunt attained it, never having heard of her marriage, or ſuſpected the nature of her connection.——She is, however, at laſt informed by Lambert, the lawyer, how her aunt came by the property; and, that the bequeſt actually expoſed to ruin the deceased Maitland's younger brother, who is in a priſon, at the riſk of his life, for the want of 10,000l.; which ſum Roſa readily advances as a loan to Young Maitland, who immediately liberates his parent: and Roſa, ſcorning to inherit a fortune which is the reward of vice and diſgrace in her family, inſiſts upon transferring her entire right to Maitland, and retiring to a virtuous obſcurity. In the mean time Goldfinch, the City ape of a Bond ſtreet lounger, who is admitted to viſit in the family of Anſon, forms the project of forcibly carrying off his beloved daughter to Gretna green; and juſt in the moment of effecting his purpoſe while Emily is on a viſit at Twickenham, Young Anſon accidentally interferes, without knowing who ſhe is, reſcues her from danger, and ſhe is reſtored to the boſom of her anxious and alarmed father. The denouement winds up with the return of Colonel Anſon from his perilous captivity, and his reconciliation to his long ſeparated and implacable brother; the marriage of Frederick with Emily, who were both enamoured of each other at firſt ſight; and of Young Maitland with Roſa.

This Comedy (if ſo it ſhould be called) comes from the pen of Mr. Holcroft; a gentleman of acknowledged powers, and eſpecially experienced in dramatic compoſition. It will not, however, add to his well-earned reputation. It is built upon a moſt unnatural and monſtrous ſuppoſition—the rancorous, relentleſs, and inextinguiſhable hatred of a brother

* The Author has here made a miſtake: a bankrupt is not guilty of a capital offence by *refuſing to give a ſatisfactory anſwer*, but by *retaining in his own hands property to a certain amount*.

a brother for a brother; and that hatred incredibly originating from ſome harſh language, followed by a blow; which, however, took place at an early period of life, we believe under 15 years, when the youthful heart is wholly unſuſceptible of ſuch inhuman impreſſions. To heighten the idea of this revengeful, inexorable reſentment, it alſo appears, that the brother who allows himſelf to cheriſh it, had had his life ſaved by the very brother whom he ſo deteſts. On ſuch a feeling did the principal intereſt of the piece turn; but no dexterity of management could render it credible, or produce any ſympathy in the human heart.

The ridicule which, in a kind of under-plot, was attempted to be pointed at the daſhing *Bloods* of the day, was equally unſucceſsful. Nothing could be more trite, coarſe, and abſurd, than the language and manners of *Charles Goldfinch*, the character under which the ratting follies of our young city bucks are deſcribed, or rather caricatured. This exhibition was diſguſting, and turned the temper of the audience decidedly againſt the Play. A ſtruggle between their patience and their generoſity for a time prevailed; but patience at length yielded, and during almoſt the whole of the laſt act, nothing could be heard but groans and hiſſes, and cries of "*Off, off!*" We had to lament, indeed, that the anxious and able exertions of *Elliſton*, Miſs *Duncan*, and Mrs. *H. Siddons*, were made in vain. The part of a *Jew* was remarkably well ſupported by *Wewitzer*; and if *Dowton* did not ſucceed equally well in the character of *Roſa*'s father, it was not his fault: there is an obvious diſtinction between a plain ruſtic and a ſimpleton; and we are ſorry that Mr. Holcroft does not ſeem to have been, in this inſtance at leaſt, ſo fully aware of this as might be expected from him. We may ſmile at the ignorance of a Devonſhire Farmer, for inſtance, when, arriving to an unexpected fortune, he aſks "How many millions are contained in 50,000l?"—But it is not ſo, when, being told that a *Chariot* is waiting at the door, he deſires "that *ſhe* may be aſked to walk in."

The Play had ſome title to praiſe, for a few inſtances of ſituation well conceived for producing ſtage effect, and for ſome pathetic ſcenes well calculated to excite ſympathy; but we fear its deficencies in point of plot, character, and intereſting incidents, are too radical ever to be effectually remedied.—It with ſome difficulty went through a ſecond repreſentation amid ſtrong murmurs, and was afterwards withdrawn.

COVENT GARDEN. A new Grand Operatical Entertainment, called "THE DESARTS OF ARABIA," was preſented for the firſt time.

Don Utopio	Mr. LISTON.
Don Dubio	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Carlos	Mr. INCLEDON.
Montevelli	Mr. CRESWELL.
Haſſan Artaz	Mr. EMERY.
Triſtram Doleful	Mr. FAWCETT.
Abdallah	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Hilla	Mr. BELLAMY.
Widow Loriſtan	Miſs BRUNTON.
Zamyrta	Mrs. C. KEMBLE.
Zelia	Miſs WADDY.

SCENE—Aleppo, the Deſart, and Baſſora.

Carlos is compelled by his father to croſs the Deſart to Buſſora, where a rich widow expects his hand. He and Triſtram ſet out with a Tartar guide, whoſe behaviour diſguſts them, and they leave his party. They are attacked by a party of Arabs, and take ſanctuary in the tomb of Ali. Here Abdallah, an old invalid, is placed to watch the perpetual fires, who, weighed down by indiſpoſition, commits the ſacred truſt to his daughter Zamyrta. Zamyrta finds in Carlos a loſt lover, and the joy of meeting cauſes her to forget the care of the lamps. They are extinguiſhed; and Abdallah, with his daughter, are expoſed in the Deſart for their ſacrilege. Carlos and Triſtram go on to Buſſora, and the latter diſcovers that the widow, deſtined for Carlos, is no other than his own runaway wife. A reconciliation takes place, and the parties are all croſſing the Deſart on their return, when they find Abdallah and Zamyrta, whom they deliver from the fury of Arabs. Carlos is united to Zamyrta; and the piece concludes with a grand proceſſion.

This piece is from the prolific pen of Mr. Reynolds, who has borrowed *Haſſan Artaz* from Campbell's "*Journey overland to India.*" The author ſeems to have deſigned this entertainment merely as a vehicle for muſic and ſpectacle. The ſcenes are all new, and many of them beautifully picturesque: the tomb of *Ali*, at the concluſion of the firſt act, produced, indeed, a moſt impreſſive effect; as did the finely coloured ſcenes of the river Tigris, and the

the houſe of the *Widow Loriſtan*; and the laſt ſcene, which repreſents a Caravan upon the Deſart, is of a nature, we believe, completely new to the ſtage. The wings, or ſide ſcenes, which generally conſiſt of walls or trees, are totally removed, and in their place are ſubſtituted elephants and camels, with turrets on their backs. The muſic, by Mr. Lanza, jun. is in the Italian ſtile. With ſuch recommendations, *The Deſarts of Arabia* can ſcarcely fail to be popular, although a few perſons, who had probably come in an ill-humour from the failure of *The Vindictive Man* at Drury-lane, endeavoured to raiſe ſome oppoſition toward the end of the piece, becauſe an awkward halt took place in the concluding proceſſion. The dialogue of the piece is ſprightly; there is much whim in Fawcett's character, and ſome portion of intereſt in that of Mrs. C. Kemble. Incledon had two or three ſongs, which went off with great *eclat*; and the trifling diſapprobation to which we have alluded did not prevent the piece from being given out for a ſecond repreſentation amid loud and continued applauſes.

DRURY LANE.—A new Melo-Drama, in three Acts, by Mr. Theodore Hook, called "TEKELI, or *the Siege of Montgatz*," was produced for the firſt time. The principal Characters were as follow:

Count Tekeli -	Mr. ELLISTON.
Count Caraffa -	Mr. CARLES.
Woolf - - -	Mr. DOWTON.
Conrad, (the Miller)	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Edmund - - -	Mr. BARTLEY.
Bras-de-fer - -	Mr. MATHEWS.
Maurice - - -	Mr. DE CAMP.
Iſidore - - -	Mr. RUSSELL.
Alexina (the Heroine of Mongatz)	Miſs DUNCAN.
Chriſtine - - -	Mrs. BLAND.

Counſellors, Officers, Peaſants, Millers, Dancers, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE—Hungary.

The ſtory is intereſting. It relates chiefly to the hard fortunes of Count Tekeli, who, oppreſſed by the Emperor, is obliged to eſcape to Turkey, in hopes of aſſiſtance from the Grand Signior. The caſtle of Montgatz he leaves to the care of Alexina his wife, who, for a time, makes an heroic ſtand againſt the Imperialiſts; but preſſed by the want of ſtores, ammunition, &c. ſhe is on the point of ſurrendering, when a hope ariſes that Tekeli is on his return. Tekeli, attended by his truſty friend Woolf, reaches, indeed, the foreſt near Montgatz, worn out with hunger and fatigue. There they meet Iſidore, and ſome peaſants, who convey them to a neighbouring mill. The miller receives them warmly; but a detachment of guards arriving, Tekeli diſcovers himſelf to the miller, who, though a large reward is offered for the aprehenſion of Tekeli, remains faithful to his promiſe of concealing him. Various ſtratagems are deviſed for that purpoſe, and for conveying Tekeli into the Caſtle; which they at length ſucceed in, by conveying Tekeli in a ſack over the Torſa.—The Auſtrian General, Count Caraffa, arrives at the Mill ſoon after, and Conrad diſcloſes the whole to him, in defiance of all the threats of puniſhment. The return of Tekeli reanimates the ſpirits of Alexina: a ſally is made againſt the enemy; and the piece concludes with a grand engagement of the armies, in which Caraffa is defeated.

The Melo-Drama is a new ſpecies of theatrical amuſement, which uſes the Poetical Licenſe in an uncommon degree: improbabilities, and even apparent impoſſibilities, are therefore paſſed over in ſilence, provided ſtage-effect is produced. *Tekeli*, with ſome blemiſhes, has many beauties, and is well adapted to pleaſe an audience; for, beſide the charms of Muſic and Scenery, the Dialogue contains many loyal and patriotic ſentiments, turned with taſte, elegance, and energy. The Piece was well acted, and extremely well received throughout, and was given out for a ſecond repreſentation with unanimous applauſe.

POETRY.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE 13.

TO LYDIA.

WHEN, claſp'd within your lover's arms,
On his fine form and roſeate charms
Your tongue with ceaſeleſs rapture dwells,
My burſting heart with anger ſwells;
My cheeks, now red, now pale, proclaim
What paſſions agitate my frame;
My ſighs, my tears, my anguiſh, prove,
Alas! too well, how much I love;

When

When the fond youth, half mad with bliſs,
Prints on thy neck a burning kiſs,
I burſt with rage, of ſenſe bereft,
To view the mark his tooth has left;
But hope not he will conſtant prove
Who thus profanes the kiſs of love;
That kiſs with ſweets ambroſial fill'd,
From lovely Venus' cup diſtill'd.
Thrice happy they, whoſe hearts and hands
Are join'd in ſoft Affection's bands!
Who free from care, and void of ſtrife,
Still lov'd, and loving, end their life.

Canterbury. R. H. B.

AMPLIFICATION;

OR,

THE FEMALE RHETORICIANS.

A TALE.

BY JONAS SOWWELL, OF CARDIFF, IN SOUTH WALES.

Rhetoric's an art, be't known through the nation,
That teaches a figure term'd Amplification.

"DEAR Mem!" ſays Lady Bab to Lady Bel,
"Sorry I am to hear your Lord's unwell:
I hope, howe'er, his illneſs not alarming—— [most charming"——
You look, ſans compliment, dear Mem!
To mirror then repairs, with eager pace,
Reviews, with glance of ſelf-conceit, her face, [palm of grace.
And yields (to whom you'll guess) the
"Dear Mem!" ſays Lady Bel, and looks aſkance, [glance,
To catch of flatt'ring mirror a like
"The compliment with truth I can repay: [born day,
You look more charming than the new-
When Phœbus, riſing glorious to our ſight, [night.
Diſpels with radiant beam the ſhades of
My huſband—la! how ſhocking! how abſurd! [word;)
(Permit me, Mem! t'retract the odious
My Lord, it ſeems, dear Mem! had been to dine, [ſwine;
With men, I know not, or with herd of
In ſailors' phraſe, he'd ſhipp'd aboard his grog, [hog.
And reel'd to bed leſs like a man than
O! had you heard his mellow, full-ton'd ſnore, [core! Encore!'
You'd c'app'd your hands, and cried 'En-
Next morn, with ſhaking fingers, aching head,
He roſe, leſs like a man alive than dead.
'Dear Bel!' ſaid he, 'I'm ill—muſt have advice—
Send, ſend for a phyſician, in a trice!'
Had he, dear Mem! attended well my lecture, [hector,)
(But nought he did but bully, ſtorm, and
A lecture prone to preach what wits call —Curtain, [certain.
In this dilemma he'd ne'er fall'n, that's
However, Mem, I ſent for Doctor Barclay *, [look'd darkly;
Who ſhook his head, and ſaid the caſe
Yet with his pills (yclep'd his antibilians,) [his millions.
He'd cur'd his hundreds, thouſands, a e
The pills, when ſwallow'd, caus'd my Lord to puke, [rook."
Regorging matter black as plumes of
Now Lady Bab ſat all upon the fidget,
Anxious this news t'impart to Lady Bridget. [watch a look;
"Bleſs me! 'tis late!"—glancing on
"Adieu! ma chere amie!"—and leave ſhe took. [after,
Anxious was ſhe to blab this ſad diſ-
So ſcudded, no mail-coach e'er ſcudded faſter, [tearing,
When 'gainſt a rival whipping, cutting,
Cutting, curvetting, rambling, ſcambling, ſwearing;

---

* Dr. B.—This gentleman is a Clergyman: thus he wields a two-edged ſword; pruning with one the excreſcences and viſcoſities of the mind; with the other, thoſe of the body. His pills, yclep'd Antibilians, have met with wonderful ſucceſs, ſays his Advertiſement. Archbiſhops, overladen with bile, (no uncommon caſe,) though they may perhaps, as his metropolitans, claim a right of phyſicking him in diſorders of the ſoul, have courteouſly ſubmitted themſelves to his regimen in thoſe of the body. There is one point, however, in which I materially differ from the learned Doctor. He proſcribes Port wine, as being a liquid unfriendly to the human conſtitution, at leaſt ſo far as relates to bile, of which, he aſſerts, it is a generator, and conglomorificator; a poſition which I deny, and deprecate *totis viribus*, or *ambabus manibus*, "with both my hands," as Sterne has it; as, during a long period of exiſtence, genuine Port has been my ſupport; and, during this long *progreſſus annorum*, I have been totally free from any fits of the bile, except in the moment when Miniſters have laid their heavy preſſure of increaſe on that ſalutiferous, convivial, and mirth-inſpiring beverage.

What

What tho' a limb or two, or neck is broke,
Why, zooks! what matter—ſure 'twas all in joke. [tel-tale pops—
"Dear Lady Brid!"—and down the
Quick to her noſe they ply the ſaline drops. [the matter be?
"For Heaven's ſake, Lady Bab, what can
Fall'n from her perch, can Poll no longer chatter t'ye? [Nature?
Or has dear Pompey paid the debt of
O! 'twas a faithful, fond, endearing creature!' [fudge)
Now Lady Bab—(this fainting was all
When from this feign'd diſtreſs ſhe deign'd to budge; [ſhe took,
As in ſhort pants and gaſps her breath
With well-feign'd ſcream, exclaims—"The Rook! the Rook!"
"A loſs at play, dear Mem! I find's the evil;
Pam certainly at times is moſt uncivil.
Provokingly the cards run ſometimes croſs; [ging loſs;
Howe'er, I hope you've met no ſwin-
Perhaps of hundreds ſome two, three, or four;
But were the debt to top a decent ſcore,
Your Lord, you know, would pay it in a trice, [dice.
And only curſe the cards, or damn the
But as you rook'd have been, and game unfair, [you're play'r."
Deal them a Qui pro quo when next
"Not mine, dear Mem! I ſcream for others' ills— [clay's Pills:
Lord Swigport ſwallow'd ſome of Bar-
The filthy phyſic caus'd my Lord to puke, [black rook."
And up he brought a monſtrous great
Bridget was cautious, give the dame her due,
She only doubled, and of one made two:
The next ſhe told it to increas'd to four;
Books ſhut, the funded tale had reach'd a ſcore.
Next day of tittle tattlers what a ſhoal
Aſſail'd his Lordſhip's portals, to condole!
"Happy to hear, my Lord! the pill you took [black rook."
Caus'd you diſgorge that frightful great
"A rook!" exclaims my Lord—"the tale's untrue." [voided two."
"Yes," cries Miſs Prim, "for, Mem, he
Says Miſs Grave-airs, "I heard them number'd four." [ſcore."
"I heard," ſays Lady Daſh, "he puk'd a
"Dear Ladies!" cries my Lord, "why all this cookery?
Zounds! ſay, at once, I voided a whole rookery."

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

Aſcribed to her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs MARY *.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haſte [hopper's feaſt:
To the Butterfly's ball, and the Graſ-
The trumpeter Gad-fly has ſummon'd the crew, [you.
And the revels are now only waiting for
On the ſmooth ſhaven graſs, by the ſide of a wood, [ſtood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air, [pair.
To an ev'ning's amuſement together re-
And there came the Beetle, ſo blind and ſo black, [his back;
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too, [and blue.
And all their relations, green, orange,
And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down; [and brown;
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow
Who with him the Waſp, his companion, did bring, [their ſting.
But they promiſ'd that ev'ning to lay by
Then the fly little Dormouſe peep'd out of his hole, [the Mole;
And led to the feaſt his blind couſin,
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of her ſhell, [length of an ell.
Came fatigued with the diſtance, the
A muſhroom the table; and on it was ſpread [cloth made.
A water-lock leaf, which their table-
The viands were various, to each of their taſte, [ſweeten the feaſt.
And the Bee brought the honey, to
With ſteps moſt majeſtic the Snail did advance, [dance;
And he promiſ'd the gazers a minuet to
But they all laugh'd ſo loud, that he drew in his head, [bed.
And went, in his own little chamber, to
Then, as ev'ning gave way to the ſhadows of night, [out with his light:
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came
So home let us haſten, while yet we can ſee, [me.
For no watchman is waiting for you or for

* This, we believe, is a miſtake. It is more generally thought to have been compoſed by Mr. Roſco for his children. Set to muſic by her Majeſty's command.

MEDI-

MEDITATIONS AT A COUNTRY ALEHOUSE.

Now fades the glare of noon; and ere the weſt [day,
Tinges with purple hues of parting
Where the bold ſign invites the weary gueſt, [away.
Thoughtful, I'll paſs my lonely hour
O come, bright ale! ſo oft the poet's charm, [ſmile:
When poems vend, and learned critics
This can ill nature of its ſting diſarm,
And half the troubles of the mind beguile.

With news-imparting ſheet before him ſpread, [enſhrin'd,
With ale all-cheering, and in ſmoke
Joy-giving viſions float around his head,
His ſenſe grows ſtronger, and his wit refin'd.

The patriot wiſh indulg'd, then may he read [tame;
Of deeds of glory, and of wreaths of
Who greatly dar'd, and who was doom'd to bleed, [name.
Yet falling, earn'd a Briton's envied
Sicilian warriors, that on Maida's plain
Curb'd the fierce Gaul in all his full-blown pride;
Or who, as nobly, on the Spaniſh Main,
Bid Clemency with Conqueſt be allied.

Near yonder chimney, where a poſy flings
Perfume, that with Columbia's plant* contends, [things,
In winter drear, to tell of wond'rous
The village ſtateſman has harangu'd his friends.

Theſe, like a ſeer, foretold Ambition's end, [won;
Plann'd a freſh conqueſt, or a battle
Talk'd of taxation, thought the laws might mend, [undone!
And ſigh'd to think how nations were
Here the exciſeman oft has gaug'd his cup; [pack,
The loaded pedlar has releas'd his
Lamenting, as he cheer'd his ſpirits up,
He'd borne his only treaſure on his back.

And buxom maids, at fair, or harveſt-home, [bright,
Kitty, or Phillis, dreſt in colours
Here tripp'd as gay as they whoſe coſtly dome [light.
Seems the bleſt manſion of ſupreme de-
Mine be the rural nymph, not proud, nor coy; [verſe;
The loud laugh loving, nor to romp a-
Whoſe ſly ſoft whiſper, and whoſe quick turn'd eye, [courſe.
Ingenuous anſwer to love's dear diſ-
But no faſtidious beauty is my theme;
No belle of faſhion, captive to expenſe; [taſtic dream,
Whoſe whole life round ſeems one fan-
While Pleaſure's ſylphs light flutter to her ſenſe.

Ale-drinking Moraliſt! and why art thou
Commenting on the fancies of the fair?
Did gentle Hymen e'er receive thy vow,
Cloſing the Gordian knot of tender care?

Or haſt thou, with a rude uncourtly grace, [high,
Aſcending ſome old faithleſs ſtaircaſe
From lonely attic thruſt thy curious face,
To ſcowl upon the ladies glitt'ring by?

Leſt thou'rt for ever blotted from their book, [appeaſe:
Thy words recall, and their dread wrath
O, by their keen wits roaſted, how thou'lt look!
A ſacrifice to the enrag'd Divinities.

Oct. 1806. W. AUSTIN.

* Tobacco.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I SEE you have recorded the death of LUNARDI; perhaps in your next Magazine you may be furniſhed with ſome account of the excurſions of this extraordinary adventurer. No man ever excited or gratified the public curioſity more than he did.

I was one of the immenſe multitude of ſpectators of his aſcent from Moorfields, and his gradual riſe in the air, till he appeared like a ſpeck ſcarce viſible to the eye.

He was carried northward by the wind, and reminded me of Milton's deſcription of the angel ſailing between worlds and worlds, followed below by a number of horſemen in full ſpeed watching his movement, and impatient to witneſs his coming down.

At laſt he deſcended near Wade's Mill, beyond Ware, and was conveyed to the hoſpitable ſeat of Sir William Baker, who erected a ſtone to commemorate this courageous enterprize.

Many attempts have ſince been made, with different ſucceſs, and wonder has ceaſed; but at that time it was deemed ſo

ſo formidable an undertaking, that ſome called it a bubble, and others went ſo far as to ſay, they would not believe even though they ſaw it.

As he has now taken his laſt flight, I thought a few lines due to his memory; which have been written without any pretenſions to poetry, and only to perpetuate that event.

It would be preſumption to expect them to be added to the inſcription on the ſtone above mentioned; but if they ſhould be inſerted in your entertaining Miſcellany, I ſhall think I have erected a more durable monument than if I had engraved them on marble or braſs.

I am, Sir, yours,

Oct. 1806. COLUMBO.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SEIGNIOR LUNARDI,

The celebrated aërial Traveller who aſcended in Britain.

ADMIRE no more, ye Bards of Greece!
Your Jaſon, Theſeus, Hercules;
This ſtone commemorates Lunardi,
An aëronaut more bold and hardy,
Who far aloft was wont to ſoar,
But never roſe ſo high before.
He ſeem'd, as in his car he went,
A delegate by mortals ſent
T'explore the regions of the ſky,
With all the ſplendid orbs on high;
Who when he found the envy'd place
Ordain'd for virtue's choſen race,
Return'd the wond'rous news to tell;
Then ſigh'd with ſaints in bliſs to dwell,
And bade this barren world farewell.

SONNET,

Written in a Boat off Newhaven, in Suſſex.

BY CLIO RICKMAN.

I.

PACE on, bright orb of day! till in the ſea
Thy burning glories vaniſh from my eye;
And while thy bluſhing beams illume the ſky,
And the day takes the laſt faint rays from thee,
Here let me loiter ſtill!—for dear to me
Is evening's placid reign,—when too on high
The moon full orb'd, reſplendent ranges free,
And cliffs, and paſſing ſhips, I ſcarce deſcry.

II.

Now FANCY hovers o'er my ſoul, and brings
Scenes of delight, of love, and days long paſt,
(Ah! days too bright, too happy far to laſt!)
When on this coaſt, time flew on rapid wings;
And tho' the ſorrowing Bard weeps as he ſings,
Yet in his throbbing breaſt ecſtatic muſing ſprings.

ANNA.

THE face of my Anna was fair,
But fairer, I ween, was her mind;
Her voice was the ſoother of care;
Her heart, it was tender and kind.

How oft I enraptur'd have hung
On the ſweet ſoothing voice of the maid!
For harmony flow'd from her tongue,
And reaſon approv'd what ſhe ſaid.

Ah! who can recite the pure bliſs
I receiv'd, as I gaz'd on her charms,
When by ſtealth I obtain'd a fond kiſs,
Or claſp'd the ſweet girl in my arms?

No more ſhall I gaze with delight
On the ſoft rolling beam of her eyes,
Now clos'd in the darkneſs of night,
And their luſtre has flown to the ſkies.

No more ſhall I hear that ſoft voice
Which was ſweet as the nightingale's ſtrain;
No more will her preſence rejoice,
And eaſe my fond heart of its pain.

It was mine to receive her laſt breath,
As her head on my boſom was laid,
I ſaw her yet lovely in death,
A ſmile on her countenance play'd.

She fell like the mild bluſhing roſe
Beat down by the wind and the rain,
Which ſtill does its mildneſs diſcloſe,
And ſtill does its beauties retain.

She was bright as the angel of truth:
But, alas! the ſweet maid is no more:
She fell in the bloſſom of youth,
And left me her loſs to deplore.

Yet oft does her ſpirit appear
In the wild fleeting viſions of night,
And whiſpers ſoft peace to my ear,
And thrills my rapt ſoul with delight.

She bids me from earth haſte away,
To join her in regions above;
To regions unknown to diſmay,
Where the heart glows with rapture and love.

J. D.

Oct. 6, 1806.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IN our laſt we gave the *Dutch* account of the diſaſtrous battle of Jena on the 14th of October. We are ſorry to obſerve, that if the account given in the *Fifth* French official Bulletin of the Grand Army be any thing like the truth, the loſs which the Pruſſians ſuſtained on that memorable day is ſtill greater than what the firſt account led us to apprehend. It is here ſtated at above 20,000 in killed and wounded, between 30 and 40,000 priſoners, 300 pieces of cannon, and 20 General Officers, with all their magazines and proviſions. There was ſcarcely a Pruſſian General of eminent reputation who was not either killed, wounded, or taken priſoner. The Duke of Brunſwick has been conveyed from Blankenburg to Brunſwick in a litter. He was grazed acroſs the eyes by a ſhot. They are much ſwelled in conſequence; but ſome hopes are entertained that the ſight of one eye may be preſerved. In the Fifth Bulletin, the Duke of Brunſwick is ſaid to have been killed; which, we know from the Hamburgh Papers, is not the fact; and from this inaccuracy, which in one inſtance we are able to detect, we may fairly infer, that in many other details the account will turn out to be incorrect.

The loſs of the French is ſtated at 1100 killed, and 3000 wounded. General Belli was killed on their ſide, and General of Brigade, Couroux, wounded.

After the battle of the 14th, the French head-quarters were tranſferred from Jena to Weimar; on the 17th, they were at Naumburg; on the 18th, at Merſeburg; and on the 19th in the evening, they appear to have been tranſferred to Halle.

The head quarters remained greatly in the rear of the corps that were employed moſt actively in the immediate purſuit of the Pruſſians, and of the corps on the right, which appear to have had orders to march on towards Berlin. On the 18th, this corps, under Marſhal Davouſt, being the right of the French, took poſſeſſion of Leipſic; but in the Bulletins there is no mention of its further progreſs.

Magdeburg is inveſted. After the unfortunate battle of the 14th, great part of the Pruſſian army retreated upon that fortreſs; but inſtead of halting and taking ſhelter under its walls, the different corps proceeded towards the Oder to form a junction with the Ruſſians, which it was intended ſhould take place at Stettin and Cuſtrin.

In this deplorable ſituation of affairs, the King of Pruſſia, with the Queen and whole Court, went to Cuſtrin, on their way, probably, to Ruſſia. It is ſtated in the Tenth Bulletin, that his Pruſſian Majeſty demanded a ſix weeks' armiſtice after the battle of the 14th; which was refuſed by Buonaparte, on the grounds, "that he could not think of giving an enemy time to recruit himſelf after a victory obtained."—A menace is likewiſe held out in one of the Bulletins, that "the tranquillity of the Continent muſt be preſerved, even ſhould it coſt the *downfall of ſome thrones*."

By the French Bulletins of the Grand Army, it appears, that, immediately after the battle of the 14th, Murat's corps was employed to ſurround Erfurth, where Field-Marſhal Mollendorff, the Prince of Orange Fulda, Generals Liriſh, Grauer, Leſſane, and Zveifel, were taken priſoners by capitulation. The number of priſoners, including wounded, is ſtated at above 14,000 men. The number of Saxons made priſoners is very conſiderable; 600 Officers have been ſent home on their parole, and about 6000 privates.

Marſhal Soult was detached in purſuit of the flying Pruſſians on the road to Nordhauſen. Marſhal Bernadotte, following a route more to the right, was, on the 17th, at Eiſlehen. Hearing that the Pruſſian Reſerve, under Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg, was at Halle, Bernadotte proceeded to attack him, and, on the 17th, a pretty ſevere action was fought; which, according to the Eleventh Bulletin, terminated greatly in favour of the French, who killed many, took 5000 priſoners, and purſued the Pruſſians four leagues. On the 19th, the French Head Quarters were at Halle.

The Twelfth Bulletin is dated Halle, Oct. 19, and ſtates as follows:—

"Marſhal Soult purſued the enemy to the walls of Magdeburg. The Pruſſians made many efforts to retrieve themſelves, but were always defeated.

"Large magazines have been found at Nordhauſen, and even a church filled with

with gold, belonging to the King of Pruſſia.

" In the courſe of five days, employed by Marſhal Soult in purſuit of the enemy, he has made 1200 priſoners, taken 30 pieces of cannon, and between two and three hundred caiſſons.

" The principal object of the campaign is obtained: Saxony, Weſtphalia, and all the country on the left ſhore of the Elbe, are freed from the preſence of the Pruſſian army. This army beaten and purſued for the ſpace of fifty miles, is, at preſent, without cannon, without baggage, and Officers, and reduced to leſs than the third of its number eight days ago; and, what is more than all, it has loſt its courage and confidence. Two French corps are employed in throwing bridges over the Elbe. The Head quarters are at Halle."

The Thirteenth is likewiſe dated from Halle, Oct. 20, and contains the following important information: viz.

" General Macon, who commands at Leipſic, has publiſhed the following notice to the bankers, merchants, &c. of that city—' As the Sovereigns of the Sea pay no regard to any Colours, it is the will of the Emperor that their merchandiſe ſhall be every where detained. Their Iſland is therefore declared in a ſtate of actual blockade.'

" Fifteen thouſand quintals of meal have been found in the magazines at Leipſic, and a great quantity of other proviſions.

" On the 19th, the Grand Duke of Berg arrived at Halberſtadt. On the 20th, he covered the whole plain of Magdeburg with his cavalry. Several detachments of the enemy's troops, and a number of ſtragglers, fell into our hands, at the moment they attempted to enter the fortreſs.

" A regiment of the enemy's Huſſars, thinking that Halberſtadt was in the hands of the Pruſſians, were attacked by the Yagers of the 22d regiment, and loſt 300 men.

" Six hundred of the King of Pruſſia's Life Guards, and all the equipage of that corps, fell into the hands of General Beaumont. Two hours before, two companies of the King's Foot Guards were taken by Marſhal Soult.

" Lieut.-General Schmettau, made priſoner, is dead at Weimar.

" Of 160,000 men, of which the Pruſſian army conſiſted, it would now be difficult to collect more than 50,000 men; and even theſe are without cannon, baggage, and half of them with, and the other half without, arms."

The Fourteenth Bulletin, which is dated Deſſau, Oct. 22, contains an account of the blockade of Magdeburg; in which it is ſtated, that Marſhal Soult has his poſts round the city.

The Fifteenth Bulletin, after laviſhing much abuſe, with a number of obſervations on the Duke of Brunſwick and the Queen of Pruſſia's conduct, adds ſome reflections on Lord Morpeth's being ſent by the Court of London to buy the Pruſſian blood; and ſtates, " There is at Leipſic ſuch a quantity of Engliſh goods, that ſixty millions have been already offered to redeem them. It is aſked, what will England gain by all this? She might have recovered Hanover; kept the Cape of Good Hope; preſerved Malta; made an honourable peace, and reſtored tranquillity to the world.—She was willing to excite Pruſſia againſt France—to provoke the Emperor and France:—Well! ſhe has conducted Pruſſia to her ruin, procured greater glory for the Emperor, and greater powers for France: and the time approaches when we may declare England in a ſtate of Continental blockade. Is it then with blood, that the Engliſh hoped to feed their commerce and re-animate their induſtry? Great miſchiefs may come upon England. Europe will attribute them to the loſs of that honeſt man and Miniſter, who wiſhed to govern by great and liberal ideas, and whom the Engliſh People will one day deplore with tears of blood."

This Bulletin ſpeaks of a Letter, written on the 12th by Buonaparte, tranſmitted on the 13th, to the King of Pruſſia, containing ſuggeſtions reſpecting the impolicy of the war, and accuſing his Majeſty of liſtening to frantic perſons, contrary to his true intereſt. This Letter is ſaid not to have been delivered to the King till the morning of the 14th, the day of the great battle.

The Sixteenth Bulletin contains Buonaparte's refuſal to acknowledge the neutrality of Brunſwick, and treats the Duke, not as a Sovereign Prince, but merely as a Pruſſian General, *General Brunſwick*.

The Seventeenth, dated Potzdam, Oct. 25, mentions the arrival of Buonaparte at Potzdam on that day, and entering the Palace of his Pruſſian Majeſty: that Prince Ferdinand, the brother of the Great Frederick, remained at Berlin,

Berlin, and that 500 pieces of cannon were found in the arſenal of that city, beſides ſeveral hundred weight of powder, and a great quantity of arms.

The Eighteenth, dated Potzdam, Oct. 26, ſtates, that the citadel of Spandau, three miles from Berlin, and four from Potzdam, ſtrong by its ſituation, in the midſt of water, having a garriſon of 1200 men, and a great quantity of ammunition and proviſions, was ſurrounded in the night of the 24th. General Bertrand, the Emperor's Aid du-Camp, had previouſly reconnoitred the place. The cannon was ready to open upon it, and the garriſon began to be alarmed; when Marſhal Lannes propoſed a capitulation to be ſigned by the Commandant, which was accepted.

"Large magazines of tents, clothing, &c. have been found at Berlin; we are employed in taking inventories."

The Nineteenth, dated Head-quarters, at Charlottenburg, Oct. 27, ſtates, that "the Emperor left Potzdam at twelve o'clock, to inſpect the fortreſs of Spandau."

The Twentieth, dated Charlottenburg, Oct. 27, (ſame day,) ſays, "The indefatigable Grand Duke of Berg was at Zehdenick on the 26th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, with a brigade of light cavalry, under General Laſalle, while the diviſion of dragoons, under the Generals Beaumont and Grouchy, were marching to the ſame point.

"The brigade under General Laſalle preſented itſelf to the enemy, who oppoſed it with 6000 cavalry. This was the whole of the Pruſſian army that had eſcaped from Magdeburg, forming the advanced guard of Prince Hohenlohe's corps, directing their march towards Stettin.

"At four in the afternoon, when both diviſions of the cavalry had arrived, General Laſalle attacked the enemy with that intrepidity, which has always formed the character of the French huſſars and yagers in the preſent war. The enemy's line, though formed three deep, was broken; they were purſued into the village of Zehdenick, and thrown into confuſion in the defiles. The Queen's Regiment of Dragoons endeavoured to recover themſelves, but the dragoons of Grouchy's diviſion ſoon ſhowed themſelves, fell upon the enemy, and made dreadful havoc among them. A part of the 6000 cavalry were driven into the moraſſes; 300 remained upon the field; 700, with their horſes, were made priſoners. The Colonel, and a great number of Officers of the Queen's regiment, are included. The colours of the regiment are taken. Marſhal Lannes' corps is in full march to ſupport our cavalry. The cuiraſſiers are marching in columns to the right wing, and another corps is advancing towards the Granzee. We ſhall be at Stettin before the army that is marching there; which, being out-flanked, is as good as cut off already. Undiſciplined as they are, there is reaſon to hope that not a man of them will eſcape, and that the whole of that part of the Pruſſian army, which loſt two days, without any advantage, at Magdeburg, in order to collect themſelves, will not be able to reach the Oder.

"The above-mentioned affair at Zehdenick, as a martial achievement, is remarkabe—neither party had any infantry—but that the Pruſſian cavalry is much inferior to ours, is proved by the events of this campaign. They have never been able to make a ſtand againſt half their number of French."

The Twenty-firſt Bulletin, dated Berlin, Oct. 28, ſays, "Yeſterday, the Emperor made his public entry into this city; he was attended by the Prince of Neufchatel, the Marſhals Davouſt and Augereau. Marſhal Lefevre headed the train with the Imperial Foot Guards. The cuiraſſiers of Nanſouty's diviſion were drawn up in order of battle along the road. The Emperor marched between the grenadiers and horſe yagers belonging to his Life Guard. At three in the afternoon he alighted at the Palace, where he was received by the Grand Marſhal Duroc.

"A vaſt concourſe of people had aſſembled, as ſpectators of the ceremony.

"The road from Charlottenburg to Berlin is very good, and the entrance through the gate is ſuperb. It was a moſt beautiful day. The whole of the Civil Adminiſtration, preſented by General Hulin, came to offer the keys to the Emperor. This body immediately waited upon his Majeſty. The General Prince Hatzfeld was at their head.

"On the 28th, at nine in the forenoon, the Envoys of Bavaria, Spain, Portugal, and the Ottoman Porte, reſident at Berlin, were admitted to an audience of his Majeſty. His Majeſty ordered the Turkiſh Envoy to ſend a courier to Conſtantinople to inform his Court of what had taken place; and to declare, that now the Ruſſians ſhould not enter

enter Moldavia, nor undertake any thing againſt the Turkiſh Empire.

" Afterwards, his Majeſty received the whole of the Lutheran and Reformed Conſiſtories. There are upwards of twelve thouſand French at Berlin, whoſe predeceſſors took refuge there in conſequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His Majeſty converſed with the principal perſons among theſe Proteſtants, and told them that they had a juſt claim upon his protection, and that their privileges, and the exerciſe of their worſhip, ſhould be ſecured to them. His Majeſty adviſed them to concern themſelves with their own affairs, to remain peaceable, and pay obedience and reſpect to the Sovereign.

" The Courts of Juſtice were preſented. His Majeſty converſed with the Members of the Courts of Appeal, and gave them ſome inſtructions as to the manner in which juſtice ſhould be adminiſtered.

" Count Van Neale coming into the hall of audience, the Emperor ſaid to him, ' Well, Sir, your Ladies wiſhed for war, and they have been gratified: it becomes you to manage your houſehold better.' (*Letters had been intercepted from the Count's daughter.*) ' Napoleon (reading theſe letters) will not continue the war; let others carry on the war againſt him.' His Majeſty ſaid to Count Van Neale, ' No; I will carry on no war. Not that I doubt of my proweſs, as you have ſuggeſted; but in order to ſpare the blood of my ſubjects, which is dear to me; and becauſe it is preſcribed to me by my firſt duty only to ſhed the ſame for their honour and ſafety. But the good people of Berlin have been the ſacrifice of the war, while thoſe that excited it have left them, and are become fugitives. *I ſhall reduce thoſe noble Courtiers to ſuch extremities, that they ſhall be compelled to beg their bread.*

" The Emperor ordered that 24 of the beſt Burghers ſhould be aſſembled at the Town-houſe, in order to ſelect a third of their number to take upon them the civil government of the place.—Each of the twenty wards is to furniſh a guard of 60 men; ſo that 1200 men of the beſt Burghers will be entruſted with the care of the city and the management of the police.

" The Emperor ſaid to Prince Hatzfeld, ' Do not appear in my preſence; I have no need of your ſervices: retire to your eſtates.'

" The Emperor gave audience to the Chancellor, and the miniſters of the King of Pruſſia.

" In giving inſtructions to the Civil Adminiſtration of the City, the Emperor ſaid, ' I will not ſuffer any windows to be broken. My brother the King of Pruſſia ceaſed to be a King from the day when Prince Louis Ferdinand was bold enough to break the windows of his Majeſty's Miniſters. His Majeſty ſhould have ordered him to be hanged.'

" This day, the 28th, his Majeſty mounted his horſe, to review Marſhal Davouſt's corps. To-morrow, that under Marſhal Augereau will paſs in review before him.

" The Grand Duke of Berg, Marſhal Lannes, and the Prince of Ponto Corvo, are purſuing Prince Hohenlohe. After the gallant affair with the cavalry at Zehdenick, the Grand Duke of Berg advanced to Templin, where he found a great quantity of proviſions, and the dinners for the Pruſſian Generals and their troops, ready dreſſed.

" At Granzee, Prince Hohenlohe changed his route, and took the road to Furſtemberg. It is probable, that being cut off from the Oder, he will be ſurrounded and made priſoner:

" The Duke of Weimar is in a ſimilar ſituation with reſpect to Marſhal Soult. The Duke ſeemed to wiſh to croſs the Elbe at Tangermunde, in order to approach the Oder. On the 25th, Marſhal Soult anticipated him. If we come up with him, not a man will eſcape; if he ſucceeds in croſſing the Oder, he will fall into the hands of the Grand Duke of Berg, Marſhal Lannes, and the Prince of Ponto Corvo. A part of our troops are upon the Oder. The King of Pruſſia has paſſed the Viſtula.

" Count Zeſtrow was preſented to the Emperor on the 27th at Charlottenburg, and delivered a letter from the King of Pruſſia.

" At this moment an Aid-du-camp from Prince Eugene has announced a victory obtained over the Ruſſians in Albania."

[To this Bulletin a Proclamation of the Emperor is added, expreſſing his thanks to the army in general, repeating the whole of their conqueſts, and announcing his intention to meet the Ruſſians and Pruſſians, who are advancing: he declares *that he will make no Peace with England till he has deprived her of the means of diſturbing the tranquillity of the Continent any more.*

The 22d Bulletin, which is dated Berlin,

Oct. 29, mentions the ſurrender of Prince Hohenloe's army and other Pruſſian Corps; conſiſting of 16,000 infantry, and 6,000 cavalry, compoſed of the Royal Pruſſian Guards, and Grenadier Guards, 45 ſtands of colours, and 64 pieces of Artillery. Beſides Prince Hohenloe, the Prince of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, Prince Auguſtus Ferdinand, and ſeveral other General Officers, are among the priſoners. General Blucher's diviſion of 8000 men; and the whole of the remaining part of the Pruſſian force, conſiſting of 10,000 men, which had croſſed the Elbe, are mentioned in the ſaid Bulletin as being likely to be ſurrounded.

To this may be added, from the ſubſequent Bulletins, the capitulation of Magdeburg, the ſurrender of Stettin and Cuſtrin, and the formal occupation of Heſſe Caſſel.

In a Proclamation addreſſed to the Army from the Imperial camp at Potzdam, Buonaparte tells them, "The Ruſſians boaſt of coming to us; we will march to them, and thus ſpare them half the road." The Proclamation concludes with the following expreſſions:—"We will no longer be the ſport of a treacherous peace; and we will not lay down our arms, until we have obliged the Engliſh, thoſe eternal enemies of our nation, to renounce the ſcheme of diſturbing the tranquillity of the Continent, and the ſovereignty of the ſeas."

It is added, that Old Pruſſia, Sileſia, and Poland, are about to become the theatre of war. Some of the French advanced poſts have even entered Poland; and the overthrow of the Emperor Alexander is even hinted at as an event by no means diſtant, unleſs he ſhould ſhortly ſee the fatal conſequences of the ſyſtem of his Cabinet.

In one of the Bulletins it is pompouſly ſtated, that of the whole Pruſſian Army, 180,000 ſtrong, not one man has eſcaped acroſs the Oder. At Magdeburg there were conſiderable treaſures, which were about to be removed to this country.

The 23d Bulletin ſays, "Among 150 ſtands of colours taken, there are ſome embroidered by the hands of the beautiful Queen herſelf; a beauty which has proved as diſaſtrous to the people of Pruſſia as that of Helen did to the Trojans."

The ſame Bulletin ſays, "Nothing has yet has been learned of the Ruſſians. We long much to ſee 100,000 of them arrive; but the reports of their march, we are afraid, are mere gaſconade; they dare not meet us: the battle of Auſterlitz is before their eyes." It is added, "The Engliſh would make no peace, but they *ſhall* make it; but France will include more Coaſts and States in her federative ſyſtem!"

A Pruſſian military cheſt having been removed over the Perna into Swediſh Pomerania, the Grand Duke of Berg has demanded that property.

The 25th Bulletin ſays, "our troops have already advanced into Poland: Prince Jerome, with an army formed of the Bavarian and Wirtemberg troops, proceeds to Sileſia."

New armies and conſcripts are ſaid to be covering all the roads from France to the ſeat of war in the North.

Two notes written by the Duke of Brunſwick's Surgeon have been circulated; the latter ſtates, that ſince the 17th, the Duke's health has been much better; his face was no longer inflamed. Nothing could be ſaid of his ſight, becauſe it was impoſſible he could open his eyes. It is added in both notes, that his Highneſs would enjoy much better health but for the uneaſineſs of his mind.

The Queen of Pruſſia and her children are at Graudentz, in Poliſh Pruſſia, upon the banks of the Viſtula.—Buonaparte, in his Bulletin, inſults this Princeſs by ſaying, that the viſit of the Emperor of Ruſſia, that day twelve month, October 27, turned her mind from the toilette to meddle in State affairs, and brought on the ruin that has befallen her.—While at Potzdam, Buonaparte ſent off to Paris the ſword of the Great Frederick, and his Riband of the Order of the Black Eagle.

The Princeſs of Orange, on receiving the news of her huſband being made priſoner by the French at Erfurth, was prematurely taken in labour, and delivered of a dead child. The Hereditary Prince, and the Ducheſs Dowager of Weimar, are at Stettin.

The Duke of Brunſwick is now at Altona, waiting a ſufficient recovery of his health to enable him to embark for England.

The number of refugees that have arrived at Hamburgh, from the theatre of war, is very conſiderable. This alarm has cauſed large remittances to England, as a place of ſafety for property; in conſequence of which the exchange on London fell two per cent. It was feared that Hamburgh would either be viſited by the French ſpeedily, or be compelled in the mean time to pay a contribution.

On

On the 25th of Auguſt, a trial before an Extraordinary Military Commiſſion was held at Brannau, a town belonging to the Emperor of Auſtria, but at preſent occupied by French troops. Six perſons were accuſed of publiſhing a pamphlet, offenſive to the Emperor of France and his Armies; but two only were preſent, and put upon trial, Mr. Palm, bookſeller of Nuremberg, and Mr. Schoderer, of Donauwerth. They were found guilty, and ordered to be ſhot within 24 hours. The latter was ſaved, it is ſaid, by the interceſſion of the King of Bavaria. The four not taken were condemned for contumacy, and orders given that they ſhould be ſeized wherever the French Army is, and the ſentence rigidly executed.—The noble behaviour of Mr. Palm at the place of execution deſerves to be honourably recorded. —It appears that he was offered his pardon on condition of giving up the author of the work; but he heroically declared, that he would rather die than betray the author. He was then led to execution. He was a man of the greateſt integrity, and his unhappy fate is univerſally lamented. The Members of this diabolical Court were, ſeven French Colonels of Infantry, and an Adjutant-General, ſelected by the different Marſhals, Soult, &c. as the moſt ready inſtruments in their reſpective corps to perpetrate any work of ignominy.—A very large collection has been made at Berlin for the widow and five children of this unfortunate man; in one coffee-houſe alone 80 rix-dollars were ſubſcribed in a few minutes. [A ſubſcription has likewiſe been opened at Lloyd's coffee-houſe, in London, for the ſame purpoſe; and it will be conſidered as an offering made by Britiſh humanity, to the Liberty of the Preſs, the great palladium of our rights, our privileges, and our proſperity.]

We learn that a very violent hurricane was experienced at Dominica about the middle of Auguſt, attended by the heavieſt rains ever remembered. A number of houſes were ſwept away by the deluge, and upwards of 150 of the inhabitants were drowned. A number of veſſels, of different deſcriptions, were lying at Dominica at the time the calamity happened; all of which were driven out to ſea, and periſhed, except one American ſhip.

From the exceſs of a ſuppoſed ſubterraneous ſea of water, and a cavern below, in which the waters were engulfed, a moſt dreadful exploſion took place on the 2d of September in Switzerland, which deſtroyed ſeveral villages in the Canton of Schwitz. The Knippenouhl Rock, which formed the ſummit of Mount Roſenberg, was ſuddenly detached from its ſituation, and at the ſame time, part of the mountain, ſeveral feet thick on the weſtern ſide, and about 280 feet thick on the eaſt ſide, gave way, and fell into the valley which ſeparates the Lake of Zug from that of Lauwertz, overwhelming the whole of the villages of Goldau-Rœthar, Buſinger, Huzloet, three parts of that of Lauwertz, and ſome houſes in the village of Stein.—The villages of Goldau and Rothen, conſiſting of 115 houſes; that of Buſingen, of 126; and that of Kuzlock; have totally diſappeared. Of Lauwertz, which loſt 20 houſes, about ten buildings remain, the whole of which have received very conſiderable damage.—Upwards of 1000 perſons fell victims to this calamity, which, in the courſe of five minutes, completed the dreadful cataſtrophe.

A letter from St Peterſburgh, Oct. 9, by an Ukaſe, dated Sept. 24, ſays, "His Imperial Majeſty has been pleaſed to appoint Samuel Greig, Eſq. to act as Conſul General of Ruſſia, in lieu of Alexander Baxter, Eſq. allowed to retire on a penſion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SEPTEMBER 25.

THE remains of Lord Thurlow were removed in a hearſe, decorated with eſcutcheons, and drawn by ſix horſes, from his town houſe to the Temple Church, where they were interred. The hearſe was followed by ſix mourning coaches and ſix: after the carriage of the deceaſed followed thoſe of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Eldon, Lord Ellenborough, Sir William Scott, Baron Thompſon, Mr. Juſtice Le Blanc, and the Dean of Windſor. The proceſſion went along the Strand and Fleet-ſtreet, and, paſſing down Water-lane, entered the Temple by the lower gate. The pall was ſupported by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Eldon, Lord Ellenborough, Sir William Scott, Baron Thompſon, and Mr. Juſtice Le Blanc.

The inflexibility of Lord Thurlow's diſpoſition, we are ſorry to ſay, was

manifeſted toward one of his daughters, even in his laſt moments. To Mrs. Brown, who married contrary to his wiſhes, but who left her huſband to attend him during his illneſs, he has only bequeathed 50l. a month; and this on the expreſs condition that ſhe never returns to her huſband. To his other two daughters he has left 70,000l. each.

27. The Gazette of this day announced the appointment of Lord Howick as ſucceſſor to Mr. Fox; and the Hon. Thomas Grenville as Firſt Lord of the Admiralty, in the room of Lord Howick.

Mr. Banniſter, the comedian, lately met with an accident by the burſting of a gun. The extremities of his middle and fourth finger were dreadfully lacerated, and there was a ſevere wound in the palm of the hand.

30. A young Lady, at Brighton, daughter of a reſpectable family in London, undertook to eat, for ſupper, the enormous quantity of *three hundred oyſters*, with a proportion of bread; which ſhe performed, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent.

Among the perſonages who lately attracted public notice at Brighton, was an original, or *would be* original, generally known by the appellation of *The Green Man*. He dreſſed in green pantaloons, green waiſtcoat, green frock, green cravat; and though his ears, whiſkers, eyebrows, and chin, were powdered, his countenance no doubt, from the reflection of his clothes, was alſo green. He ate nothing but greens, fruits, and vegetables; had his rooms painted green, and furniſhed with green ſofa, green chairs, green tables, green bed, and green curtains. His gig, his livery, his portmanteau, his gloves, and his whip, were all green. With a green ſilk handkerchief in his hand, and a large watch chain with green ſeals, faſtened to the green buttons of his green waiſtcoat, he paraded every day on the Steine.

OCT. 1. An unfortunate accident occurred at the new works, building for a magazine at Chatham. A large arch, eighty feet long, and ſixteen feet wide, containing nearly 100,000 bricks, having been finiſhed, in taking away the centres, which had been raiſed for turning it, the preſſure of the brick work proving too great for the abutments, which gave way, the arch fell in, and, melancholy to relate, killed eight men, and very materially wounded two others. What renders this circumſtance ſtill more diſtreſſing is, ſeveral of the unfortunate ſufferers have left very large families. A comfortable proviſion has been made, by the Board of Ordnance, for the Widows and Orphans. The Widows to be allowed one ſhilling per day, as long as they ſhall continue unmarried, and an allowance of ſixpence per day to be granted to each of the children, to be continued until they reſpectively arrive at the age of 18 years.

2. Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales met with a ſerious accident this afternoon, on her way to the ſeat of Mr. Locke, at Norbury Park, near Mickleham. She travelled in a barouche, attended by Lady Sheffield and Miſs Cholmondeley, and had changed horſes at Sutton. On the road between the latter place and Leatherhead, on turning a corner, the barouche was overturned with ſuch violence againſt a tree on the right hand ſide, as to throw all the ladies from the carriage. Miſs Cholmondeley was daſhed againſt the fatal tree with ſuch violence as to occaſion her immediate death. The Princeſs received a contuſion in her ſhoulder, and as ſoon as a Surgeon could be procured, her Royal Highneſs was let blood. Lady S. received no injury.—The Princeſs, not informed of the fatal part of the accident, proceeded, after being bled, to the manſion of Mr. Locke, in another carriage, her own being very much ſhattered; and in the evening was removed to Blackheath.

Miſs Cholmondeley was ſiſter to G. J. Cholmondeley, Eſq. Commiſſioner of the Excile, and only ſiſter to Lady Bellingham.

The melancholy reſult of the above excurſion derives no ſmall part of its intereſt from the object for which it was undertaken. Every year the benevolent family of Mr. Locke employ themſelves in making fancy articles, ſuch as work-bags, purſes, &c. for Leatherhead Fair, which takes place on the 11th inſtant, and the produce is applied to the relief of the neighbouring poor. Her Royal Highneſs, ſince her firſt acquaintance with this worthy family, has patroniſed their laudable undertaking, and contributed to it in no ſmall degree. For this purpoſe ſhe ſet out from Blackheath, on Thurſday, carrying with her ſome of her own fancy-works of this kind, which, being

being well known, add not a little to the attraction of the Fair.

3 A Clerk in the houſe of Meſſrs. Drummond had his pocket picked of two hundred 5l. notes, between the Bank and Temple-bar.

The following melancholy accident happened to Mr. William Watt, of Bollington, near Macclesfield.—Having occaſion to look at the water-wheel of a neighbouring mill, the wheel caught him, and he was literally cruſhed to atoms.

A pauper, named John Venn, in Pontefract Workhouſe, aged 84, laſt week hung himſelf. The deceaſed was one of the ſix marines ſelected to ſhoot Admiral Byng; and often ſaid that he was ſure his ball killed him.

8. *Return of Lord Lauderdale from Paris.*—This afternoon, the following Meſſage was tranſmitted to the Lord Mayor, from the Secretary of State for the Foreign Department:

"TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE FROM DEAL.

"*Seven Minutes after One P.M. 8th October*, 1806.

"Meſſenger arrived—Lord Lauderdale quits to-morrow, the 9th—H.M.S. the Clyde ordered to attend."

On the receipt of this important communication, his Lordſhip proceeded to the Royal Exchange, and read it to the Merchants. The intelligence was received by them with ſtrong manifeſtations of ſatisfaction. His Lordſhip next communicated the Meſſage to the Merchants and Underwriters at Lloyd's, who received it with the greateſt exultation, and gave his Lordſhip three enthuſiaſtic cheers.

The Mail coachmen, on communicating the intelligence at the villages as they paſſed along on Wedneſday evening, were cheered by the inhabitants with ſhouts of applauſe; and the general cry was, "Eternal War, rather than a diſhonourable Peace!"

His Majeſty was this day pleaſed to declare Henry Viſcount Sidmouth Lord Preſident of the Privy Council; and his Lordſhip took his place at the Board accordingly.

11. By the Gazette of this day, His Majeſty grants to Earl Nelſon, D.D. &c. William Haſlewood, Eſq. and Lady Hamilton, Executors of the late Lord Viſcount Nelſon, on behalf of Horatia Nelſon Thompſon, an infant, that ſhe the ſaid Horatia Nelſon Thompſon may aſſume and uſe the ſurname of Nelſon only, in compliance with an injunction contained in a Codicil to the laſt Will of the ſaid Lord Viſcount Nelſon, &c. &c. deceaſed.

13. Lord Lauderdale arrived in town. He left Paris on the afternoon of the preceding Thurſday, and embarked at Boulogne on Sunday forenoon.—At the time fixed for his Lordſhip's departure from Boulogne, there was a numerous aſſemblage of the inhabitants; grief was viſible in every countenance; and many ventured, in broken ſentences, to expreſs their regret at the reſult of the Negotiation.

15. His Majeſty has been pleaſed to deliver the cuſtody of the Privy Seal to the Right Hon. Henry Richard Lord Holland.

18. By the Gazette of this day, Dr. William Cleaver, Biſhop of Bangor, is promoted to the See of St. Aſaph.

[This Gazette likewiſe announces His Majeſty's gracious intention that Lady Auguſta Murray, ſecond daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, ſhall, out of reſpect to her deſcent from the family of De Ameland, take and uſe the ſurname of De Ameland, inſtead of her preſent ſurname of Murray.]

A curious exhibition took place on the River:—A young man, a carpenter, who undertook for a ſmall wager to row, in a *Waſhing Tub*, from Millbank to London Bridge, ſeated himſelf in the tub, and had a ſcull in each hand, with which he balanced himſelf, and rowed down the river in the preſence of ſeveral thouſand ſpectators. As he paſſed through the different Bridges, the tub was twirled round by the current, whilſt he ſung ſome favourite ſong. The ſpectators often ſtarted, with the dread of ſeeing him drowned, while he ſat unconcerned; and although the tide was very rapid, and on its ebb, he effected his purpoſe in ſafety, and won his wager.

24. The Proclamation for the diſſolution of Parliament was ſigned by His Majeſty in the Privy Council; the writs for the United Kingdom to be returnable on the 15th of December. The election for the 16 Scotch Peers is to take place on the 4th of December, at Holyrood Houſe, Edinburgh.

A ſeaman named Wells, who was active in the murder of the Captain, Surgeon, &c. of the Hermoine frigate, was executed on board the Salvador del Mundo, off Plymouth.

25. This morning, a little after ſix

o'clock, the gentleman who, from his ſingular garb of green, and other eccentricities (exhibited on the Steine at Brighton, for ſeveral weeks paſt,) had obtained the appellation of the *Green Man*, leaped from the window of his lodging on the South Parade, into the ſtreet, ran from thence to the verge of the Cliff nearly oppoſite, and threw himſelf over the precipice to the beach below. Several perſons immediately ran to his aſſiſtance, and carried him, bleeding at the mouth and ears, back to his lodging. The height of the Cliff from whence he precipitated himſelf, is about 20 feet perpendicular. From the general demeanour of the above gentleman, it is ſuppoſed he is deranged. His name, we underſtand, is Henry Cope, and that he is related to ſome highly-diſtinguiſhed families.

Nov. 3. Thisday's Gazette contains his Majeſty's permiſſion for Earl Nelſon to ſucceed to the title of Duke of Bronté, &c. as enjoyed by his late brother, Viſcount Nelſon, deceaſed.

5. Two Italians, named Nardi, an artificial flower maker, and Brandi, were on this day charged, at Bow-ſtreet, with ſeverely wounding a young man, of the name of Broad, a printer. A diſpute took place that evening in Long-acre, reſpecting the Weſtminſter Election, when the young man received a ſtab in the arm, which cut the principal artery: and, had not a Surgeon immediately attended, he muſt have bled to death. He is ſince dead, and the priſoners committed for trial.

13. *Dreadful Murder and Robbery.*—A moſt barbarous murder was committed at Edinburgh:—At five o'clock, William Begbie, a porter to the Britiſh Linen Company at Leith, was ſtabbed and murdered, in Tweedale's Cloſe, leading to the Britiſh Linen Company's Office, at Edinburgh, and robbed of a ſealed parcel, in a yellow canvaſs bag, containing the following particulars: viz.

1300, of Sir William Forbes and Co.'s notes, in notes of 20l. each

1000l. in notes of Leith Banking Company, of 20l. each.

1400l in notes of different Banks, of 20l., 10l., and 5l.

210 Guinea notes of different Banks.

410 Twenty ſhilling notes of different Banks.

The weapon with which the murder was committed was found upon the ſpot.—Every exertion has been made, and is ſtill making, to diſcover the perpetrator of the above murder, but hitherto without effect.

A young lady, daughter of a noble Lord, was united in wedlock to a *gardener*, a few days ſince. The bride was at a *ſeminary* for young ladies, in the New Road, Mary-le-bone; and, in taking her daily walks, ſhe uſed to paſs the *nurſery* in which the bridegroom purſued his daily labour. She became enamoured of his perſon, and a match was ſpeedily formed. The young lady is conſiderably under age.

Odd Marriage.—At Stroud, Glouceſterſhire, Samuel Holder, aged 70, and who has loſt both his legs many years, to the widow of Iſaac Wildey, who was drowned in the Stroud Canal a ſhort time ſince. The novelty of the match brought together a large concourſe of ſpectators; at the head of whom was one of the old veteran's daughters, who expreſſed her diſapprobation of the alliance, by ringing a ſheep-bell, beating a canniſter, and other noiſy implements, which were ſuſpended to different parts of her body. The old gentleman was conveyed to and from church on the ſhoulders of a friend, who was occaſionally relieved, in this arduous taſk, by the willing efforts of the bride herſelf!

The King has been pleaſed to grant a penſion of 100l. to the widow of Mr. Scott, Secretary to Lord Nelſon, who was killed in the celebrated battle of Trafalgar, during her life; and 25l. a year to her three ſons, till they become of age. Conſiderable difficulties aroſe at the Admiralty in ſanctioning the application, in conſequence of there being no precedent for granting a penſion to a Secretary's widow.

17. Late at night, or early the next morning, the Chapel belonging to Greenwich Hoſpital was broke open. The ſtrong outer door had been forced, as well as the inner one, which is of ſolid mahogany, near four inches thick, and which, we underſtand, coſt 500l; the veſtry door was likewiſe broke open, and the iron cheſt, in which the ſacrament plate is depoſited, had been attempted, in which act it was ſuppoſed the villains broke their iron crow, as part of one was found near it, and there is no doubt but the plate was their object: they, however, made off with two of the Miniſter's ſurplices, the ſacrament linen, and the gold ſconces belonging to the pulpit and reading deſk.

18. In the Court of King's Bench, Mr.

Mr. Garrow moved for leave to file a criminal information againſt a Mr. Ambroſe Charles, one of the Clerks of the Bank, for a libel, contained in a letter addreſſed by him to Lord Grenville, reflecting upon the character of Lord Moira. The ſpecific charge contained in the letter was, that Earl Moira, availing himſelf of his official ſituation, had gambled in the Funds, through his agents, and moſt imprudently lent his name to the moſt important diſcoveries of ſecrets affecting the State.—The Earl of Moira, in his affidavit, directly negatived all the imputations laid to his charge, and aſſerted, that he never had divulged any of the ſecrets of Government.—The letter of Mr. Charles was dated the 17th of laſt Auguſt.—Rule to ſhow cauſe granted.

19. At Guildhall, Edward Wright, *alias* My Hearty, between 70 and 80 years of age, was charged with ſtealing a piece of ſilk handkerchiefs, out of a ſhop in Barbican, and fully committed. The excuſe he made was, that he wanted a ſhirt. He is a very old offender, having been tried more than 70 times, at the different Seſſions. He has been upwards of 50 times publicly whipped, and was once capitally convicted.

A meeting of the Sierra Leone Company took place lately at the New London Tavern, in Cheapſide, Mr. Thornton in the Chair; when the Hon. Gentleman read a report of the ſtate of the Company. It concluded with obſerving, that, in conſequence of one of the objects for which the Company had been formed, viz. the abolition of the Slave Trade, being in a fair train of being accompliſhed, the Company being conſiderably in debt, and the expenſes unavoidably increaſing, the Governors recommended the giving up the Colony to Government. Mr. Thornton has attended a Committee of the Privy Council, and made an offer of the Company's Charter. He received for anſwer, that the offer ſhould be laid before his Majeſty. It is ſuppoſed ſome difficulty will ariſe, on account of the Company wiſhing to retain ſome power in the Colony, although they give up the Charter.

At a village in Norfolk, we are told, a perſon fills the following offices:—Churchwarden, overſeer, pariſh-clerk, ſexton, conſtable, ſurveyor of the highways, aſſeſſor of the land-tax and aſſeſſed taxes, and of the property-tax, collector of the ſame, and bailiff of the manor.—This man has not been ſelected to diſcharge theſe important duties either for his perſonal qualifications, or for the extent of his property, as he unfortunately has but one arm; and, though the only tradeſman in the pariſh, is a pauper, and receives relief.

A Hint.—Thoſe who ſend game to the Metropolis, by coaches, &c. are recommended in all caſes to ſend letters of advice, and likewiſe to put ſome diſtinguiſhing mark on the game, to prevent its being changed.

Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Elizabeth has deſigned and etched a ſeries of 24 plates, repreſenting *The Progreſs of Genius.* They diſplay great taſte and fancy, and are intended as preſents for the ſelect and particular friends of her Royal Highneſs.

Election Repartee.—One of the *Orators* before the Huſtings at Covent-Garden lately roared out to Mr. Whitbread, "If your Porter were as ſtrong as your *aſſurance*, it would do aſtoniſhingly well."—"But," replied Mr. Whitbread, "if it were as ſtrong as your *impudence*, I could not *live by it!*"

Mr. Curwen, in his Addreſs to the Electors of Carliſle, defined a Whig in theſe words:—"He ſhould entertain a conſtitutional jealouſy of the Executive Government; his eye ſhould be ſteadily fixed upon Miniſters, and his ear turned to the people."

We beg to claim the notice of thoſe, who duly value the liberty of the Preſs as the Palladium of Britiſh Freedom, to the Subſcription in behalf of the unfortunate family of Mr. Palm, put to death by the tools of that ſcourge of the human race, Buonaparte. See page 409.

Will of Mr. Fox.—This document was found a few days ago. It ſimply bequeaths a legacy of 500l. with the intereſt, which was left to Mr. Fox by a Mr. Redman, but which has not yet been paid, to be equally divided between his nephew, the ſon of General Fox, and Robert Stephen, a youth living with Lord Bolingbroke, in America. All the reſt of his property, real and perſonal, he leaves to his wife.—His books, pictures, &c. he requeſts may be preſented to Lord Holland, General Fox, and others of his moſt particular friends.

MAR-

MARRIAGES.

COLONEL FOSTER, of the Eaſt India Company's ſervice, to Miſs Rogers, of the Iſle of Wight.

S. Waſtel Briſco, bart. of Croſton, Cumberland, to Miſs Leſter.

P. Taunton, of the Middle Temple, eſq. to Miſs Townſend.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shipley, to Miſs Charlotte Williams Wynne.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

JULY 10.

GEORGE STUBBS, eſq. the celebrated painter and anatomiſt.

OCT. 12. At Birdholme, Derbyſhire, in his 82d year, Thos. Windſor Hunloke, uncle of Sir Windſor Hunloke, bart.

17. At Dublin, William Stokes, eſq. M. D. late of Kellibandra.

18. At Lynn in Norfolk, aged 72, Mr. William Coulcher, many years maſter of an academy at Acton, Middleſex.

19. In the Iſle of Wight, Mr. Denman, of the Haymarket Theatre.

20. Mr. Moſes Wingrove, treaſurer of the St. Clement's Charity School.

21. At Tilford, near Farnham, Surrey, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, the celebrated authoreſs.

23. At Ringmer Barracks, Suſſex, Lieutenant-Colonel du Vernet, of the Royal Artillery.

24. Henry Mayne Whorwood, eſq. of Headington-houſe, Oxfordſhire, in his 33d year.

Lady Alva, grand-mother of the Marchioneſs of Stafford.

At Herewood Hall, Nicholas Cæſar Corſellis, eſq.

At the Grove-houſe, Hackney, in his 93d year, Thomas Braidwood, eſq. formerly of Edinburgh; eminently diſtinguiſhed for the diſcovery and ſucceſsful practice of the art of inſtructing the deaf and dumb.

25. Barrington Dacres, eſq. ſon of Admiral Dacres.

At Ombersley Court, Worceſterſhire, the Right Hon. Anna Maria Baroneſs Sandys, widow of the late Lord Sandys, in her 87th year.

At Faringdon, Berks, Mr. Dawſon, of Pall Mall.

Horace Hayes, eſq. one of the commiſſioners of taxes.

26. Richard Taylor, eſq. of Play Hatch, Berks.

At Shipton, near York, at an advanced age, Mr. John Hutchinſon. He was particularly eminent as a breeder of race horſes; amongſt many others, the following are ſaid to have been either bred by him, or purchaſed when very young, viz. Beningbrough, Hambletonian Overton, Oberon, Traveller, and Tickle Toby.

27. In Frith Street, Soho, William Almack, eſq. barriſter.

John Corbett, eſq. alderman of Shrewſbury.

Lately, the Rev. Abraham Rodolphus de Traytorrens, rector of Bondleigh, in Devonſhire.

Lately, at Haſtings, William Jones Fry, eſq. late Captain in the 16th, or Queen's Light Dragoons.

NOV. 3. The Rev. Thomas Boyce, rector of Great Waddenfield, formerly fellow of Clare Hall, B. A. 1769, M. A. 1772.

At Aſhurſt, in his 72d year, the Rev. Edward Wilſon, D. D. rector of that place, and of Hartfield, both in Suſſex.

4. At Alnwick Caſtle, Charles Williams, eſq. maſter of the ceremonies at Newcaſtle, and a companion of Sir Henry Liddell in his voyage to Lapland.

Mrs. Hartſhorne, of Weſt Smithfield, in her 69th year.

5. The Right Hon. William Brabazon Ponſonby, Baron Ponſonby, of Imakilly, county of Cork Ireland.

6. In Charles Square, Hoxton, Mr. John Charles Long, of the Exchequer Loan Office, Royal Exchange, aged 76.

8. At Bath, John Taylor, eſq. a celebrated amateur painter.

Lately, the Rev. John Wilsford, fellow of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, B. A. 1772, M. A. 1775.

9. At

9. At Hackney, William Nicholſon, eſq. late of C rnhill, ſheriff of London and Middleſex in 1782.

10. In Harley Street, Mrs. Broadhead, wife of John Broadhead, eſq.

Mr. William Wolley, alderman of Lichfield.

The Rev. Thomas Fiſher, rector of Girton, Cambridgeſhire, formerly of Chriſt College, B. A. 1791, M. A. 1794.

Michael Barrett, eſq. of Duke Street, Weſtminſter.

11. Sir William Forbes, bart. author of the Memoirs of Dr. Beattie.

Lately, at Warford Lodge, near Exeter, Lieutenant-General John Graves Simcoe.

12. At Newington Butts, Alexander Fraſer, late of the Iſland of Grenada.

Collingwood Roddam, eſq. brother of Admiral Roddam, in his 73d year.

In Store Street, Bedford Square, Lieutenant-General Innes, late Commandant of the Chatham diviſion of Royal Marines.

13. Cornelius Launde, eſq. of Nottingham, in his 88th year.

William Fenwick, eſq. deputy ſheriff of the county of Durham.

At Galloway Houſe, near Dumfries, Scotland, of the gout in his ſtomach, John Stewart, Earl of Galloway, Viſcount Garlies, and Baron Stewart, Knight of the Thiſtle, and Lord Lieutenant of Wigtownſhire. His Lordſhip firſt married Charlotte Mary Greville, daughter of the firſt Earl of Warwick; and, ſecondly, Anne, daughter of the late Sir James Daſhwood, bart. by whom he has had iſſue eight ſons and eight daughters. Six of his Lordſhip's ſons are now living, and ſeven daughters, all married; namely, Lady Catherine Graham, the Marchioneſs of Blandford, Lady Harriet Spencer Chicheſter, Lady Elizabeth Inge, Lady Charlotte Crofton, and Lady Caroline Ruſhout. His Lordſhip is ſucceeded in his titles and eſtates by his eldeſt ſon, Viſcount Garlies, who is married to a daughter of the Earl of Uxbridge. His Lordſhip was much devoted to agricultural purſuits, and was long admired for his taſte for muſic.

15. George Brodrick Hartwell, of Lalcham, Middleſex.

16. At Bath, Major Vowell.

17. John Leathley, eſq. at Croydon, aged 31.

18. Sir John Mordaunt, bart. of Walton, county of Warwick.

19. Captain Aubrey, of the Firſt Guards.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, Cornhill,

Mathematical Inſtrument Maker to his Majeſty,

At Nine o'Clock A. M.

1806	*Barom.*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obſerv.*	1806	*Barom.*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obſerv.*
Oct. 30	30.14	50	E	Fair	Nov. 14	30.18	51	W	Fair
31	29.76	50	E	Ditto	15	29.92	50	W	Ditto
Nov. 1	29.57	51	S	Rain	16	29.74	51	SW	Ditto
2	28.89	53	S	Ditto	17	29.80	48	WSW	Ditto
3	28.98	54	SSE	Ditto	18	29.77	52	S	Rain
4	29.04	50	N	Ditto	19	29.52	51	S	Fair
5	29.33	49	W	Fair	20	29.38	47	W	Ditto
6	29.60	47	W	Ditto	21	29.06	48	SW	Rain
7	30.07	48	W	Ditto	22	29.31	46	W	Fair
8	30.18	50	S	Ditto	23	29.62	46	W	Ditto
9	30.11	49	SE	Ditto	24	29.81	47	W	Ditto
10	30.01	45	NNE	Ditto	25	29.65	55	SSW	Rain
11	30.12	48	E	Ditto	26	29.30	51	SW	Ditto
12	29.98	43	W	Ditto	27	29.87	49	NW	Fair
13	30.01	50	SW	Ditto.					

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Shoe Lane.

EACH DAY's PRICE OF STOCKS FOR NOVEMBER 1806.

Days	Bank Stock.	3 per Cts Consols	3 per Cts Reduc	3 per Cent def. 1808	3 per Cts Consols	Navy 5 per Cts	New 5 per Cts	Long Ann.	Short Ann.	Omn.	Imp. 3 per Cts	Imp. Ann.	Irish 5 per Cts	Irish Ann.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exche Bills.	State Lot. Tickets.
Oct. 29	——	61 a ¼	60 5/8	——	78 1/4	94 1/8	——	17 5-16	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	3s pr	3s pr	19l 17s
30	213 1/4	61 1/8 a ¼	60 3/8	58 1/2	78 1/8	94 1/8	——	17 5-16	——	3 1/4	——	——	——	——	182 1/4	3s pr	3s pr	19l 17s
31	213 1/4	61 1/8 a ¼	60 3/8	——	78 1/4	94 1/4	——	17 5-16	——	3 1/4	——	——	——	——	——	3s pr	4s pr	19l 17s
Nov. 1	holiday																	
3	214	61 a ¼	60 3/8	——	78 1/4	94 1/8	——	17 5-16	1 1-16	4	59 1/8	8	——	——	——	3s pr	4s pr	19l 17s
4	holiday																	
5	holiday																	
6	——	61 1/8 a 3/8	60 1/2	——	79 1/8	95 1/4	——	17 5-16	——	4	59 1/4	8	90 1/4	——	183 1/4	4s pr	4s pr	20l 15s
7	——	61 1/8 a ¼	60 7/8	——	79 1/4	95 1/2	——	17 7-16	——	4 1/4	59 3/8	8	——	——	——	4s pr	4s pr	20l 15s
8	——	61 1/8 a ½	60 7/8	——	79 1/8	95 3/4	——	17 3/8	——	4	59 1/4	8	——	——	——	4s pr	4s pr	20l 15s
10	holiday																	
11	214 1/2	61 3/8 a 1/2	60 7/8	——	79 5/8	96 1/8	——	17 5/8	1 1/8	4 1/4	60	8	91	——	——	4s pr	3s pr	22l 15s
12	——	61 3/8 a 1/2	61 1/4	——	80	96 1/4	——	17 1/2	——	4 1/4	60 1/8	8 1-16	——	——	——	4s pr	4s pr	22l 15s
13	215	61 3/8 a 1/2	61 1/4	——	79 7/8	96 1/4	——	17 1/2	——	4 1/4	60	8 1-16	——	——	——	4s pr	3s pr	20l 0s
14	214 3/4	61 3/8 a 1/2	61 1/8	——	79 3/4	96 3/8	——	17 7-16	——	4 3/8	60	——	——	——	——	4s pr	3s pr	20l 0s
15	——	61 1/2 a 5/8	61	——	79 7/8	96 1/4	——	17 7-16	——	4 1/4	——	8 1-16	——	——	——	4s pr	4s pr	——
17	——	61 1/2 a 1/4	61	——	79 1/2	96 1/8	99 1/2	17 7-16	1 1 16	4 1/4	59 7/8	——	——	——	——	4s pr	4s pr	——
18	214 1/2	61 a 1/2	61	——	79 1/2	96 1/2	——	17 7-16	——	4 1/8	——	8	——	——	183 1/8	——	4s pr	19l 15s
19	——	61 a 1/2	61 1/8	——	79 5/8	96 1/2	——	17 7-16	——	4 1/2	59 7/8	——	——	——	——	5s pr	4s pr	19l 15s
20	213 1/2	61 a 1/2	61 1/8	——	79 5/8	96 1/2	——	17 7-16	——	4 1/2	60 1/8	——	——	——	183 1/4	5s pr	4s pr	19l 15s
21	213 1/4	61 a 1/2	61 1/8	——	79 3/4	96 3/8	——	17 7 16	——	4 1/2	60 1/8	——	——	——	——	5s pr	5s pr	19l 15s
22	——	61 1/8 a 1/2	61 1/8	——	79 3/8	96 3/8	——	17 1/2	1 1/8	——	——	——	——	——	——	5s pr	4s pr	19l 15s
24	213	61 3/8 a 1/2	61 1/8	——	79 3/8	96 1/2	——	17 7-16	——	4 1/2	60	8	——	——	——	5s pr	4s pr	19l 15s
25	212 3/4	60 7/8 a 61 1/8	60 3/4	——	79	96 1/4	——	17 5 16	——	4	——	——	——	——	182 1/2	4s pr	4s pr	19l 15s

FORTUNE, Stock Broker, *No.* 13, Cornhill.

N.B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols the *highest and lowest* Price of each Day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.